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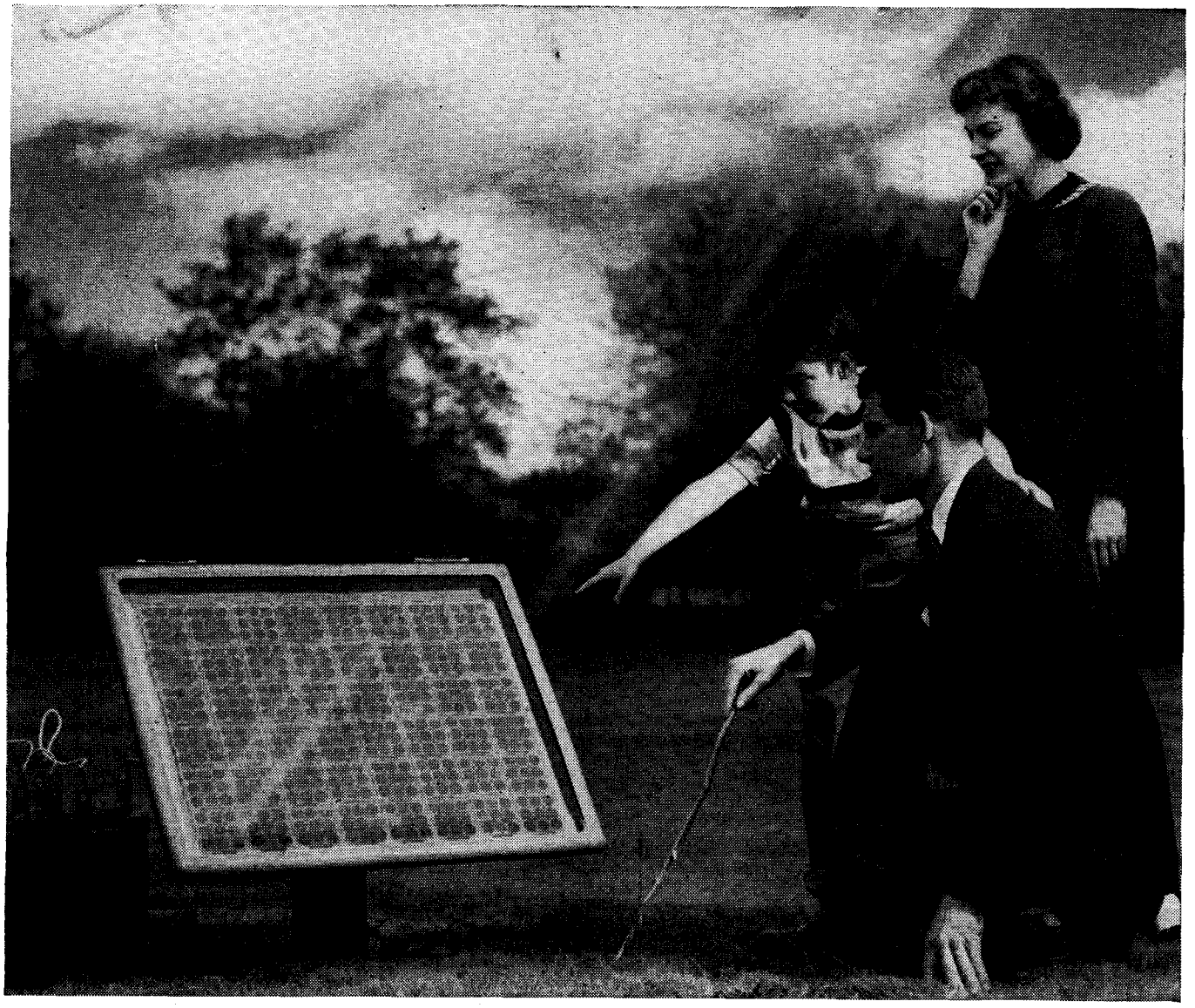

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Atlantic Reports: Washington — The Middle East — Japan

The Changing Physician	DANA W. ATCHLEY, M.D.	29
Doctors and Politics	DAVID D. RUTSTEIN, M.D.	32
James Thurber *In conversation with Alistair Cooke*		36
The Smell of Lilies. *A Story*	MARTHA GELLHORN	41
That Breakfast. *A Poem*	MOORE MORAN	54
Southern Cotton and Japan	DAVID L. COHN	55
A Thousand and Two Nights	CONSTANCE TOMKINSON	58
The Young Poets James Stokely — Ralph Schneebaum — P. Tremayne — Ruth Whitman — James Wright		65
The Nun and the Dramatist *George Bernard Shaw to the Abbess of Stanbrook*		69
This Homogenized World	SIDNEY W. DEAN	77
ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF		
The Peripatetic Reviewer	EDWARD WEEKS	79
Books the Editors Like		82
Reader's Choice	PHOEBE ADAMS	83
ACCENT ON LIVING		
Charles W. Morton — H. F. Ellis — William D. Mundell — Edmund Ware Smith — C. S. Jennison		87
Record Reviews	JOHN M. CONLY	91
PLEASURES AND PLACES		
Mexico	MITCHELL GOODMAN	93

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT
on the World today

Washington

WASHINGTON has been under an intellectual siege in recent weeks. A long line of visitors has come to the capital from abroad, each determined to impress on the President, Secretary Dulles, and if possible the Congress and the American public, his view of what is going on in the Soviet Union, and to offer his prescription as to how the United States should react. Indonesia's Sukarno, West Germany's Adenauer, France's Pineau, all in turn urged their points of view — all but Adenauer making it clear they believe that major shifts in American policy are necessary because of important shifts in Soviet policy.

The effect of these interchanges should, in the long run, be useful in the formulation of new American policies. For such policies must of course take account of the views of our allies and friends if they are in fact to be in our national interest.

But the short-run result has been to intensify the world-wide view that the free world is badly divided and that the Atlantic alliance, if not actually falling apart, is cracking at the seams. For example, the first effect of the Sukarno visit was to decrease slightly the antagonism in Washington toward the Asian neutrals. But the subsequent conflicting Eisenhower and Dulles statements on neutralism were indicative of the confused state of Administration thinking on the East-West issue.

Dulles found himself to be somewhere between Adenauer, who called for maintenance of a rigid cold-war stand against the Soviets — a stand widely felt to be too inflexible — and Pineau, who called for so much relaxation that a good many here thought him rather muddleheaded. Adenauer said that "nothing has changed in the Soviet Union," while Pineau contended that economic changes in Russia are "absolutely irreversible." Nothing better illustrates the massive task ahead, of revamping the Atlantic alliance so as to make the North Atlantic Treaty Organization something more than a defensive military organization.

Dulles's own view has best been put in these words: "The more the Russians seem to become what we would like them to become, the more dangerous they are, up to the point where they become what we want them to become." This is an excellent diplomatic epigram. But it is an exceedingly slippery base on which to build a new policy.

Revamping NATO

NATO is fundamental to the Atlantic alliance militarily because America's air-atomic deterrence power depends on overseas bases and will continue to depend on them for an indefinite period despite all the talk of the intercontinental ballistic missile. But beyond this military fact lies a morass of uncertainty about NATO in the military field. No one in Washington will admit on the record that the Administration is beginning to reconsider the old land army concepts in which the proposed twelve West German divisions have been marked as essential; but in fact there is at least the beginning of reconsideration.

It is exceedingly difficult to revamp NATO in the political or politico-economic field until NATO's military future is clearer. However, the task has begun. The appointment of retiring Senator Walter F. George as a special ambassador on this problem was a genuine effort by Eisenhower and Dulles to tackle it, on the theory that anything George would agree to would be acceptable to Congress.

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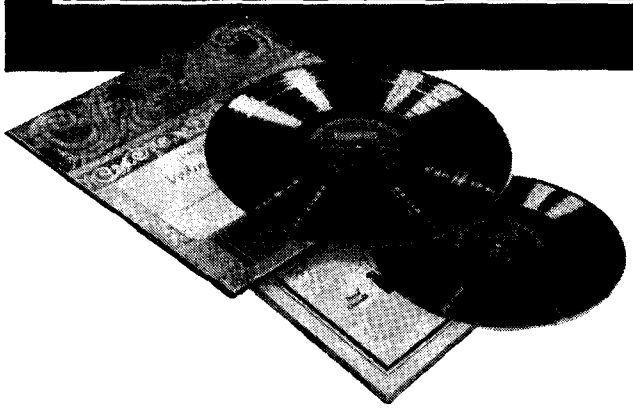

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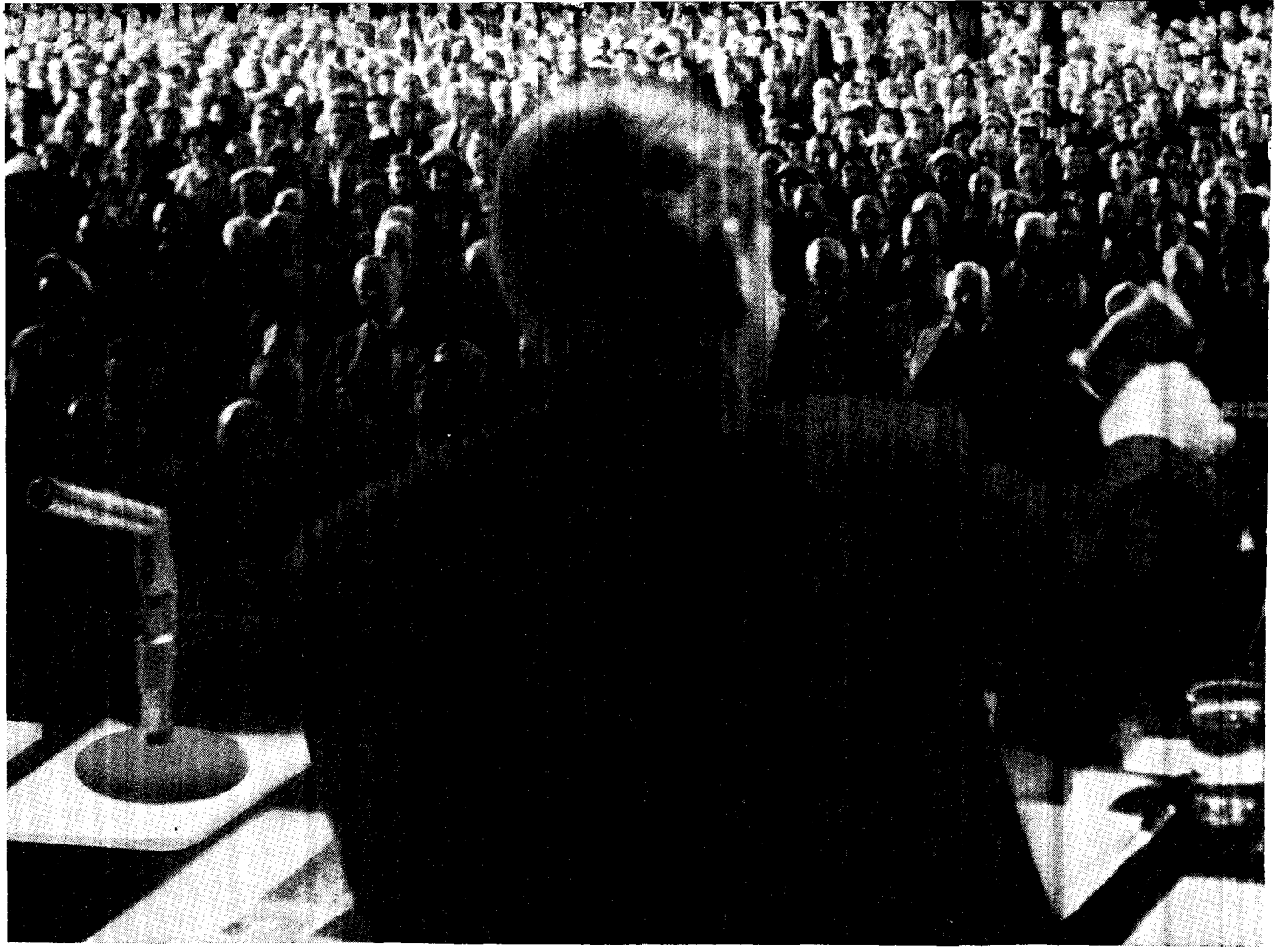

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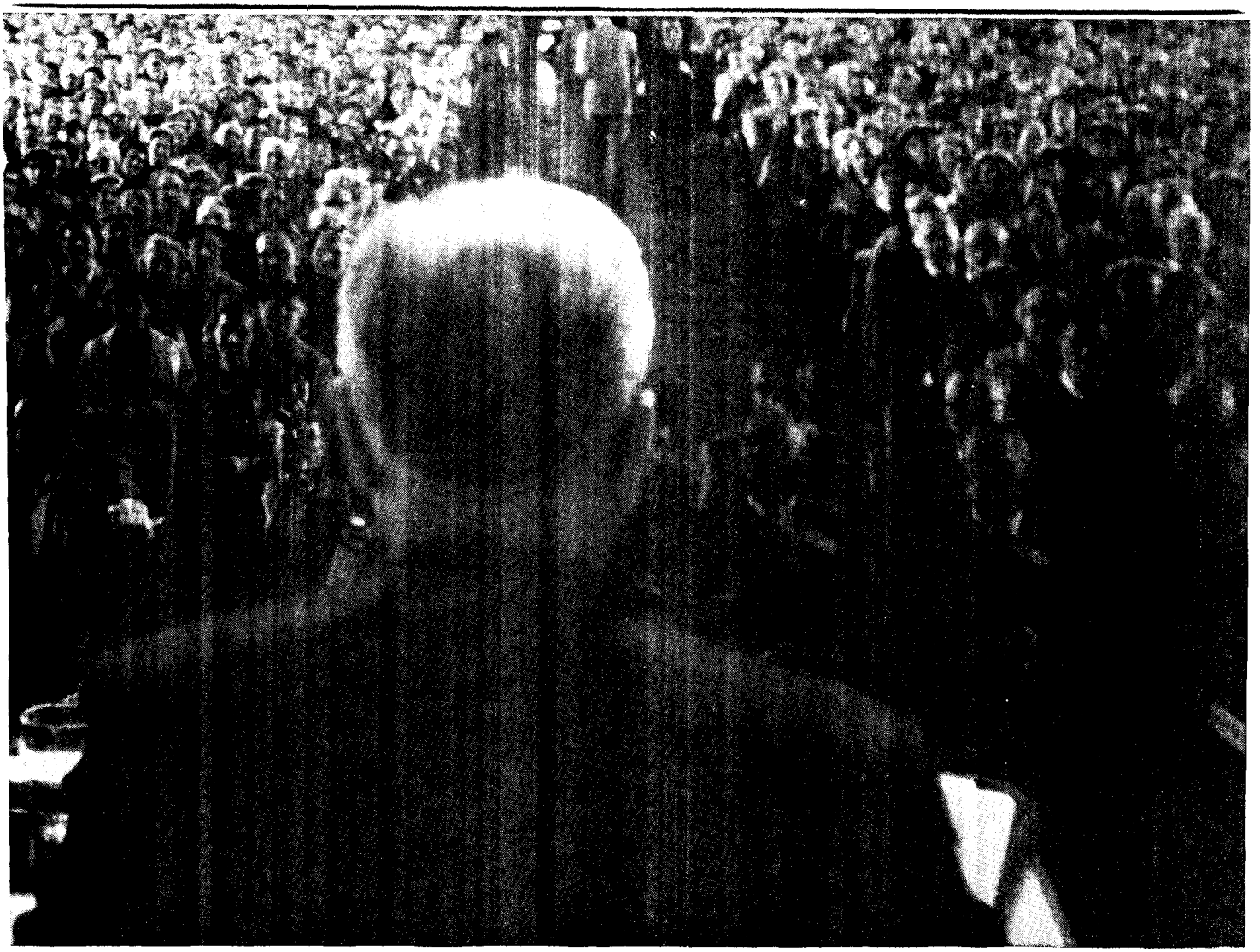

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Current Administration thinking opposes any NATO changes which would require a treaty amendment and thus further ratification — an attitude based less on fear of the United States Senate than of the West German Parliament, which might seize the opportunity to take Germany out of the alliance. It also opposes any idea of consultations which might imply an obligation to be bound by the majority view of the fourteen other NATO member nations; and it opposes any limitations, direct or implied, on American freedom of action in the non-NATO areas of the world, especially where American policy is likely to be contrary to that of its NATO allies in the colonial areas of Asia, the Middle East, and Africa.

When all these limitations have been put down, as they have been by Dulles with the President's agreement, the area for discussion is sharply curtailed. Yet, in the end, some move away from the nationalism which grips all the NATO nations, some giving-up of their sovereignty, may be the only effective solution.

State Department officials shudder at the mention of sovereignty. They know that this is an election year and that the right wing of the Republican Party as well as some Democrats would set up a howl. The NATO issue is not, of course, going to be settled before election day.

One idea advanced here is to use the NATO Council (once its stature is increased by having what would amount to vice secretaries of state serve on it) to sit as a sort of continuing body to assess Soviet, satellite, and Chinese Communist moves and tactics. The hope would be that such assessments would lead to joint policies.

Divided counsels

From Washington's point of view, however, the problem begins at home. Last fall, for example, before the London talks of the United Nations Disarmament Subcommittee, the British, French, and Canadians asked Harold E. Stassen to sit down with them in advance and work out a common policy. He agreed to do so. But every time the allies asked when they could meet, Stassen had to say that the United States was not yet ready. In the end there were no prior consultations. The only reason Stassen was able to take an American program to London was that Dulles, at the insistence of Robert R. Bowie, chief of the State Department's policy planning staff, went to the President to force a break in Stassen's deadlock with the Atomic Energy Commission and the Pentagon.

Or take the issue of East-West exchanges and contacts. For months, those who feel that the United States must get out from behind the iron-curtain label which the Russians have pinned on us have sought in vain to get a policy decision. Resistance by Under Secretary of State Herbert Hoover, Jr., and others has made Cabinet agreement impossible.

The President takes the position that he wants an agreed program brought to him. The result is no program and no decision — except when a decision is inescapable, as in the case of the Soviet invitation to Air Force Chief of Staff Twining and later to his fellow chiefs. In those cases the President resolved the issue on an *ad hoc* basis only.

Or take the East-West trade issue. In his off-the-cuff remarks at the editors' convention here this spring, the President was eloquent in pointing out the necessity of permitting trade with the Communists by certain of our allies — he cited Japan in some detail. Yet in last February's negotiations with the British and in the June talks with the French all that was agreed was that experts should study the whole problem further.

Or take the issue of the admission of Communist China to the United Nations. There is hardly a foreign diplomat in Washington outside the Nationalist Chinese Embassy who does not think that the Peiping regime very probably will be voted into the UN by the Assembly which meets after our elections. Yet publicly the diplomats, American and foreign, go around on tiptoes lest they break the egg too soon. The result is likely to be a severe shock to an unprepared American opinion, in Congress and out.

The satellite policy

The satellite question crossed both the East-West trade and the exchange of persons issues. But it also is closely related to domestic politics. Dulles does have a policy on the satellites but it is called the "unannounced policy" or the "Brioni policy" by his associates. This is the story: —

Last fall, before Dulles flew down to Brioni to visit Marshal Tito, he concluded that the only approach possible on the satellite issue was to divide it into two parts. He decided upon this policy: first, encourage the national independence of the Eastern European nations to help them become free of Moscow; second, once the satellites are free in a national sense, encourage steps toward democratization of their regimes.

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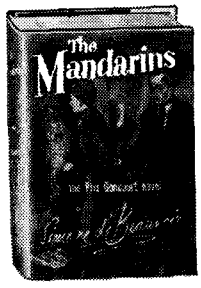

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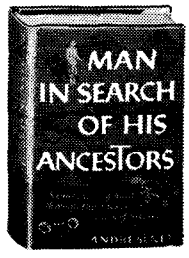

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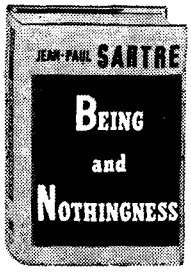

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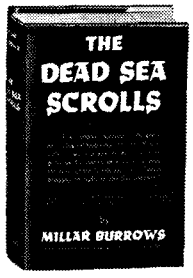

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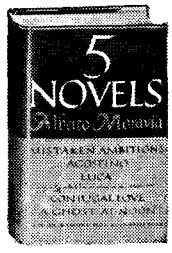

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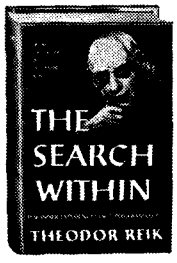

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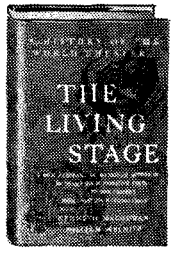

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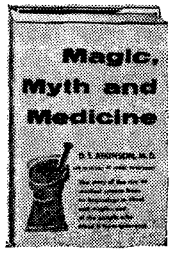

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Tito and Dulles agreed on objective number one, for which a prior sounding had been made on Dulles's behalf by Deputy Under Secretary of State Robert Murphy. Dulles and Tito did not discuss objective number two since Dulles knew, of course, that Tito has no more desire than Khrushchev for Western-style democracy in Eastern Europe.

The reason Dulles has never announced his satellite policy is simply that to do so would rouse enmity — and political hostility — of the national minority groups, especially the Poles and Czechs, in the United States against the Republican Party. Dulles, the author of the "liberation" doctrine in the 1952 GOP platform, is reportedly at work trying to find words to bridge the chasm for the '56 platform. That it will not be easy may be seen from Adlai Stevenson's experience with the same problem.

After George Kennan recently declared that "there is a finality, for better or worse, about what has occurred in Eastern Europe" and that the best the United States can hope for is the evolution of the Communist regimes "to a position of greater independence and greater responsiveness to domestic opinion," Stevenson received a shocked letter from Democratic Congressman Thaddeus M. Machrowicz, Polish-born representative of Detroit's Hamtramck district. Machrowicz, a Stevenson supporter in '52, noted that it had been reported that Kennan was a Stevenson adviser. He wrote that if Kennan's views had Stevenson's approval, "tacit or expressed," he would lose "the vast majority of votes of Americans of Polish descent and of all others who have roots or forefathers in any country behind the Iron Curtain."

Stevenson denied that Kennan was or had been connected with his staff. And he said that he disagreed "specifically and completely" with Kennan's remarks on the satellites, and "emphatically" rejected Kennan's finality view. Here is a case where both political parties are inhibited from rational consideration of an important foreign policy problem for fear of domestic repercussions. For what is true of Stevenson certainly holds for any of his rivals for the party nomination.

Yet the Khrushchev secret speech made public by the State Department, and its reverberations both in Eastern Europe and among Western European Communist parties, have opened a new field for free-world exploitation — in contacts, in trade, in other fields of interchange.

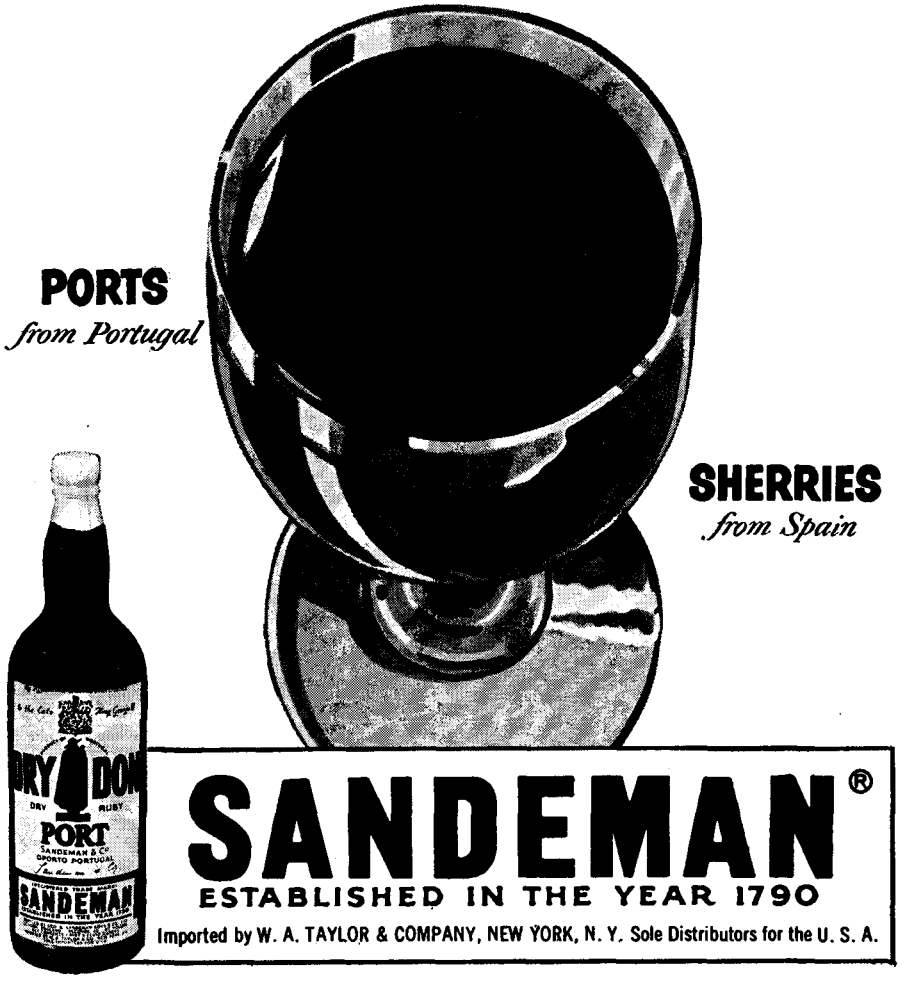
The right to know

Secretary Dulles's brother, Allen Dulles, chief of the Central Intelligence Agency, for over a year had been contending that "in introducing mass education, the troubled Soviet leaders have loosened forces dangerous to themselves. It will be difficult for them henceforth to close off their people from access to the realities of the outside world."

In the wake of the Khrushchev speech, students in Czechoslovakia and Poland especially have been noisily demanding the right to read Western newspapers and to visit abroad. Moscow, too, has allowed enough of its scientists and other technicians to go to the West to create a demand by their colleagues to see the outside world. Education alone, if the history of Hitler's Germany and Tojo's Japan is any example, may not be enough to alter the course of the Soviet Union and the satellites. But education plus communication could, in the view of an increasing number of those both within and without the government who follow Communism as a profession.

The Allen Dulles thesis is that the educated Soviet man cannot long remain, as described by one defector from that class, "a man divided." The human mind cannot be compartmentalized; the man who has freedom to pursue his work in the physical or biological sciences, even in economics, literature, or history, must in time begin to seek the truth in the political realm. Yet it is true, as the scoffers point out, that even American scientists have been notoriously apolitical and naïve — witness the Oppenheimer case — and can stay buried in their laboratories.

Perhaps, comes the answer, if they remain in Russia or the satellites. But if they have firsthand contact with the West, it will be impossible. And now that the Soviets of Khrushchev, Bulganin & Co. are willing to permit exchanges, the West is indeed foolish if it does not agree to them.



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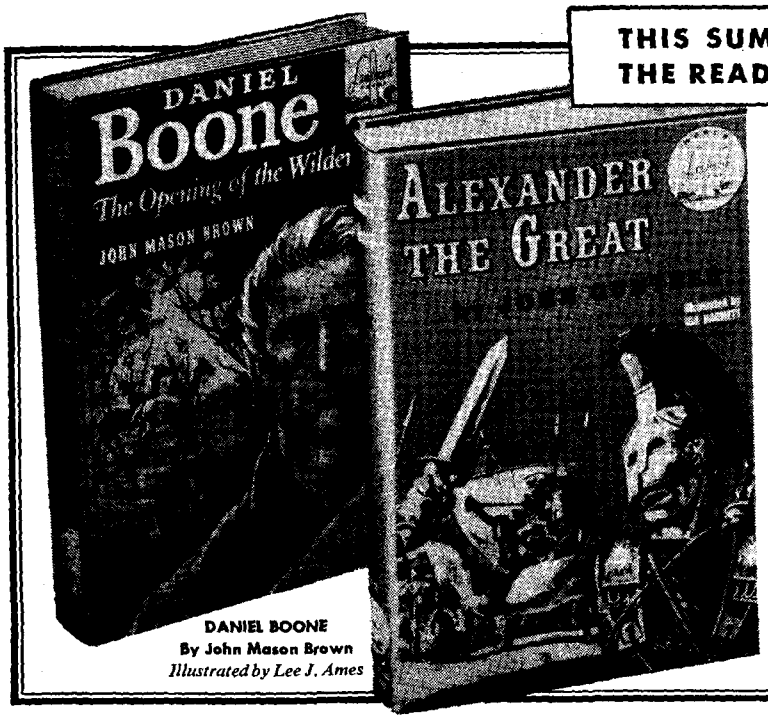

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The Middle East

THE prevailing Arab propaganda for "positive neutralism," underscored by Egypt's recognition of Red China, marks the evolution into policy of a long-smoldering Arab attitude. In seizing upon the opportunities offered him at Bandung in the spring of 1955 to lead the Arab world into the neutralist camp of India and Indonesia, Egypt's Premier Gamal Abdel Nasser set in motion a whole new pattern of action for Arab nationalism. Recent Arab diplomacy can only be understood in the light of the principles of militant self-determination and peaceful revolution enunciated there.

There is abundant evidence that these principles have taken the place in many Arab minds of earlier tentative attachments to United Nations ideals. The particular welcome accorded Asian leaders in Cairo and Damascus is only one of many signs of this new sense of Asian solidarity. The April anniversary of the Bandung conference was celebrated in the Egyptian press as a historic event.

For Egypt it was, in fact, the beginning of an era of expanded trade and new relationships in the Far East. In terms of trade alone Egypt has sold $45 million worth of cotton to the People's Republic of China within the last year.

A cardinal principle of the neutralists is freedom from involvement in the East-West cold war. Here Bandung simply reinforced previous Egyptian refusals of association with NATO or the Baghdad Pact. Nasser's alternative has been to draw together under a unified command the armies of all of the Arab states except Iraq — thus realizing another long-cherished Arab aspiration. In retrospect it is clear that the Czech arms deal was important for Egypt because it made possible Egypt's claim to leadership of a coördinated Arab defense system. It was this, rather than any intention of starting a second round with Israel, which made the matter of arms so critical to the Revolutionary Council.

None of this political and strategical reorientation is as significant, however, as the social and economic revolution which is for the first time beginning to give content to nationalism within the Middle East countries. This internal revolution has now reached a point of visible achievement and measurement. Its outward signs range from whole new provinces under coöperative cultivation in Egypt and Iraq to the great new dams and flood-controlling barrages just completed in Iraq.

Programs for bringing drinkable water to Egyptian and Iraqi villages are well under way. Middle East capitals all present a spectacle of renovation, intensive building, and improved services. Factories and schools have multiplied. Traffic is jammed. Neon lighting and the dubious blessings of television herald further "advances." On another plane, Cairo, Baghdad, and Beirut all feature well-patronized local modern art shows.

The drive for education

The actual figures for budget allocations verify the observable trend toward welfare states in Egypt, Iraq, Syria, Lebanon, and Jordan. Economists at the regional office of the United Nations Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA) in Beirut have completed a study of the budgets of these Arab countries and of Israel. In summary the survey shows that 56 per cent of the budgets of the five Arab countries goes for economic and social services. (The figure for Israel is 61 per cent.)

In the five Arab states, expenditures on education have more than tripled since 1945. The present total of $147 million allocated to education does not include sums spent for school buildings. If these are included, total expenditures on education have risen by 500 per cent in the last decade.

In this drive for education Egypt has taken the lead. A compulsory education law requires six primary and three secondary years. In Cairo and Aswan the law is already in effect. In other districts it is being enforced as buildings and teachers become available. In the last three years 900 new schools have been opened. The most hopeful aspect of the Egyptian effort is the present emphasis on trade and agricultural schooling and the effort to give status to practical training.

The recitation of the Koran is still an important feature of Egyptian education. Its requirement in

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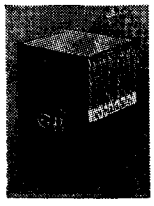

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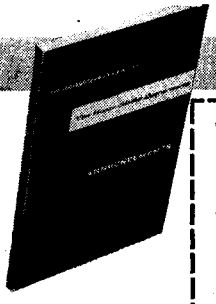

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foreign mission schools may now drive them out of Egypt. But it is no longer the whole of education for Egyptian youth.

Iraq's expanding economy

In Iraq a similar trend toward reform is evident. There 65 per cent of the budget goes to economic and social services. By law 70 per cent of all oil royalties, amounting now to $200 million a year, is reserved for capital improvements. The most spectacular of these to date are the two flood-controlling barrages at Samarra on the Tigris and Ramadi on the Euphrates, completed this year. The value of these barrages was demonstrated within a week after their completion last spring when floods, which threatened to engulf Baghdad and the central basin north of it between the two rivers, were diverted into storage sites by the new control system.

Of even more significance, perhaps, for the political economy of Iraq was the opening in April of two important highway bridges in the Middle Euphrates tribal area. Their completion heralded Development Week, celebrated by suitable rural scenes of tribal dancing and an unaccustomed welcome for the delegation of central government officials led by Prime Minister Nuri es Said.

A central problem for Iraq has been how to make its long-range planning, based essentially on such unspectacular projects as dams and land reclamation, acceptable to a peasantry looking expectantly for immediate benefits from the country's great oil wealth. New schools and clinics in the rural areas have provided token satisfaction. But they have not raised the people's standard of living.

Housing and rural extension schools are now to receive high priorities in the next stage of the Development Board's efforts, along with large expenditures on roads in rural areas. With better communications, a first step at least will have been taken toward improving marketing facilities for the agricultural hinterland.

The more far-sighted of Iraq's leaders realize, however, that no lasting social change will be achieved until some moves are made toward taxation of land, particularly idle land. This reform, which has been advocated for years by enlightened opposition leaders, has just reached the stage of cabinet study. Meanwhile, to counter growing unrest among the educated civil servant class, government salaries have recently been doubled.

The dependence on oil

The lag in Iraq is in the social field. No expense is being spared to create a sound economic structure in the country and to diversify its economy and expand it to a point where it will not always depend on income from oil. The problem is to create quickly a class of technically trained administrators and engineers to operate the new machinery, to man the rural coöps that newly fertile lands will require, to teach the skills that industry demands, and to maintain the channels and canals on which the revival of the Garden of Eden depends.

Iraq's present political isolation among its Arab neighbors, due to its membership in the much-disputed Baghdad Pact, is another source of internal political strain. Geography and geology, rather than nationalism, dictated the government's decision to join with Turkey, Pakistan, Iran, and Britain in the defense pact. The rich Iraqi oil fields at Kirkuk are less than 200 miles from the Soviet border.

Iraq's whole independent existence as a modern state depends on income from these fields. Its interests therefore are parallel to those of its neighbors in building up a buffer against Soviet ambitions in the Persian Gulf area. But in accepting the principle of collective security in company with non-Arab powers, Iraqi policy cuts across the neutralist line which Egypt is promoting so successfully in the rest of the Arab world.

Arab rivalries

Many local and dynastic rivalries enter into the present differences between Iraq and the members of the all-Arab defense system, particularly Saudi Arabia. There is a question whether, even if Iraq should reverse its stand and leave the Baghdad Pact, real harmony between them would result. Iraq's great wealth and lack of population pressures free it from some of the tensions which plague overcrowded Egypt. Its concern over the dangers of Communist penetration is genuine, and its people have perhaps the most awareness

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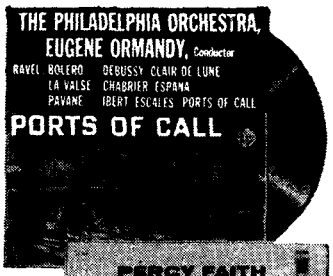

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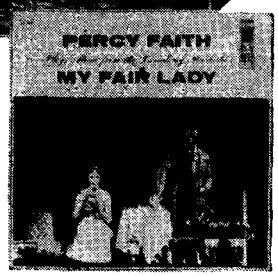

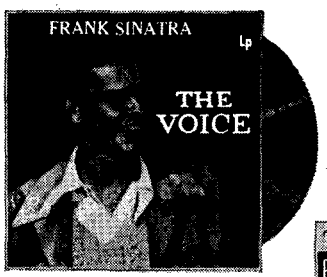

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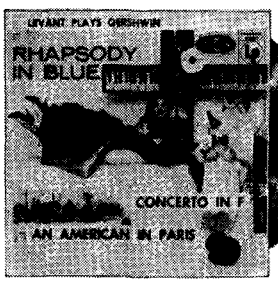

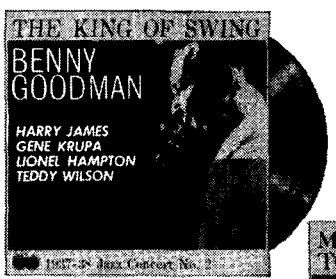

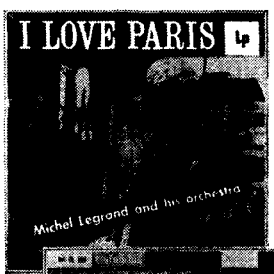

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among Arab peoples of their stake in the capitalist world. Of all the Arabs, they have in fact the most to lose.

In Egypt the neutralist position, which denies the validity of ties with East or West, fits the temperament of the leaders of the Revolutionary Council. Colonel Nasser himself is a born rebel, now the prisoner as well as the leader of a great revolt against "imperialism." His sense of mission stems from the fact that he leads the first genuine Egyptian government in 2000 years. He seems haunted by history and by grievances against Egypt's most recent occupying power, Britain. The great question in the Middle East today is whether his militant crusade against the vestiges of imperialism will outweigh the second, social revolution he has undertaken within his country.

Egypt's new government

Some of the signs are encouraging. The form if not the substance of constitutional government is being reestablished in Egypt following the June elections. Parliamentary elections of carefully screened candidates will take place in the fall.

The military junta is to go out of business in a general reshuffle of officers from civil appointments to military stations, and a transfer of others from the front to civilian ministries. Some of the junta members will be sent abroad as ambassadors. One test of the new government will be the extent to which Egypt's more enlightened civilian leaders are brought back into appropriate ministries after the popular confirmation of Nasser as president.

On the military front with Israel it is plain that Nasser wants above all things to avoid all-out war. The arms he has acquired from the Soviet satellites have served their purpose already. They have freed him from dependence on the West, won him the respect of all Arabs and the fear of the Israelis. He does not need to use them; and it has been obvious for the last year that he hopes to avoid war. Thus it was Egypt which pushed the Arab states into considering a joint development and division of Jordan River waters.

Again in the negotiations conducted so skillfully by Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold this last spring, Nasser went as far as any Arab leader could in agreeing to border pacification measures. He has shown none of the fear that Israeli leaders profess, that UN truce supervisors patrolling demilitarized zones might infringe his "sovereignty."

An Arab Palestine?

Yet in the continuing Palestine stalemate Nasser has emerged as the hero of the Palestinian Arabs. This is true both in Gaza and in Jordan, where over half the population are former Palestinians. A Palestinian army is in process of formation in Gaza under Egyptian leadership. The youths who make up so large a proportion of the idle refugee population there now have a chance to join up and receive training, even if it is not intended that they shall have a chance to fight.

The increasing strength of the Palestinian element in Jordan, illustrated with striking effect in the dramatic dismissal of the Arab Legion's commander, Glubb Pasha, last March, makes the survival of the country problematical. So long as it remains an entity and willing to rent bases to Britain it can be kept alive with British subsidies. Its original and continuing purpose was strategic. But if present moves toward a reestablishment of an Arab Palestine along the Jordan gain strength, it can be expected that much of the desert territory east of the river will be taken by previous claimants — Saudi Arabia in the south, and Syria and Iraq in the east.

In this connection it should be remembered that the original Partition Resolution of 1947 provided for an Arab Palestine with economic union with Israel. Present trends in the area, including the progressive weakening of the power of young King Hussein in Jordan, seem for the first time since 1947 to be setting the stage for some such realignment of borders. In any such possible changes it is now certain that Cairo would have much to say. Here it is relevant to remember also that among the many political refugees biding their time in exile in Egypt are several key figures from the Trans-Jordan of King Abdullah's day. It is important to recall too that Abdullah's annexation of the remnants of Arab Palestine after the fighting in 1949 was never accepted by his Arab neighbors.

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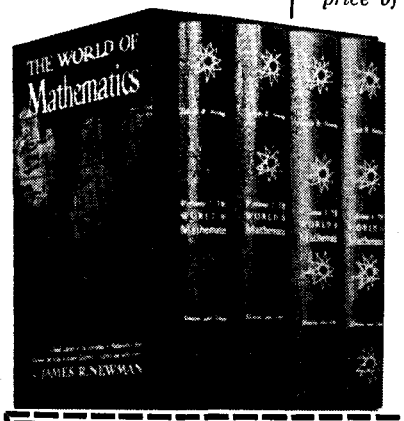

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Japan

Few travelers to Japan realize they are visiting three different but related countries. In the rice paddies farmers use methods of hand labor which date back to primitive times; in the small shops and cottage industries there are medieval-feudal patterns of manufacture and distribution, and even semi-feudal social relationships; in the large factories labor unions are strong, and there are faint beginnings of automation and of an economy of abundance.

On the farms almost half of Japan's population reaches old age in the middle forties, and children are valued if only to take care of the prematurely aged. Indeed, in certain areas, large numbers of children are necessary if the family is to survive. Thanks to agricultural reforms, tenant farmers are now only a small minority, and democratic coöperative organizations have spread through the land.

Well-informed Japanese call the agricultural cooperatives one of the best of the occupation reforms and say that the Japanese bosses who at first dominated the coöperatives have gradually been replaced. Nevertheless American movie-makers recently found that to rent a Japanese farm, theoretically belonging to its farmer-owner, they had to consult a Nipponese Capone.

The small shops and cottage industries produce the handicrafts — pottery, lacquerware, silk, and damascene — for which Japan is famous. They also produce all sorts of industrial products on a subcontract system, with some attempt at standardization, and with a remarkable ability to shift rapidly from one temporarily successful export to another. Here one can see at its most fascinating the Japanese social system of paternalism, or substitute father, substitute child, as the Japanese sociologists call it. One does not fire an inefficient father or an incapable son, but one does not need to pay him very much either.

On the farms the working day is ten hours except at the time of planting or harvest; and the pay is often as low as $10 a month. Wages in the large industries are the best in Japan, about $55 a month. Usually the working day is eight hours, and the productivity of these workers is far greater than that of workers in smaller industries.

Too many people

The population of Japan is steadily increasing. In a country roughly the size of California (which has about 13 million inhabitants) there are close to 90 million, and each year a million and a half new Japanese appear on the crowded scene.

Japan is one of two countries in the world (India is the other) in which systematic private and public efforts are being made to spread knowledge of birth control. Meanwhile abortion is widely used, and one estimate has it that there are each year as many abortions as births. About 80 per cent of these abortions are performed for what the statisticians call economic reasons. And in the country districts some women have themselves sterilized. In the long run, through such measures the Japanese will adjust their population to a more manageable level.

The immediate question is what to do about the young employables who are already born and who for at least fifteen years will threaten the Japanese economy with chaos. The examples of Belgium and the Netherlands, both more densely populated than Japan, suggest that an answer can be found. Those who advocate emigration are fond of citing the fact that only 16 per cent of Japan's land is usable. But in this respect Japan is better off than North America, and far better off than the world as a whole. More can be done to reclaim land from the sea and, as one experiment has shown, to use land above 1200 feet in altitude.

New jobs for new workers?

If Japanese productivity continues to increase at its present rate, there will be new jobs each year for perhaps 320,000 new workers. That leaves a balance each year of close to 400,000 young workers for whom new jobs must be found, for at least a decade. The only answer now in sight is a still further increase in productivity.

Productivity in Japan, however measured, is certainly above the pre-war years — perhaps as much as 150 per cent of that period — a remarkable

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achievement when one remembers that Japan lost 40 per cent of its national wealth and 45 per cent of its territory in the Second World War. Exports for fiscal 1955 increased in value to $2 billion (23 per cent more than in 1954), and the balance over imports was about $500 million in the black. The fact remains that Japan must import about 80 per cent of its raw materials; and while imports have reached the pre-war level, exports are still only about half what they were in those halcyon days.

The Japanese, who in their internal affairs show a marked distaste for competition, are facing for the first time on a large scale the necessity for reaching a competitive position in international trade. Some Asian nations are reaching self-sufficiency in the light industrial goods Japan exported before the war; and others, such as Red China, are beginning to undersell the Japanese in exports of cloth, a Japanese world specialty. In heavy industrial goods and chemicals, Japan is a less efficient producer than the United Kingdom, West Germany, or the United States.

Indeed, Japanese exports to Asia have decreased by about 20 per cent, compared with the pre-war figure. In a recent case of bids to sell heavy industrial goods to India, the Japanese figure was 10 or 15 per cent higher than those of other bidders. One estimate of Japanese productivity is that it is 20 or 30 per cent less than it might be, even with present Japanese resources. And it is in Japan's new field of heavy industries that productivity is the most significant factor.

The fear of competition

Japan's great pool of cheap and surplus labor is a disadvantage, rather than an advantage, for it leads to a lack of interest in efficiency. And Japanese workers in the largest labor union, Sohyo, have even opposed productivity. In all walks of Japanese society, raises in pay are awarded mainly according to seniority rather than merit; and generally speaking, it is more important to age than to think.

The unions object, for the most part, to time and motion studies, or even to aptitude testing for jobs. The main concern of a worker is keeping his job. A Japanese worker who seeks

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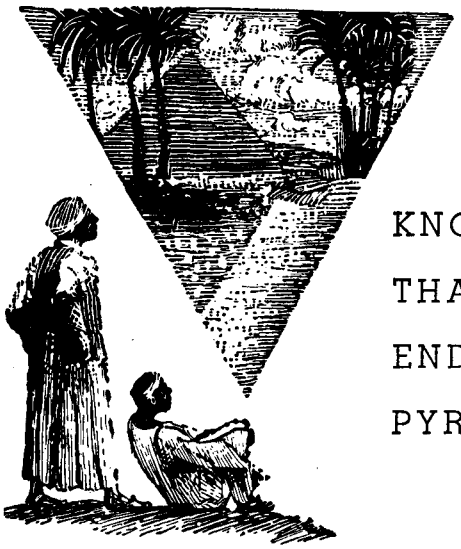

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to better himself by transferring from one company to another is immediately suspect as disloyal. A worker expects his employer, or substitute father, to take care of him for life, and hiring a worker is closer to adoption of a child than to fitting the right worker to the right job.

Japanese industry is also weak in marketing practices, both in finding out whether there is any consumer demand for a given product, and in selling the product once it has been manufactured. Aside from neon lighting, advertising balloons, and a few sandwich men equipped with drums, umbrellas, and clackers, there is little salesmanship. A salesman is ranked with a factory worker in prestige.

Another weakness of Japanese industry, particularly the smaller industries, is the lack of adequate cost-accounting procedures. Often a company assigns an arbitrary price for its product and hopes for the best. Some companies will keep as many as three sets of books: one for themselves, one for their investors, and one for the government.

Capital equipment is not used as thoroughly as it might be, partly because Japanese management seems to be at times unaware that machinery represents a capital investment. Japanese businesses pay high interest rates for their capital, sometimes as high as 30 per cent in actual rates. Because so many managers own stocks, and stock dividends are taxed at a lower rate than ordinary income, plants pay out far too much of the plant income in dividends, even when the company is obviously going broke as a result.

At the same time, Japanese business leaders, in spite of the need for capital in Japan, are doing everything they can to delay the moment when foreigners can invest in Japanese industries. The reason given is fear of foreign domination of Japanese business. The actual reason seems more probably to be fear of pressure from foreign investors to reorganize Japanese management or practices.

A last disturbing weakness of Japanese industry is the failure to provide significant funds for research, other than immediately usable or developmental research. The amount now spent is approximately one third

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that of West Germany, one tenth that of the United Kingdom, and one fiftieth that of the United States. Japan will almost surely fall behind in the artificial fabrics industry, because of lack of research.

A top Japanese executive does not make much actual money by Western standards — perhaps $8000 before taxes — but he enjoys many extras, ranging from a free house to a car and chauffeur and maid service, and even, in small, old-fashioned firms, a geisha or business wife in addition to the more usual variety. Foreign observers are often very unfavorably impressed with Japanese managers. The question is whether now, as the managers try to restore the old non-competitive cartel system, they will lose the battle for survival of Japan as one of the free nations of Asia.

Low standards in the colleges

The managerial group and most of the ruling class in Japan come from the college graduates, and probably the final answer to the issue of productivity is a matter of pedagogy. The Japanese themselves, especially those who have traveled abroad, now often comment on the lack of emphasis on logic in both Japanese business and Japanese education. The quickest way to paralyze a classroom of Japanese students is to ask a question stressing reasoning.

Also discouraging in Japanese higher education is the practice of passing more or less automatically every student who succeeds in the rather strict college entrance examinations. Often Japanese higher education consists of slowly forgetting what was learned in the generally excellent high schools, so that the best students are the freshmen and sophomores, and the worst the juniors and seniors. The best students do excellent work. But the average students, though far more rigorously selected than students in America, can drift through their four years with very little intellectual discipline.

Yet it is to this group — badly trained through no fault of their own — that Japan must look for the ideas which will lead to greater productivity and employment.

Cultural interchange

Japanese scholars and businessmen are now traveling abroad at a rate far

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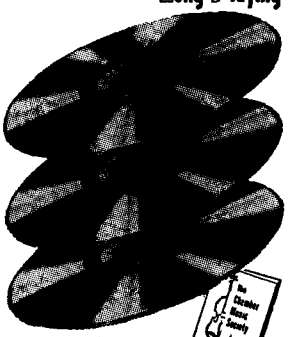

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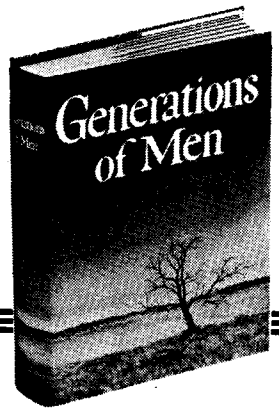

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greater than in the early days of the Meiji era, when Japan first made its effort to draw level with the Western world. Thanks to the Fulbright program, and similar but much smaller British, German, and French programs, foreign experts of all kinds are visiting Japan as never before in its history.

The most remarkable, and as yet little noticed, effort at cultural interchange is that represented by the still new Japan Productivity Center. Its efforts are being aided by an able and energetic group of Americans in the United States Overseas Operations Mission. These two agencies make it possible for teams of Japanese, usually twelve in number, from industries chosen with an eye to the long-range future of Japan, to visit the United States for six weeks of study. This program has only just begun, but its final effects may reach every circle of Japanese society. Badly needed in Japan is a business and industrial college which, free from tradition, could approach Japan's industrial productivity in a Japanese way. Such a college, properly run, could serve as an inspiration for Japanese education in general.

A period of far-reaching re-education lies ahead for the industrial and business world of Japan. For the Japanese cannot continue to expect to increase annual exports to America by 62 per cent as they did last year (the average increase in exports to other countries was 15 per cent) without making concessions in return. An example is the marked increase in exports of Japanese sewing machines to America — 100 per cent in one recent month — while at the same time the Japanese vigorously deny American sewing machine companies an entry to the Japanese market. The Japanese want the benefits of the American competitive system without the costs of competition.

It is not likely that the Japanese can make further improvements in Japanese industrial production without introducing industrial democracy and a more truly competitive pattern of life. In the long run, historians may be able to record that even more significant and lasting than the democratic influences of the occupation were the new democratic forces in Japanese business and education which appeared after the occupation was over.

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ATLANTIC Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Netherlands New Guinea

SIR:

Far be it from me to argue here the charges which in some of the articles of the June *Atlantic* (Indonesian Supplement) written by Indonesians were made against the Netherlands, the more so as some of these articles apparently were written during the revolutionary days, before Indonesia came to independence, and should be looked upon in that light. Nevertheless, I would like to draw your attention to one apparent mistake which appears on the last page (168). On this page you publish a map of Indonesia, in which you include Netherlands New Guinea as territory of the Republic of Indonesia. Although President Sukarno claims the Netherlands part of the island of New Guinea, this territory remains *de facto* and *de jure* part of the Kingdom of the Netherlands.

DR. J. H. VAN ROIJEN
Ambassador of the Netherlands
Washington, D. C.

Mencken's Last Happy Days

SIR:

It is delightful to read anecdotes about H. L. Mencken. The pleasures to be derived from accounts of his last happy days are not lessened in any measure by having these accounts from the esteemed pen of Alistair Cooke.

In addition, Mr. Cooke has done a splendid job of autopsical surgery in "The Last Happy Days of H. L. Mencken" (May *Atlantic*), in reexposing to the light of day exempla of the fantastic blundering of Henry Wallace and cohorts, and in recounting some of the understandable reactions of such an aware and sensitive sophisticate as Henry Mencken. Many others of us, too, can recall all too vividly the retchworthy antics of this late presidential aspirant whose sole claim to consistency may be summed up in an appraisal of his hindsight, insight, and foresight: Henry Wallace was not *apt* to be wrong, he was *bound* to be wrong!

H. M. TRUBY
Stockholm, Sweden

SIR:

As Mencken showed by his sneers at what he was pleased to call the "boobocracy" that he was constitutionally incapable of understanding what democracy was all about, I am not surprised to learn from Alistair Cooke's article of his amused tolerance of Hitler and his amused intolerance of the British after Dunkirk. While Mencken had a sense of humor, which I have not, he lacked the sense and/or the sensibility to know that there are occasions when humor just isn't funny.

MARGARET LEE SOUTHARD
Hingham, Mass.

SIR:

Receiving the current issue of the *Atlantic* reminded me that I am a month in arrears of a letter I have owed you since last month's issue appeared, for the purpose of telling you that I thought Alistair Cooke's piece about Mencken, the 1948 conventions, and the followers of Henry Wallace was a magnificent thing. As a comparative newcomer to this land, he has found out altogether too soon what makes us tick and how funny some of it is. In short, he is a menace to the public safety. A fine piece of writing, just the same.

ANAN RAYMOND
Chicago, Ill.

"A Laugh for the Olympics"

SIR:

The June *Atlantic* was one of your best. I particularly enjoyed "Living in the Clouds" by Paul Brooks. The article I really went for is "A Laugh for the Olympics," in which Allen Jackson really laid it on the line. That it was witty did not detract from its being devastating. And there are many other fields besides sports to which we could apply the same philosophy.

THOMAS A. WALSH
Hudson, Mass.

SIR:

"A Laugh for the Olympics" was excellent and appropriate. Jackson has emphasized the lack of a definition of an amateur. Possibly, if the A.A.U. would publish just what constitutes professionalism the amateurs would be less confused. I am sure Wes Santee would still be in good standing if he had known exactly what was expected of him.

Mr. Jackson omitted the well-known fact that the Olympics are primarily for the competition of individual athletes of all countries. The reporting of the Olympics in recent decades has concentrated so much on teams and team score totals that many of the wonderful stories of individual achievements, sometimes against seemingly insurmountable odds, have gone unreported.

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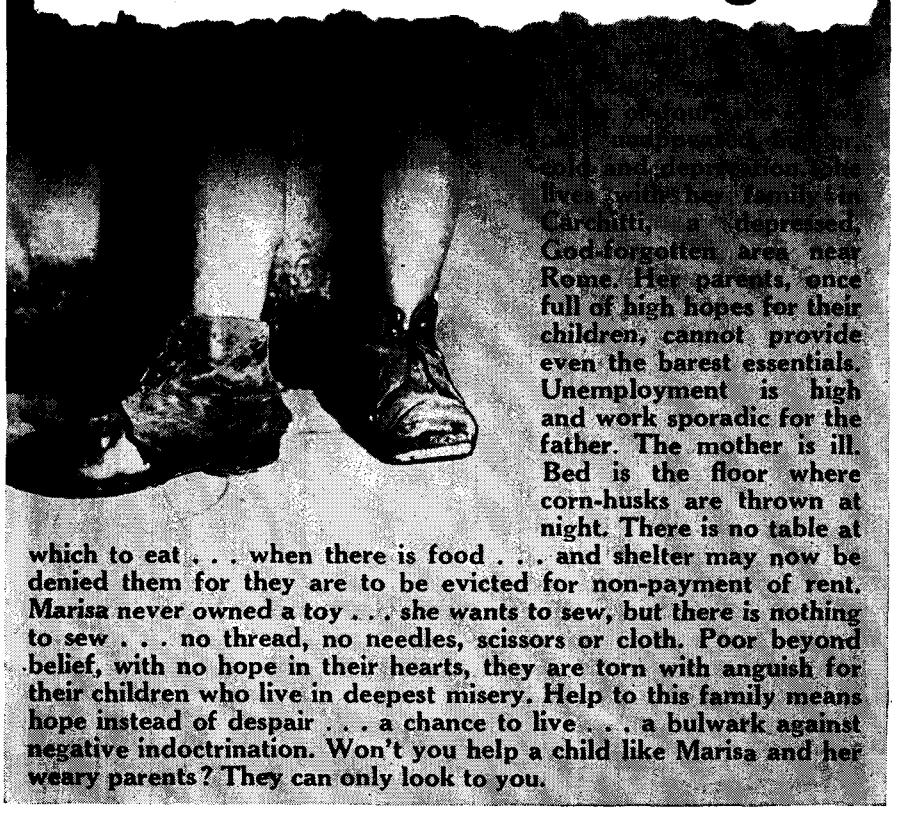

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I feel a service can be performed by more articles of the honest type written by Allen Jackson on amateurism and the Olympics.

JAY G. LINN, JR., M.D.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Dullards

SIR:

I was intrigued with the title of Caspar D. Green's article "What Shall We Do with the Dullards?" in the May *Atlantic*. I heartily agree with his opinion that a boy who is dull in English will also be a dull boy in shop. In general, assignment to vocational high school is not the solution for dull students.

What annoyed me was the fact that Mr. Green did not follow through on *what to do* about the situation. He did, of course, suggest that we throw out the dull students. But a bland disclaimer that the dull student is no concern of the schools does not solve the problem.

The dull students, according to Mr. Green, form "an unfortunate group which, though a real social problem, is not an educational one." What's this? Does education have no responsibility for helping solve problems of our complex society?

As a teacher, Mr. Green obviously feels that the presence of dullards in our schools interferes with the proper education of more talented students who can put education to constructive use. That is a strong point. Certainly we understand that point here at The Cooper Union, where this year we have the problem of selecting the best 97 engineering students out of the 477 candidates who passed the College Entrance Examination Board test with scores of 550 or above. We also are quite aware that certain high schools must be highly selective and must maintain the highest standards in order to make it possible for public high school graduates to succeed in the competition for college entrance. So I quite agree that we must not sacrifice talented students for the group with only mediocre ability.

But does the problem of what to do with the dullards end with throwing them out of the schools? As one who has interest in both education and sociology, and one who has made some evaluation studies of public schools in New York City, I am convinced that education does have responsibility for preparing the medi-

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ocre student to take his place in society.

EDWIN S. BURDELL, *President*
The Cooper Union
New York City

I Personally —

SIR:

With regard to the article by Niccolo Tucci ("Writers Are Overpaid," June *Atlantic*), I have the suspicion that the author might be suffering from some sort of guilt complex. If so, in sending articles such as this one to magazines and receiving money for them, he has reached a kind of perfection.

He is being paid for doing what he criticizes, and what he criticizes is what he has written.

Come to think of it, I'm afraid we agree, which is both confusing and alarming.

IAN BERNARD
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR:

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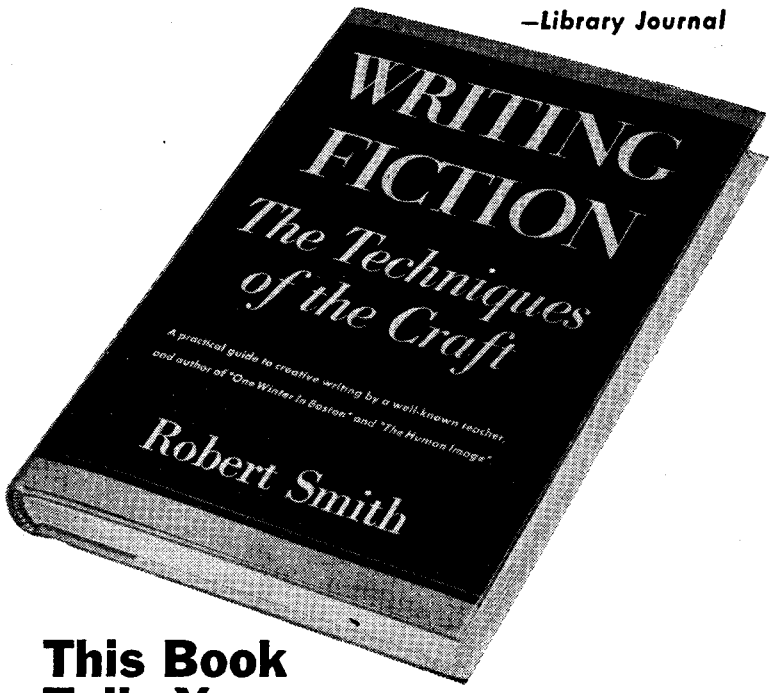

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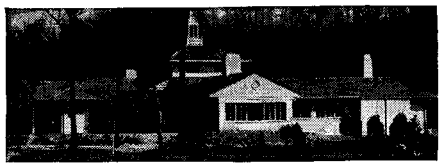

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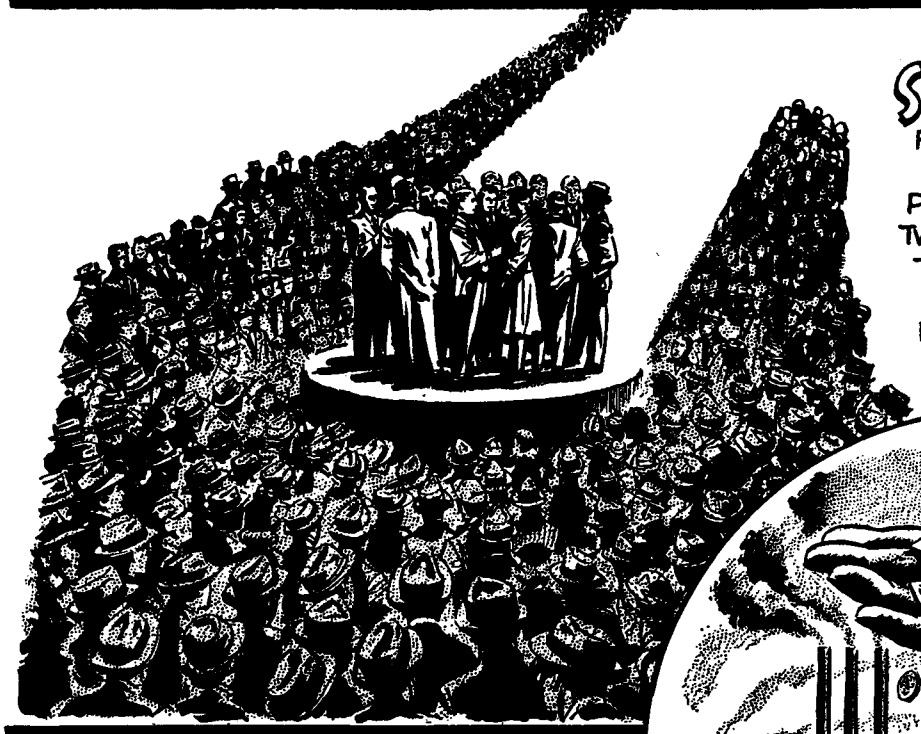

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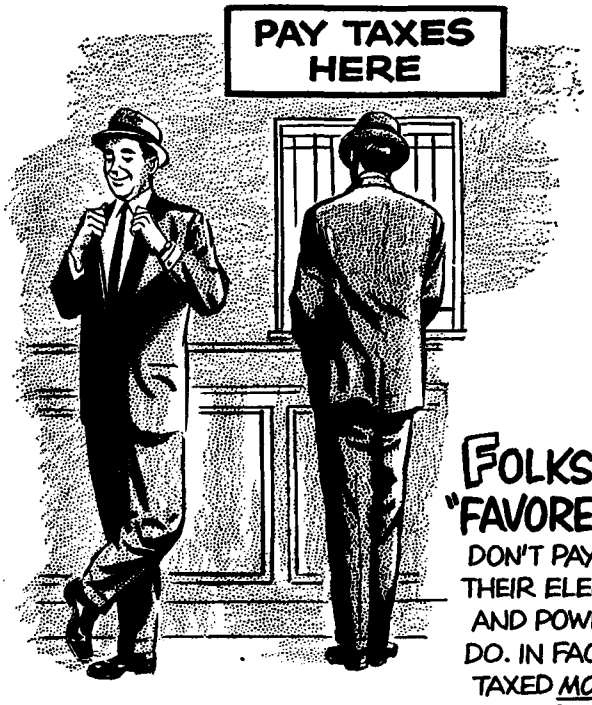

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A Connecticut Yankee who took his M.D. at Johns Hopkins in 1915, DANA W. ATCHLEY *has made a distinctive place for himself in medicine by blending his three major interests in research, teaching, and practice. From 1919 to 1921 he did research in chemistry at his alma mater; he later established one of the first clinics for the study of hypertension; and for going on three decades he has been Professor of Clinical Medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia, and Attending Physician at the Presbyterian Hospital.*

THE CHANGING PHYSICIAN

by DANA W. ATCHLEY, M.D.

As the spectacular progress in medicine of the past forty years is reviewed, one usually listens to a story of invention and discovery: the wonderful story of insulin, of vitamins, and of antibiotics; of advances in surgery of the brain, the lungs, and the heart; of X-ray diagnosis and treatment; of public sanitation. These are all practical and tangible aids in preventing disease, restoring health, and prolonging life.

Yet there are other advances which, though more subtle and less spectacular, are even more important than the practical gains. They concern the physician himself. If his own growth had not paced that of his science he would be unable to use all of these material advances safely and wisely. In contrasting the physicians of today and of forty years ago, I speak only of the best of the profession, comparing the fine clinicians who taught me at Johns Hopkins in 1915 with my colleagues of 1955. I shall first describe the nature of the change, and then note briefly some of the forces that have so successfully accomplished it. Although there are many doctors who have not changed with the progress of their discipline, yet the vigor and richness of a profession rest primarily on the quality of its leaders.

The physician of 1915 was an empiric follower of tradition, preoccupied with overelaborate techniques of physical examination. There was little understanding of disease; but worse, there was a somewhat complacent satisfaction with the existing status. The tide of science was still just lapping the clinical shores. True, isolated doctors with imagination and curiosity had made valuable discoveries, but a majority of even the best men were more interested in practicing than in perfecting their art. The aphorisms of the previous generation were revered and were easier to follow than the leadership of contemporary scientific research. One was categorically labeled as either a clinician or a laboratory man. Treatment was approached as an independent, highly codified field to be pursued without knowledge of the mechanisms involved. Diagnosis was usually mere cataloguing — applying a descriptive Latin phrase or attaching the name of the first observer, as Bright's disease — and this classification was looked upon with satisfaction as an end, if not *the* end, to be achieved; the exceptions were those rare instances where the cause of the disease was known, as with diphtheria and typhoid fever.

Today's physician combines the clinician and the laboratory man, for the rising tide of science has reached him at last and carried him to this new height. No longer happily content with restricted diagnostic pigeonholes, he is able and eager to understand the basic mechanisms that are involved. He is more preoccupied with the ideas of his predecessors than with their names. Instead of being satisfied merely to identify his patient's condition

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with a large group of similar diseases, he tries to analyze all the various abnormal components in this one person and thus reach an appraisal rather than apply a label. When it is time for treatment, he thinks primarily in terms of the dynamics of the disturbed mechanisms and what procedures might influence their course, curbing them or diverting them to proper channels. He adapts his program to the specific individual. No longer is it a ritualized response to a symptom but a thoughtful consideration of the total problem. This is a scientist at work on a complex single human being, and concern with the whole person inevitably uncovers human facets that evoke the compassion which is so necessary for good medical care. Because of his scientific orientation, today's physician is able to analyze his experience critically, rarely falling into the traps of coincidence and *post hoc* deductions; thus he is constantly growing, a lifetime student of disease and of man himself.

2

What are the forces that have produced this change? First and foremost is the participation of the physician in basic research, the clinician as chemist, bacteriologist, or physiologist, experimenter in person in the fundamental processes deranged by disease. The two outstanding factors in bringing the clinician into the laboratory and science into the hospital wards and private practice were the introduction of the full-time program into the clinical departments of the medical schools and the establishment of research hospitals such as the Rockefeller Hospital. Development of chemical and physical methods adaptable to the study of human physiology made the advance more rapid and extensive, but the most significant factor was the liberation of the clinical scholar from the anxieties and responsibilities of private practice.

In American medical schools prior to the twentieth century the entire faculty was, with few exceptions, recruited from the practicing physicians of the community. In order to carry on their class work, these busy men squeezed varying amounts of time and attention from their many patients. Johns Hopkins University broke away from this tradition when it was founded, and placed the faculty of the fundamental departments (anatomy, chemistry, physiology, etc.) on a true university basis, with the teachers of those subjects giving their entire time to the medical school; but the clinical departments (medicine, pediatrics, surgery, obstetrics, etc.) continued to be staffed by active practitioners. Some years later Johns Hopkins pioneered again, and in 1914 placed the clinical faculty on a university basis. There have been many modifications of the full-time program, varying all the way from complete rigidity to flexible combinations of men interested in teaching or in research or in practice, but the validity of the full-time principle is not questioned in educational circles. One of the most successful departments of medicine has a solid core of full-time men giving their whole time and exercising the dominant influence; another group confining their practice entirely to the Medical Center (known as "geographic full-time"), who are able to offer substantial contributions to the teaching program; and a group with offices outside the hospital, available for various degrees of responsibility. It should be noted that full-time men who are actively engaged in fundamental research have continual responsibility for patient care in the wards and the outpatient department.

Since the full-time man is a teacher as well as clinician and investigator, the medical student working on the wards of a university hospital is exposed to men who are studying disease. The scientific point of view is inculcated as the student makes his first contact with patients, and he continues to feel it as interne and resident, usually participating himself to a certain degree before he enters practice. So the young physician moves into his life's work with some understanding of the difficulties and joys involved in the advancement of knowledge, and if he is at all perceptive, he will have acquired a modest critical ability in the evaluation of scientific evidence, a priceless acquisition. He will not fall for every new vitamin or so-called "cancer cure," yet he will be alert for the frequent valid advances in his field.

The physician of today has a self-confidence and humility that derive both from his understanding of the forces that cause sickness and from his capacity with modern methods to make an accurate study of each patient. The knowledge so obtained gives a remarkable awareness of anatomical and physiological details, yet this very accuracy serves to highlight the unexplored areas; thus comes humility. When many patients are observed with repeated cross-section studies, a concept of the longitudinal section — that is, the life history of the disease — emerges, and we are better able to recognize the basic processes, anticipate the complications, and predict the outcome.

The analytic approach may be briefly illustrated by the story of a man aged fifty-five who complained of shortness of breath on exertion. He is a high-strung, successful businessman, accustomed to dispel a great deal of his emotional tensions at golf. He can cope with the golf course if he walks slowly (he is ashamed to use a golfmobile), but he has been told that the exertion will damage his heart. Accurate techniques of laboratory study demonstrate a normal heart, but prove that his essential difficulty is due to prematurely aging lungs. This is a process uninfluenced by activity, and therefore his exercise need be limited only by his comfort. Management can thus be guided by an understanding of both his emotional needs and his deranged physiol-

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ogy. As he exercises without anxiety it becomes apparent that a portion of his breathing difficulty was psychosomatic, introducing therewith an additional component, a small one but one capable of reversal. While the net result is not championship playing, it represents adequate recreation, and the man's happiness has been increased. This ultimate goal of medicine, the happiness of the individual, should not be overshadowed by the extraordinary advances in the cure of disease and the prolongation of the life span.

In his ignorance the medical man of previous generations often assumed a self-protective and rather arrogant remoteness that discouraged all questions; he knew too little to dare say, "I don't know." Treatment was smothered in secrecy, prescriptions were wholly in Latin, and no clue as to the whys or wherefores was offered. Of course, the warmhearted, sympathetic practitioner managed to evade this convention of unapproachability, but many patients still apologize before they make a thoroughly justified query as to the results of their examination. The modern physician takes pride in exposition. He avoids dogmatic authoritarianism. He feels that his prime responsibility is to teach the patient all that he can comprehend about his illness; exposition, not dictation, is his concern. If the physician has some skill as a teacher, or even merely patience, he will have little difficulty in translating essential technical details for an individual whose attention should be well focused. And this participation of the sick person is not confined to the management of his treatment; it is often very important in the analysis of his case, as well. Certain types of asthma, for example, are stimulated by factors external to the patient: exposure to animals, birds, pollens, molds, dust, and so forth. If the asthmatic is properly instructed, he will observe his reactions and return with data invaluable for his appraisal. The scientifically oriented physician can sift these data, discarding the coincidental and retaining the causal. Then carefully controlled experiments in treatment may be set up in a partnership of doctor and patient; if cure be possible under present knowledge, such an approach will surely find it.

Although the wise and perceptive physician has always recognized the etiological influences of the environment, economic and emotional, as well as the role of the patient's own temperament, this recognition was often on an almost unconscious level. It guided his management more by intuition than by deliberate analysis. The medical student of today is taught to take a history that is not only comprehensive but consciously analytical of the forces other than organic disease that are projected onto the patient by his family, his work, and his own character. A case presentation in the wards of a modern university hospital describes first of all a person, a special person, as thoroughly as the limitations of tact will permit; then follows a delineation of the symptoms and the objective abnormalities existing in this well-defined personality. Attention to the personality competes in no way with a systematic study of the physical status, for the two aspects are wholly complementary. The increasing body of knowledge concerning man's emotions and their effect on his health often makes it possible to substitute scientific integration for pure intuition, thus freeing the intuitive approach for other areas. No one attempting to solve human problems can dismiss the valuable aid that intuition, the mobilization of unanalyzed experience, can provide at crucial moments.

As the physician has been able to give up the magic that was once the chief stock in trade of the most honest practitioners and to assume the role of scientific adviser to his patient, a new quality of integrity has entered the relationship. The atmosphere is that of an honest and candid interchange, the patient responding to the penetrating interest that is implicit in a modern diagnostic study and the physician reacting with the confidence and humility that comes from scientific insight. Such honesty is the firmest foundation for rich human relationships.

Because of the importance of this subject to the medical profession, the Atlantic *will send up to five reprints of this article on request. Quantities in excess of five will be supplied at cost. Address the Publisher,* Atlantic Monthly, *8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.*

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A graduate of Harvard and of the Harvard Medical School, DR. DAVID D. RUTSTEIN, *a specialist in internal and preventive medicine, has been Professor of Preventive Medicine and Head of the Department at the Harvard Medical School since 1947. Dr. Rutstein is a member of the staff of the Massachusetts General Hospital and five other Boston hospitals, and is Vice President of the American Heart Association. He is a member of the American Society for Clinical Investigation and serves on the Expert Advisory Panel on Chronic Degenerative Diseases for the World Health Organization.*

DOCTORS AND POLITICS

by DAVID D. RUTSTEIN, M.D.

1

ON APRIL 12, 1945, the world was shocked by the news of the sudden death from cerebral hemorrhage of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. There had been rumors dating back to early 1944, each suggesting that the President, in addition to his old poliomyelitis, had one or another serious illness. But Vice Admiral Ross T. McIntire, the President's physician, repeatedly denied the existence of any specific malady, and Mr. Roosevelt was nominated and re-elected for his fourth term. Photographs of the President, particularly those taken at Yalta, showed that he was noticeably thinner and frailer and even gave the impression that he suffered from a severe wasting disease, and a few months later he was dead. The Admiral subsequently ascribed his patient's progressive deterioration to the continual strain of the Presidency. Indeed, up to this day the published medical reports concerning President Roosevelt's illness are so vague as to yield no definite diagnosis. His illness consisted of chronic cough, "sinusitis," abdominal distress and distention, profuse perspiration, elevated blood pressure, and progressive loss of weight and strength. One can only guess that his death was due to rapidly progressive blood vessel disease associated with high blood pressure.

This was not the first time that the American public had been taken unawares by an acute health problem in the President of the United States developing out of a situation where it had been felt necessary by the President or his advisers to minimize the news reports of his illness. Woodrow Wilson's "stroke" was called a nervous breakdown. The suppression of the true nature of his disease led to all sorts of unfounded rumors which confused the American public at a very critical time. Actually the country was, practically speaking, without a President for at least several months and had at best a very ill part-time President for about a year and a half.

The news about the coronary thrombosis of President Dwight D. Eisenhower in September, 1955, was handled in a strikingly different way. After the announcement of the President's heart attack on September 24, news bulletins appeared and press conferences occurred at regular intervals. These gave the appearance of full disclosure of all pertinent medical information. An optimistic picture of the President's life-expectancy following recovery was a feature of all these conferences. However, the public was not informed of the published scientific evidence on the prognosis of patients surviving a coronary occlusion.

There have been three such studies in recent years. The first in 1941, by Drs. Edward F. Bland and Paul D. White of Boston, demonstrated that the five-year survival of such patients was approximately 50 per cent; that is, of a group of individuals who had recovered from the acute attack, one half were alive at the end of five years. More recent reports, one from the Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago in 1954 and the other from Vanderbilt University Medical School in Nashville, Tennessee, in 1955, verified the survival rate of the Boston study. The Chicago report demonstrated that the older the individual is at the time of the coronary thrombosis, the shorter his life-expectancy; and that of those stricken at age 65, 50 per cent were alive five years later, a figure identical with that reported by Bland and White in 1941. It would seem that the optimistic statements made during President Eisenhower's recovery from his coronary occlusion are at variance with the published scientific information in the medical literature, and that no other data were presented to justify the optimistic conclusions except Dr. White's

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statement: "The majority of patients I see with this condition do well."

When President Eisenhower's recovery from his acute coronary thrombosis was practically complete, his physicians announced on February 13, 1956: "The President should be able to carry on an active life satisfactorily for another five to ten years." This publicized decision by his physicians gave President Eisenhower no choice on medical grounds of refusing to run for re-election, and this in effect was confirmed by the President's television announcement of February 29, 1956. This episode demonstrates the powerful influence a medical decision may have on our national history. It causes us to re-examine the process by which such decisions are reached and later interpreted to the public.

2

On June 8, 1956, President Eisenhower was suddenly taken with acute abdominal pain which was diagnosed by his physicians within twelve hours as "ileitis." It is very doubtful that any physician can make an unequivocal diagnosis of this disease in a patient whose presenting symptom is intestinal obstruction unless the physician has had previous knowledge of the existence of this disease in the patient. During the course of President Eisenhower's convalescence from acute coronary thrombosis, no mention had been made of this chronic illness. On May 13, less than one month before the President's chronically inflamed and scarred small intestine became suddenly obstructed, an X-ray examination of his stomach and intestines (gastrointestinal series) was reported as showing a "normally functioning digestive tract," but no mention was made of the presence or absence of any structural defect.

On Saturday, June 9, the date of the President's operation, a group of physicians meeting informally were discussing the President's illness prior to the announcement Saturday afternoon of the precise findings at operation. All agreed that the history of the acute illness as released to the public up to that time was inconsistent with the diagnosis of ileitis, because ileitis is a chronic disease which very rarely has obstruction as its first symptom. Since the presence of cancer had been flatly denied and the simple explanation of mechanical obstruction due to a twisted segment of intestine had not been mentioned at the press conference early Saturday morning, this group of doctors agreed that in a patient with a previous history of blood vessel occlusion (coronary thrombosis) the most likely diagnosis was an obstruction of one of the blood vessels supplying the intestine — that is, mesenteric thrombosis. When information of previous gastrointestinal attacks was made public at the afternoon press conference, together with confirmation at operation of the previous diagnosis of ileitis, it became clear that the acute obstruction was merely a late episode in the course of a chronic illness and not a new disease beginning at age 65.

The acute onset of the President's second chronic disease, regional ileitis, again focused attention on the President's physicians. After the first twenty-four hours, when the operation was decided upon and effectively performed, the newsmen immediately asked the doctors whether the President would be able to run again, as pointed out in the following quotation from *Editor and Publisher* for June 16, 1956: —

> Mr. Hagerty recognized the question that was plaguing the newsmen for answer. When the correspondents successfully resisted the impulse but seemed on the verge of putting it to the panel of doctors, Mr. Hagerty sidetracked it in his introductory: "Remember, please, these are medical men, not politicians."
>
> But only about 10 hours after they had performed the successful operation on the President, the doctors relieved themselves of pressure by giving it as their considered medical opinion that nothing that had happened should prevent Ike from following his planned life, candidacy included.

The statement issued at that time by the President's physicians was not limited to the medical facts and their interpretation. They apparently were perfectly willing, even before the immediate effects of the operation were known, to issue a statement assuring the country that the President's health would in no way prevent him from carrying out his previous plans. At no time did they give any indication that ileitis is a chronic disease with a rate of recurrence varying between one third and two thirds of those on whom operation is performed, depending on the stage of the disease, the type of surgery, and the duration of follow-up. Neither did they indicate that the majority of recurrences come within the first year after operation. Nor was there any mention of the medical fact that difficulty might be anticipated in maintaining the President's nutrition and weight, or the further likelihood of future periods of disability from the disease.

When the doctors were asked if the President's life-expectancy had been affected, they replied, "We certainly don't think so," and added, "We think it improves his life-expectancy." There is no question that the relief of the intestinal obstruction improved the health of the President. On the other hand, the emergence of a second chronic illness cannot by any stretch of the imagination improve the total health status of the patient.

When the President's physicians were faced with statements of other physicians throughout the country that ileitis is a chronic disease; that recurrence at the site of the sidetracking operation is a likely possibility; and that although this second disease would probably have little effect on life-expectancy, it might cause recurrent periods of disability, refuge

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was taken in the statement that patients aged 65 do not have recurrences of this disease. Actually, the scientific reports in the medical literature refer to age of onset of disease and not to age at operation. Moreover, at all ages where enough cases have been collected for analysis, as, for example, in the studies at the Mayo clinic, age has had no effect on the recurrence rate. The statement by an individual surgeon that he has seen no recurrences at age 65 has no predictive value unless one knows how many cases in this age group have been under study by that particular surgeon.

After this controversy developed, the policy of free and open discussion of the health status of the President was suddenly changed. On June 19 Mr. Hagerty announced that the physicians "have no intention of engaging in controversy with other doctors who have no personal knowledge of the case." This new policy in effect insulates the President's physicians against all criticism of any of their statements by any other physician.

3

The occurrence of severe illness in three Presidents of the United States within a period of some forty years raises the important question of the responsibility to the public of the physicians attending the President.

It is clear that the first responsibility of the physician is to his patient. A physician must diagnose and treat his patient to the best of his ability and do everything possible to prevent complications and to prolong life. By medical ethics he is bound not to divulge confidential information given to him by the patient, particularly when release of such information might be harmful to the patient. The physician may also be prohibited by law from testifying in a court on any medical information given to him by a patient unless he has the permission of the patient to do so. Moreover, if he releases information to the public, he may be sued by the patient in the event that such release were harmful to his patient.

Although no basis for the principle of the confidential patient-physician relationship is established in the common law, approximately one half of the states have affirmed this principle by statute. It is of interest that both Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia have such statutes.

A grave responsibility is borne by a physician to any presidential candidate, whether he be a President running for re-election or a candidate seeking the office. The doctor not only owes primary allegiance to his patient but, as a citizen with special information and skills, he has a duty to the public. It matters not whether he is concerned with Mr. Eisenhower's coronary thrombosis and ileitis, Mr. Averell Harriman's recently reported prostate operation, or Mr. Adlai Stevenson's previously reported kidney stones: the withholding of information could conceivably bring great harm to the nation as a whole. This eventually leads us to ask: When do the practice of medicine and medical decisions resulting therefrom become matters of political influence?

There are a number of different questions which must be considered in attempting to solve this important problem. First, what is the responsibility of the physician in the event that he is instructed by his patient that he is to divulge no information about his illness regardless of the effect on the country? Second, what are his responsibilities if he is told that certain, but not all, information may be divulged? Third, what kind of information should he give to the public if he is free to tell everything he knows about the patient?

The answers to these questions have to be related to the potential danger to which the country may be exposed by the withholding of essential information or by the distortion attendant on the release of partial information. It might be argued that it would be justifiable to withhold essential information about the health of the President if that would seriously affect negotiations in process with other countries, or if during a war there still remains a long period of time in a presidential term. Also an acute domestic situation might justify deferment of information on the President's health for a short period of time. But how are these questions to be answered in the case of the health of a candidate for high office?

A most difficult situation exists for the physician when he is told that he is not permitted to divulge any information. This, however, is likely to happen only when the illness of the President is so subtle that the public does not know that he is ill at all, as was the case with Franklin D. Roosevelt. When the President is ill enough to require hospital admission it is almost impossible for him, or his representative, to instruct his physician that no information is to be given out. In a democratic society with newspaper reporters at hand, hospitalization of the President cannot be concealed.

To what extent do medical ethics insist that the leadership of the nation be jeopardized because of the physician-patient relationship? In this connection it is worth noting that *The Principles of Medical Ethics* of the American Medical Association (1949) in Section 2, headed "The physician's responsibility," quotes Sir Thomas Watson as follows: "The profession of medicine having for its end the common good of mankind knows nothing of national enmities, of political strife, of professional dissensions. . . ." There is, however, no clear-cut statement in these Principles to guide a physician in deciding when the public interest may require him to divulge information if the patient does not give him permission.

Where the physician, either on his own responsi-

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bility or acting on advice, releases only partial information, we may ask again whether medical ethics would require him to withhold important information about the health status of the President, particularly if the national safety is affected.

If the physician is given permission to discuss all aspects of the patient's illness, the restrictions on the patient-physician relationship no longer exist. The physician is then on his own, and he speaks with all the authority of a professionally trained individual with a unique opportunity to provide essential information to the people in their selection of the leader of their country. Should he restrict his information to medical facts and their interpretation, or should he go on from there and attempt to evaluate the political implications of his statements? There can be little disagreement that the physician should present the medical facts and their interpretation to the best of his ability. He should also be expected to interpret such facts in the light of all available documented scientific knowledge concerning the disease in question. Moreover, if his interpretation of the facts is at variance with such scientific evidence in the medical literature, he should be expected to produce in detail the data which justify his own interpretation and permit him to disregard published evidence.

Once having presented the medical facts and their interpretations, if the physician goes beyond this point, he then ceases to be an expert. He becomes just an ordinary citizen subject to political influences in a field in which he has no expert qualifications. Indeed the political interpretation of medical information by a physician can only weaken the credibility of the original data. Once a physician's credibility is questioned, his status as an expert disappears. Political judgments by physicians have as little merit as medical judgments by politicians on the ability of a candidate to run for office. If the physician goes outside his field, the average citizen whose medical care is dependent upon his personal confidence in the physician-patient relationship begins to wonder. Meanwhile the headline writers take over and distort not only the statements of the physicians but also those of their critics, and confusion reigns.

If on the other hand the physician limits his statements to the medical facts and in his interpretation relates them precisely to the scientific information in the medical literature on the disease, he will automatically resolve any possible conflicts between his responsibility to his patient and his duty to his country. When the demands of the Presidency exceed the physical capacity of an incumbent or a presidential candidate, the physician would so inform his patient. If the patient accepted this advice, his health would be protected and the country would not be called upon to continue in office or to choose a President who was not well enough to serve. If the patient refused the advice, the physician would then have to inform the press that the ethics of the physician-patient relationship did not permit him to discuss the case. But if his patient were able to carry on, the physician would give the facts and indicate the documented scientific medical information which would justify his decision. Thus, in any case, if the physician remains within the area of his competence and adheres to the code of medical ethics, the interests of both parties — the patient and the public — are safeguarded.

Because of the importance of this subject to the medical profession, the Atlantic *will send up to five reprints of this article on request. Quantities in excess of five will be supplied at cost. Address the Publisher,* Atlantic Monthly, *8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.*

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"James Thurber, one of the world's greatest humorists," writes ALISTAIR COOKE, *"was born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1894. In his early thirties, he joined the* New Yorker *magazine, and there formed a working partnership with E. B. White that became as memorable in our day as that of Addison and Steele was in the London of the* Spectator. *The writings and drawings of Thurber have gone around the world. And though Thurber surely didn't invent The War Between Men and Women, he is its bravest war correspondent." Mr. Cooke's interview with Mr. Thurber was first presented on* Omnibus, *produced by TV-Radio Workshop of the Ford Foundation.*

JAMES THURBER

In conversation with Alistair Cooke

JAMES THURBER *settles to his daily work at his colonial farmhouse in Cornwall, Connecticut, sitting at a card table jotting down the words he cannot see. I asked him how a blind writer goes about composing.*

THURBER: I've done my writing with a pencil since 1941 when I got so I couldn't see well enough to use a typewriter. I don't know how the great blind writers like Milton and James Joyce managed it, but this is really not as hard as it might seem. Most writers try to make the work seem hard. There's a certain amount of drudgery to not being able to see what you write. I get 20 words on a page, and about 100 words on one pencil, and I use yellow copy paper; 500 sheets accommodate only 10,000 words (125,000 words make a novel). After I get my stuff down, only about three women in the world — two secretaries I've had, and my wife — can read it. It takes about three months to learn it, as if it were a foreign language like Latin; but it doesn't do anything for a secretary's mind — just things to her nerves.

COOKE: When did you start to write, Jim? And for that matter, when did you start to draw?

THURBER: Well, actually I began both when I was about seven years old. I think the writing has improved somewhat; I like to think so. But the drawings are just about what they were in 1901.

COOKE: Did you always want to be a writer? What were your ambitions?

THURBER: Well, I think I wanted to be a poet, and unfortunately there's some evidence of that in existence which my brother still occasionally holds over my head. It's a poem entitled "My Aunt Margery Albright's Garden at 185 South 5th Street, Columbus, Ohio," and critics of poetry, professors, and others realize that I was not a born poet. Then I wrote a story about the West when I was eleven, called "The Intrepid Scout," but my father wanted me to go into politics.

COOKE: That's right; he was in Ohio politics, wasn't he?

THURBER: Yes, the year I was born, 1894, he ran for clerk of the courts in Columbus, and after that he ran for office but he never was elected. But when William McKinley was governor of Ohio my father was in his office. I met governors and state senators and even congressmen and United States senators when I was a little boy. Our house was always filled with politicians, and I said to my father, "Gee, I wish you knew baseball players or locomotive engineers or even an Indian, not necessarily a chief." But all we had were politicians. By the way, my father once gave me a definition. When I was eight, I said in genuine confusion, "Poppa, what's the difference between a statesman and a politician?" He thought a minute and said, "The statesman is a politician in a position to get us all in trouble, and if we're lucky, out of it," and I think that applied later than that period.

COOKE: What put you off going into politics? What did your father get out of it?

THURBER: What did he get out of it? Here's what he got out of it. He ended up as state secretary for the Bull Moose Party in 1912, and when that party collapsed he got six typewriter ribbons, twenty-two dozen pencils, and I think several boxes of yellow copy paper. Those were his only souvenirs of the campaign of 1912.

COOKE: Having thrown politics out the window, when did you make the decision, if you ever did, to become a humorous writer?

THURBER: I don't think I made the decision myself. I think my mother made it for me. She was a born comedienne, and her antics were pretty

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well known in Columbus in the eighty-nine years she lived. They're too elaborate to go into here, but a great many of the things I've written were either inspired by her or deal with her.

COOKE: Can you remember any of the titles that you would have given to those stories?

THURBER: One story I did about her was called "Lavender with a Difference" because my mother thought, as she once told me when she was eighty-five, that lavender and black were for old ladies. She wore gay colors. As I said, she wore her old age like a rose, the same way she wore her youth.

COOKE: Did she have any effect on your drawing?

THURBER: Well no, not exactly. She never believed that I was an artist and she didn't like to discuss that part of it.

COOKE: But you mention the writing taking so long for rewriting, and I seem to remember somewhere you said that the drawings just came out like that, just fast.

THURBER: Well yes; for instance, in a story I wrote called "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" which is only about 4000 words, it took me eight weeks working day and night. There were about fifteen rewrites all the way through; whereas one night when Mrs. Thurber and I were in a hotel in New York she was in the bedroom and I was silent for about two hours and she said, "What are you doing?" I said, "I've just finished a book." She knew that I had just finished either reading a book or drawing one. I had drawn one. I later called it *The Last Flower*. Fifty drawings in two hours, done with a pencil. Of course later I had to ink the pencil lines in, but the book had actually been done in about two hours.

COOKE: Now, Jim, I have here a drawing book which I guess your mother must have seen. In fact, it was your first drawing book, and here's a picture which I think any eight-year-old might be proud of. It looks, if I may say so, like a Thurber drawing and I suppose you were the family artist. It's been preserved.

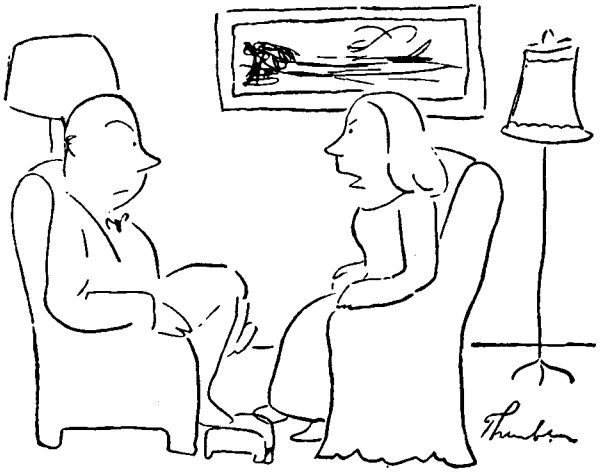
THURBER: Oh no. Actually, my brothers — I have two — kept this little book, but my oldest brother was supposed to be the family artist and nobody in the family paid any attention to what they called my scrawls. My brother William would copy very carefully with pen and ink the pen-and-ink drawings of Charles Dana Gibson. I think my mother and father thought at first that these were originals that they saw around the house. At any rate, they would say, "Don't bother William with your scrawls, Jamie; let him get his work done, he's going to be the artist."

COOKE: But when you get to college, at Ohio State, I see here that you have some drawings that are pretty elaborate. You start shading and stippling and it looks as if you were getting good, huh?

THURBER: Yes. Actually I started out trying to cross-hatch and shade and everything, and it wasn't until later, when I had to fill a magazine fast because all the other artists had gone to war, that I became an artist myself, and I would get these drawings done very fast and didn't have time to shade them. Years later after I had sold a few to the *New Yorker* magazine, Andy White, my colleague there, found me carefully shading in something and he said, "Hey, stop that, don't do that — if you ever became good you'd be mediocre."

COOKE: So you simplified back to the famous Thurber scrawl.

THURBER: Yes, which is the only thing I can do badly enough to make it good.



"Which you am I talking to now?"

COOKE: I can remember the shock of first seeing what you call your scrawls in print. How did you ever get them published? No offense meant.

THURBER: And none taken. Well, Alistair, that's quite a long story. I'll try to make it as short as I can. Let me take you back to Columbus, Ohio, in the early 1920s. I was out of school then and working as a reporter, and one of my friends was a high-powered real-estate man of that vintage and he had two or three telephones on his desk, and every time I dropped in to see him he also had three or four memo pads and the phones were all ringing. "Pardon me, Jim," he'd say. "Yes Harry, yeh, I'll get that down," and he'd write it down. "And another thing, Harry, about that Johnson deal — just a second." The other phone rings. "Johnson, that's fine. I was just talking to Harry but he's on the other phone." "Just a second, Harry, Johnson's on the phone now — hold on, will you? Yes. What was that? 2234 Midberry Avenue. All right, Harry, just a minute, I'll be right there." "So long, Johnson." And then another phone would ring, still a third one. "Yes. Oh, sorry dear; no, I won't forget that. O.K." (This time he had nothing to write because it was his wife.) So in that way you had no satisfactory conversation with the man at all. Once he said, "Excuse me a minute," and went out of his office and was gone about three

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minutes, and during that time I drew a dog on each page of each of the memorandum pads. When he came back again he said, "Sorry, Jim," and sat down and the phones began their old routine and he said, "Hey, Bill. Yes, yes I'm sorry. What was that — eighty-three, five? Just a minute, just a minute, Bill," and he began tearing off dogs. "Hold it, will you?" And there was a dog on each page. Finally he had brains enough to write the number down on the dog. That's how the dog began.

COOKE: Who is the first man who was bold enough to submit these scrawls for publication? Did you submit one?

THURBER: No, don't look at me. That was E. B. White — Andy White — perhaps the most important person the *New Yorker* has ever had. He and I shared an office together back in 1927 to 1929, and I used to scrawl or doodle. I don't like the word doodle, but anyway I'd scrawl with a black pencil on yellow paper while I was thinking of something else.

COOKE: What did you doodle — draw?

THURBER: Dogs and seals and people, supposed to be people. Somebody once asked Marc Connelly how you could tell a Thurber man from a Thurber woman. He said, "The Thurber women have what appears to be hair on their heads." One day Andy picked up one of my scrawls which showed a seal on a rock looking off in the distance, and the caption was "Mmm, explorers."

COOKE: Who were the explorers?

THURBER: Well, just two dots. Even then it wasn't very funny, but White thought it was funny, at least different, and he sent it in to the *New Yorker's* art meeting, which takes place every Tuesday afternoon. It came promptly back, and on my original drawing a professional artist — that is one not only who gets paid but who has learned how — had drawn the head of a seal and written right on my drawing beside his seal, "This is the way a seal's whiskers go." White promptly sent it back with another message: "This is the way a Thurber seal's whiskers go." Nevertheless it was rejected, and some fifteen other drawings of mine were rejected and it looked as if I never would get a drawing into the *New Yorker*.

COOKE: Well, what did the editor think about Thurber's drawing?

THURBER: He was bewildered and to the end of his days he believed it was a fad mainly built up in England where my books of drawings were fairly well known. I said, "Well it's a fad which lasted quite a while." He said, "Don't be impatient, give it time."

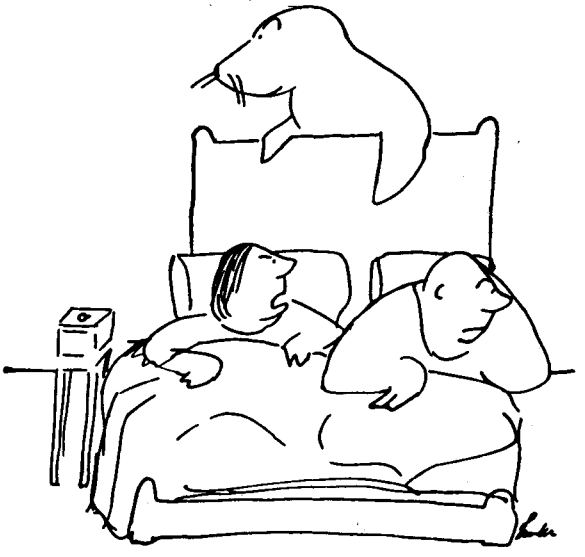
COOKE: Jim, you've baffled a lot of people with these drawings but there are still a lot in print. Now how did they get there?

THURBER: I think I've been avoiding that question to protect the innocent publisher. You see, in 1929 Andy White and I wrote a book called *Is Sex Necessary?* and White insisted it be illustrated by me; so I did about thirty or forty illustrations in one night. The next morning we took them down to the publishers, and when we got there, we put them down on the floor. Three bewildered and frightened publishers looked at them, and one man, the head publisher, said, "These I suppose are rough sketches for the guidance of some professional artist who is going to do the illustration?" and Andy said, "Those are the actual drawings that go in the book." And the book did come out in November, 1929, but very quietly. I think the original edition was 3500. For some reason it began to sell. The publisher didn't have any copies, because who would want to risk more than 3500 copies of a book containing my first drawings? Not me!

COOKE: It's true that when you first get printed, get into print, a lot of people suddenly believe you have talent who had no use for you before, and I wonder if the magazine editor had a second thought about your drawings.

THURBER: Well yes, Alistair, people began to talk about them. I don't know exactly why, but Ross heard the talk and he came to my office one day and said, "What became of that seal drawing you did for us?" I said, "Became of it? You sent it back and I threw it away." And he said, "Well, I want to print it, so do it over again," as if it were easy to do anything over again. I started to do it over again, and this time with a pen on white typewriter paper.

COOKE: This was the seal on the rock?



"All right, have it your way — you heard a seal bark!"

THURBER: This was the seal on the rock, and I got the seal on the rock but the rock looked like a bedstead. It looked as if he were on the head of a bed, so I drew a man and his wife in the bed; and the shrewish wife is saying to her husband, "All right, have it your way — you heard a seal bark!"

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"That's my first wife up there, and this is the present Mrs. Harris."

COOKE: Yes, and that was a famous one; I didn't know until now that it was by accident.

THURBER: Quite a few of my drawings have been done by accident. There's one known in the office as "The Lady on the Bookcase." I tried to draw a woman on all fours at the top of a flight of stairs, but not being a draftsman I didn't get the right perspective on the stairs and I brought the line straight down with cross lines, and suddenly to my amazement there was this woman on top of what was evidently a tall bookcase. So then I put three other people in the drawing, two men and a woman; one of the men is talking and the caption is "That's my first wife up there, and this is the *present* Mrs. Harris." Well, the day that was submitted there was real consternation in the office and the editor called me on the phone and said, "We don't understand down here whether that woman on the bookcase is dead or stuffed"; and I said, "Well, I'll call you back." I hung up and thought it over, and a few minutes later I called him back and I said, "I just called my doctor and he says a dead woman could not support herself on all fours, and then I called my taxidermist and he said you can't stuff a woman; so she must be alive." And the editor said, "Well, what's she doing on the top of the bookcase in the home of her husband's second wife?" And I said, "You have me there, I don't know." Anyway, they printed it.

COOKE: I remember the shock of the first Thurber drawings and may I say that they might have encouraged a lot of parents to send in their children's drawings.

THURBER: It actually did — not only parents but very strange people. Some people thought my drawings were done under water; others that they were done by moonlight. But mothers thought that I was a little child or that my drawings were done by my granddaughter. So they sent in their own children's drawings to the *New Yorker*, and I was told to write these ladies, and I would write them all the same letter: "Your son can certainly draw as well as I can. The only trouble is he hasn't been through as much."

COOKE: You know, Jim, your saying what you've gone through reminds me of what an old Roman author, I think it was, said: "A man can't be a great comedian unless he's well acquainted with the sadness of things." Now in your view is humor a thing in itself or a way of sloughing off trouble?

THURBER: It's very hard to divorce humor from other things in life. Humor is the other side of tragedy. Humor is a serious thing. I like to think of it as one of our greatest national resources which must be preserved at all costs. One of the things that worry me is the diminishing of political satire. In the heyday of Henry Mencken and Will Rogers, Finley Peter Dunne, William Allen White, and Ed Howe, they were not afraid to make fun of public figures. I think we are a little bit now. A professor of mine once said if a thing cannot stand laughter it is not a good thing; and we must not lose in this country the uses of laughter. I don't think we're in any real danger of it, because this country is basically a country with a sense of humor.

COOKE: How do you apply your own humor to

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political satire? I understand that you have been writing some fables. What is there in that particular form that attracts you?

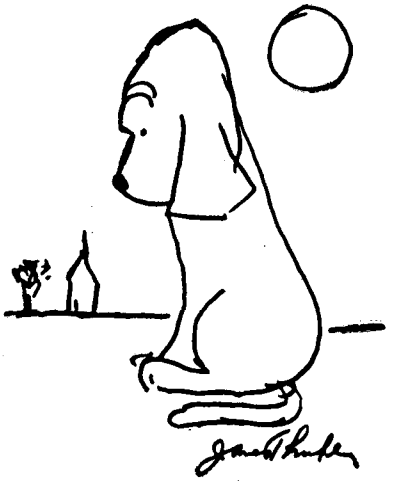
THURBER: Of course fables are the oldest form of literary expression. You know Aesop; nobody knows exactly when he lived, but Webster put it at 580 B.C. — that is to say, more than twenty-five centuries ago. After all those 2500 years two expressions of his are commonly used today. We don't go a week without using one or the other: "the lion's share" and "sour grapes." And every writer, I think, is fascinated by the fable form; it's short, concise, and can say a great deal about human life: the little flaws and foibles and vanities of a man and his wife, or the larger political scene, or anything else.

COOKE: Jim, because it's been so long since you could see — by the way, how long has it been?

THURBER: My blindness has been a gradual process over about fifteen years until now it is almost complete. I can, for instance, not see a cigarette but I can see the flame and I can usually light it. This is what the doctors call accommodation.

COOKE: Because you've had to give up drawing and concentrate on your writing, don't you find blindness a great handicap to your contact with life and your imagination as a writer?

THURBER: No, it isn't; the imagination doesn't go blind. Of course I can understand how blindness would be a tragedy say to a locomotive engineer or a juggler, but a writer can always write. Blindness has a great many compensations. For instance, a few years ago I went out to lunch with a friend of mine and he was strangely silent. Not being able to see, I didn't know what he was up to. I said, "What's the matter?" He said, "For the thousandth time in my life I'm reading everything it says on the Worcestershire bottle label; about two hundred words." And I said, "You see, the trouble with you sighted people is that you are handicapped by vision," and that's very true. A blind writer does not have the distraction of the writer who can see. I can sit in a room and I don't look out the window; I don't become distracted by flying birds or the breeze in the trees or a pretty girl walking by. Of course I can still *hear* a pretty girl.



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An Atlantic Story

An American novelist and short-story writer who feels happiest when working abroad, MARTHA GELLHORN *wrote her first novel in Paris at the age of twenty-three. As a foreign correspondent she covered the Civil War in Spain; Munich; Czechoslovakia; Finland; and the war in China before Pearl Harbor. London was most frequently her headquarters during the Second World War, and there she makes her home today.*

THE SMELL OF LILIES

by MARTHA GELLHORN

SHE had been waiting for him. The door opened gently. There were no sudden movements, no unexpected noise in this house. She held out her arms and he came across the room and kissed her hand and her forehead. He pulled the chair closer to her chaise longue and took her hand in his. She watched him, with happy eyes and slightly parted lips. Her asthma is better, he thought. He smiled, hoping there was nothing mechanical or weary about what he felt as a grimace of the mouth.

"I've brought you a present," he said. It was more of a present than he could afford. He took a small velvet box from his pocket and gave it to her.

"Oh," she said. "Oh, James."

It was a pin: three stalks of lily of the valley, with leaves, bound together by a gold band. The leaves were palest green enamel, the flowers white, small pearls imitated dew. He was, himself, sick to death of lilies of the valley, her favorite flower. She tried to fasten the pin to her pretty dotted swiss negligee, but her hands trembled. A bad sign, he thought. He took the jewel from her and got it more or less properly placed and she moved her head to see it, and then touched it carefully.

"Our sixteenth," she said in her low hesitant voice, the voice that had to be rationed, using the breath that was so costly and difficult to keep in her body. "I can't believe it. I remember the day we were married as if it were now. Where *have* the years gone? Oh darling, your beautiful present."

He knew very well where the years had gone. Doubtless she remembered their wedding day better than he did, since she had so little to remember. He could think of nothing at all to say, so he kissed her hand again, and as he bowed his head, she stroked his hair. Then she talked; she saved everything to tell him.

At last she believed she really knew and understood the Bach Concerto in D Minor. She had been playing it over and over and listening with all her attention. And she had read the Chekhov stories he sent her, weren't they sad, weren't they perfect, motionless stories which said everything. The squirrels were now settled down to married life, and Mrs. S. was a bustling mother, a competent Hausfrau, and Mr. S. as anyone could see was feeling his responsibilities. Three days ago he scampered in through the open French window and studied her room. Soon they would all come. But the robins had left, it was a great loss, probably the squirrels irritated them, being such active noisy little beasts. Had he ever seen the garden lovelier; Aunt Lucy and Sarine were beside themselves with pleasure over it. Aunt Lucy had given a little bridge party last week, three other ladies, what a twit she had been in, worrying Sarine about the sandwiches and the cake and the cookies, but it was a great success and Aunt Lucy talked of nothing else, she had enough village news to last for half a year. Ted was so good, so constant, so generous of his time, and also encouraging, he was sure she was getting better.

At the name Ted, he listened hoping to hear something beyond her words. Ted was always good, constant, encouraging, and had been for years. How many? Nine years, now. Ted was the ideal doctor, and as much of a fixture as Aunt Lucy, Sarine, and more of a fixture than the squirrels. He saw that she was tiring herself, she had talked enough. It was his turn. Since she never asked

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about his life, he did not speak of it. Had she simply lost interest; did she fear to know; did she feel she would not understand, as if his life was something lived among foreigners, in a country she had never seen? Besides, what report could he give? I go to the store at nine and leave at five. I sit at my desk and plan layouts, correct copy, write copy. They tell me to push a new line in airplane luggage. They say they want to get rid of last year's fur coats. The China Department informs me they have bargain stuff from Copenhagen. Sometimes I smoke and look at the sky. Sometimes I think of a fast selling idea and rush into Blick's office, full of hopped-up, necessary enthusiasm, and pour it out with trimmings, and that way I prove I am a man keen on his work. At five I often walk in the park, walking off the taste of the day, before I go home. What was there to tell? He would speak, as usual, of a play he had seen, a movie, pictures, a record he had bought. It was no use to talk of people; she knew none of them, he saw very few anyhow, they were without meaning to him also. He could not speak of Maggie, who was all, absolutely all, that concerned him.

2

He heard his voice as a monotone, heavy with boredom. He tried to force color and warmth into the sounds he was making. She listened, fascinated. His voice droned on and on: Arthur Miller, Brando, the gifted young American painter Perlin whose pictures of Italy, the Boston Symphony recording of Bartók's. . . . The insect murmur from the garden matched his words and accompanied them. She lay now in the beginning of shadow, the afternoon was ending. The house was silent around them, although Sarine would be busy in the kitchen and Aunt Lucy was supposedly alive upstairs and not glued to her chair. This room would make a perfect picture, cool, Degas without ballet girls perhaps. He spoiled it, of course; it was not a room that a man could fit into.

Strange how she never tired of anything; she had kept this soft green wallpaper, printed with delicate clusters of lilies of the valley, for thirteen years. Yet it was so fresh that she must have had her room done several times, always in the same design. Her bed in the corner, disguised as a large divan, was covered with the same rosy damask, the windows were curtained in the same faded rose material. Her writing table, which was an ornament since she could not sit at it, the tables by her chaise longue, by her bed, the long table against the far wall were tobacco-brown, lovingly polished pieces of wood made in the eighteenth century by Englishmen who knew their craft; but they were never moved, the order of the room remained the same. And everywhere, for as long as he could remember, there was this luxury of flowers, in bowls, in small porcelain vases, in great glass jars, and always the air held the same light sweet scent of lilies of the valley. Since nothing else changed, why should she alter the colors and the pattern of her becoming room?

He began to talk of plays he had not seen, discussing the rival reviews, and he studied his wife, thinking that facts were facts and this was indeed their sixteenth wedding anniversary and therefore she was thirty-seven years old and would be thirty-eight in two months, but facts did not obey any known laws in this house, time was nothing but a theoretical idea here, for she looked as she always had. In a terrible, sinister way, he felt that she grew younger on her chaise longue, year after year. Whereas he grew much older, faster than time, far ahead of time, on the 15th floor of Berkeley's, crouched there in his neat white cell high above Fifth Avenue.

She was beautiful and new and fragile as the spring. Yet she had suffocated and fought for air, felt the muscles clamp around her heart; she had gone through this often, she could expect such agony at any time, without warning. And she lived with fear. She lived in horror of death, and the horror grew the longer she waited. Her face should have been drawn and her eyes wild. Instead, her face was smooth and of the clear color of a shell. The curve of her cheek was as touching as it had been when she was a girl. Her eyes had the same look of innocence. Her hair still played that amazing trick of seeming to blow in shadows of curls around her temples and ears. She had always worn her hair long. It was loosely tied back, with a narrow satin bow, the color of her eyes. Should there not be gray in that bright, brown mane? She was unmarked and unused; her hands, her arms, her lovely breast, her impossibly small waist, her beautiful legs, her knees, a perfection of the mechanics of bone, all as before, as remembered. Everyone spread and sagged, faded, bloated. His own body repelled him with its new creases, and patches of flabbiness. Time scarred the whole human race, except Annette.

He knew, as a wickedness in himself, that he could have cared more, somehow joined in her pain and her terror, if only she showed how her life had hurt her. On the other hand, perhaps it was pure bravery to show nothing. He tried to make himself see that and honor her for it. But he could not quite believe it; he did not know, there was no way of knowing; she would not speak of her illness. He suspected that she had shut her mind, refusing death by refusing to think; he suspected that she stayed young because she would not grow. She lay forever on her chaise longue, or on the worst days in her bed, and denied this helpless immobility, denied that anything was different, denied even that he and she were anything but man and wife, as other men, other wives.

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He could not imagine what he had found to say; now the words ground to a stop. He was tormented by the need for a cigarette, but naturally he could not smoke here. He felt hot. He would have liked to sleep for twelve hours or play two hard sets of tennis and go swimming. Annette reached for her handkerchief and he looked furtively at his watch. It was still the fourteenth of April, still the garden crackled and hummed in the failing sunlight, and he had delivered his lecture on contemporary art, crawled over that mountain pass of time, in less than a quarter of an hour. He was shaken and sick with something he knew too well, hopelessness, and an anger that had no focus, and pity for them both, and the sense of waste. He could also remember how he had loved her, which was his own pain, altogether different from hers. He remembered the joy and the power and the immense hope of his loving her. It was as if he remembered a happy man and that man was now long dead.

Sarine opened the door, without knocking. There would be no intimate scene to disturb and Mrs. Whiteley could not, in any case, raise her voice to call "Come in." Sarine brought a tray and laid it on the table by the chaise longue.

"Evening, Mr. James," she said, as if she had seen him since early afternoon.

"How are you, Sarine?"

"Not too bad, Mr. James. We're all doing fine, aren't we now, Miss Annette?"

She was a tall, ugly, bony, strong, colored woman in her fifties, who smiled for no one except his wife, her Miss Annette. He had thought about Sarine's life often, and with shame. If he could not save himself, he could at least save Sarine. Once, years ago, he offered to finance Sarine's escape; she could find work anywhere, she could live in her own house, he held out Harlem with the greatest doubt, still it seemed better, closer to life, than the virginal dolled-up attic of the white frame house in Grangeville. Sarine was not too old to marry; perhaps too old for children, by then, but not too old for a man. She was healthy, she had a right to live. Sarine apparently was a slave who had nothing to love but her chains. Leave Miss Annette, her little saint, Miss Annette who couldn't do a thing for herself, and was like Sarine's baby? Sarine had never trusted him, after that, probably no longer liked him, if ever she had liked him.

"I brought you a cocktail too, Miss Annette." Sarine poured lemonade from a small glass pitcher into a cocktail glass and gave the glass to Annette who smiled her thanks, that wonderful smile, the smile of a pleased and grateful child. He took bottles from the tray and mixed a martini. Sarine looked at him, saying silently all she meant to say: now you be careful, don't you tire our baby, don't you stay more than an hour, don't you say anything to upset her. Then she left them to their ritual.

Usually, he raised his glass and said, "To you."

She smiled at him, exactly as she smiled at Sarine, and said, "To you, darling."

Tonight he said, "To our sixteenth."

"Yes. Oh James, James, darling. I have so much to thank you for. Sixteen years. And you've never made me unhappy, never hurt me, never a quarrel. Nothing but your love and your kindness, all that time. I can only thank God for sending you to me."

He could not answer or look at her. She was used to silence. To drink without smoking was not the same thing, but it helped. He poured another martini. He asked if he might hear the Bach concerto and she told him where the record was. He listened to the racing intricate music, stopped listening, and drank more martinis. The sky was greenish blue, with the light going quickly. His allotted hour was finished. He would see her again for a few moments after breakfast, and then he would take his train back to New York, and this visit, like countless others, would be behind him, and he would organize his mind to forget it.

He kissed her again on the forehead, pressed her hand gently, smiled from the door, called Sarine, and turned and hurried out of the house. He would cross Necher's fields and get into the woods and walk fast along the darkening path until he came to the top of the hill. Then he would sit down and smoke one cigarette and try to think of nothing. Then he would come back and face the evening meal with Aunt Lucy. He might even run in the woods, although running was only a gesture, only the compulsion of his body, for he never ran as he wanted to, away.

3

The table was round, so Aunt Lucy could not, properly, sit at the head of it but she did anyhow. He sat at her right, the guest of honor. He always felt a guest in this house, and not a very certain one: any wrong move and Aunt Lucy and Sarine would chuck him out. This was a peculiar way to feel since it was not only his house but he had been born in it, in the bedroom next door, formerly his father's and mother's, now Aunt Lucy's. Of course, when the house became a hospital and shrine, it had changed so much that it no longer resembled the place where he had grown up. His mother ran a feeding station for the Grangeville boys; she had felt guilty because she could not give him brothers and sisters to keep him company, and she was always afraid that James would be lonely, the only child of middle-aged parents. His mother had not cared how her house looked, or what happened to it, as long as it was filled, positively roaring, with life.

From the beginning, Aunt Lucy, consulting Annette's wishes, sensibly and ruthlessly arranged this old remembered house to fit Annette. They enlarged the real living room, downstairs, to make

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Annette's bedroom because they could move her into the garden from there, and the squirrels could come to call, and she could watch the flowers growing, close at hand. They changed the dining room into a dressing room and bathroom for Annette. They did wonders to the kitchen so that now it had become a noiseless odorless operating theater. It had to be odorless, because of Annette's asthma. Aunt Lucy made his room, where now they ate at the round table, into a snug, chintzy Victorian parlor. Here she could receive her soft-spoken lady friends; the room was not directly above Annette, and their footsteps would not disturb her. Here, he had once hung his pennants, his cases of butterflies, his stuffed fish; he had done his homework, thrown his clothes on the floor, slept well and dreamed triumphantly. They kept the tiny guest room, only changing it into a bower of rosebuds and blue lover's knots, and it was known politely as James's room. The bathroom was unrecognizably pretty; it had been a bare splashed-up box in his time. In the attic, Sarine was content with her white-painted iron bedstead, her cushioned rocking chair, and her shower bath from Sears Roebuck. Well, why not, he thought. They live here, I don't. It was a little jewel of a house, and had cost quite a lot: luckily, his mother carried a heavy life insurance.

Because they believed these to be his favorite dishes, they always gave him the same dinner, and always, as now, Aunt Lucy said how too bad it was that he had to eat that unhealthy restaurant food in New York when what he needed was this nice home cooking.

Stuffing fried chicken and corn soufflé into his mouth, he began a wordless conversation. "Oh no, Aunt Lucy, you've got it wrong. I eat dinner at home every night. My beloved is interested in cookery as a game, a sport. She has never heard of a balanced diet and probably never will. Last night, for instance, we had a brownish slippery mess which was a mixture of bamboo shoots and almonds and strips of meat said to be duck. You might not believe me, but it was delicious."

Suddenly he noticed the silence. Aunt Lucy, unlike Annette, was not used to silence. He said, "Well, I have to work, you know."

"Of course you do, dear boy. And how is everything at the store?"

"About the same."

She would not ask anything more. The only work she understood was her father's work, he had been the Methodist minister in Petersfield, South Carolina. She thought that was good work. She also had a dim idea of what Judge Mallin, her little sister Bea's husband, Annette's father, had been up to. On the whole, she did not think men's work was any of her business; they worked, as they should, to earn the money to keep their wives. In return, their wives were loving, ornamental, served them excellent food, and kept pretty homes for them, as Annette did. Heaven knew it was the least men could do, considering. James was very sweet and aware of his duties, but there must have been times. What had he done to use Annette up, in less than four years? She had given Annette to him in perfect health, and when she came back, to bring Annette to this house and nurse her, Annette was a pitiful little white thing, dying before her eyes. Lucy Blair knew exactly what James had done, but she would not put it into words in her mind. God had been especially kind to her, granting her Annette to mother, after her dear parents died in the Accident. She had this joy without paying any harsh and terrible price. They were all happy women here, and perhaps James, who was in a sense guilty, had been God's instrument, and in any case she had long since decided she was not to judge him. Smoothly round, serene-faced, white-haired, Aunt Lucy sat in her rightful place and ate her way daintily through piles of food.

4

Helping himself to another popover, he said, "Annette looks fine."

Aunt Lucy's eyes lighted; now, at last, they were launched on her subject. It is her life's work, he thought, it is reasonable for her to want to talk about nothing else.

"She *is* looking well, isn't she? I'm so glad you said so. I can never be sure if I'm really seeing her, you know, looking at her so hard all the time. Well, we haven't had a bad attack, really not an attack at all since, let me see, it would be March tenth, yes, it was well after you left us the last time." (Reproach, he thought, and followed his usual technique of continuing to chew.) "I can't think what happened. There may have been some dust from the garden or maybe she overtired herself." (How in God's name? he thought.) "She just had enough strength to ring the bell by her bed, and Sarine and I flew downstairs and while Sarine held her up and gave her the drops, I telephoned Ted and he got here in no time at all, he must have put his coat over his pajamas, I don't know what. Well, it was terrible for a while; oh that poor angel, that lamb of light, I can never tell you, James, what that child is. There she was choking, fighting, you could see the pain she was in, and somehow she managed to smile at us. Ted gave her an injection and massaged her; I don't know what he does, it's just a miracle; and he saved her again. What would we do without Ted?"

"You didn't write me."

"No, Annette forbade me. She said it was useless to worry you. She thinks of you all the time, James. Ted said to me once that he believes what keeps Annette alive is the thought of you and the hope of seeing you again."

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"Did he?"

"Yes, he did. And I said to him, no man ever had a more devoted loving wife than Annette."

He ate some more; it was wonderful how, if you kept your mouth full, you were excused from speech.

Presently he said, "Ted is very fond of Annette, isn't he?" It was a daydream he made for himself, in the cell on the 15th floor of Berkeley's store. Ted would come to him, man to man, noble with his sandy crew-cut, and say, "James, I am afraid this will break your heart, but Annette and I . . ."

"He loves her," Aunt Lucy said, "the way we all do. If he's told me once, he's told me a thousand times, that she's the bravest, sweetest patient he's ever had."

"And Annette is very fond of him?"

"Why, you know that, James. She's the most grateful person on earth. She even thanks the flowers for growing, she thanks us all for every little thing we do for her. She can't thank Ted enough for his care of her."

There are also the bills, James thought, it is not entirely on this spiritual level of the healer, wrestling with death. There are the bills.

"I was wondering," he said. Now how could he possibly say it? He picked at the apple pie, and sloshed the thick cream around his plate. "Living so much alone, seeing no one, only you and Sarine and Ted, I was wondering if she wouldn't . . ."

"James," Aunt Lucy said, in a granite voice, "if you are going to start being jealous of that poor helpless dying angel, it is the ugliest and most unworthy thing I ever heard."

"Oh no," he said. "Oh no, you don't understand."

"I'm sure I don't."

He gave up; besides it was foolish and hopeless. Ted was thirty-five years old and not crazy and, though unmarried and officially blameless, he was not likely to be a eunuch. No man would start off with a woman in Annette's condition. Not start off, not marry. Probably Ted attended to vital needs in New York or Hartford or Boston. Probably, having seen so many married couples, he was steering clear of the whole business. What did he know about Ted? Nothing, except that he couldn't take him. It was Ted, old Dr. Bartlett's sparkling new assistant, who told him, when he came back from the war, about Annette's heart and her asthma, in medical terms which he did not understand, and finished by saying, "I am afraid that she cannot stand anything, Whiteley, you know what I mean? I am afraid you will have to be a brother and sister, in some ways, from now on. Of course, medicine is not an exact science and there can always be a miraculous change." No change. Splendid Ted. The perfect doctor. He had learned, from Ted, the trick of kissing Annette's hand; this did not interfere with her precarious intake of breath.

"I think I'll go for a walk, Aunt Lucy. Delicious dinner. I'll thank Sarine downstairs."

"You'll be very quiet, coming in, won't you, dear?"

5

Ted was waiting for him in the hall. It was always arranged this way. Ted paid his first call at the Whiteley house whenever James came up from New York. This gave James plenty of time to catch the 9:40 for the city. Immediately after breakfast, having already thanked Aunt Lucy and Sarine for his visit, James went to say good-by to his wife. She looked as lovely in the morning; she looked as if she had slept better than any other adult on the American continent. He promised to write more. She could not write at all; he got his news from Aunt Lucy. He announced that he would send any good books he read. He kissed her forehead or her cheek, complimented her on her beauty, told her to keep up the good work, and let himself quietly out of the room. For, at just that moment, as he left, there was another expression in her eyes, which he knew well. It was the look not of a pleased and grateful child, but of a hurt lost lonely child, unjustly punished. He never wanted to see that, and during the last four years he had consciously turned his head, to avoid seeing. He would not feel guilty about Maggie, who on earth had a right to suggest that he was guilty; but he did not wish to see that particular look in his wife's eyes.

When he had closed the door silently behind him, there was Ted. They would now walk down the road, away from the house, smoke, and have a frank chat about Annette's health. And then his train, his train, his train, which by now he was longing for with hunger, with passion.

"Well?" Ted said, as always.

"She looks fine, don't you think?"

"Yes, she's doing nicely just now. We had a bad one in March, Miss Blair tell you? It shook Annette a lot. She can't get used to them, poor girl. I don't mean the pain. No one ever gets used to pain. It's the idea she can't learn to accept."

"Dying?"

"Well, yes. And each attack brings it nearer, obviously. It's a wonder to me how her heart stands up. She knows that, too. But she can't . . ."

"I know."

"I wish there was some way to help her. Spiritually, I mean. It's not my field."

"Not mine. A minister, I should think. Have you ever talked to Aunt Lucy?"

"She doesn't want to think about it, any more than Annette."

"Annette said you thought she was getting better."

"Better than she was in March. Better than on her worst days. But not better. You know that."

"Yes."

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"Of course, she's amazingly strong in her will. She may live a very long time. There's nothing new to tell you, James."

"No."

"Well, I suppose you want to be getting to your train?"

"Yes, I'll have to. Thanks for everything, Ted."

They were back at the front door. James picked up his suitcase and walked quickly down the road. Ted entered the house. Already, walking away, with the house at his back, with the train ahead of him, he could start forgetting. He would not have to come again until her birthday in June.

6

He kicked open the door, shouting, "Maggie, Maggie." She sprang up from a welter of papers, her paint box dropped on the floor, as usual she seemed to have painted herself as well. Holding the bourbon bottles like dumbbells, he hugged her fiercely. She had her arms around his neck, she kissed him. They made sounds as if they had been running towards each other, over a great distance.

"Look what I brought you," he said, at last.

"Oh goody! Oh wonderful! Let's drink them both tonight. *Jim.* You've been gone so long."

"Since yesterday morning."

"Awful."

They stood and looked at each other. "I'm shy," Maggie said. "You've been gone so long I don't know how to treat you. What shall we do next?"

"Well, drink."

"What a good idea."

She busied herself in the kitchenette, a small hell-hole. There was only the big room and the bathroom and the kitchenette, they hardly ever lost sight of each other.

"What have you been doing?" he asked, collecting the fallen sheets of drawing papers.

"A bra ad. A beauty. It may be the best bra ad ever done. I think it ought to bring in $500. Here," she said, showing him her work of art.

"Golly," he said.

"Why? No, please. Say why. Is it indecent?"

"No, not indecent. But, golly."

"Good. Then we'll have $500 and we'll take a trip."

"Where?"

"I don't know. Africa. Chile."

"What are we having for dinner?"

"Chile. That's why I said it of course. It's a Chilean dish. It seems to be based on pancakes and fish."

"Where did you learn about it?" He was always enchanted by this, her monkey curiosity, every day she came home with something added to the glorious optimistic jumble in her mind.

"I have a friend who knows a Chilean. But don't let's eat until late. Your drink."

He raised his glass. "To you, Maggie. Maggie darling. And to being home."

"Yes." But she was still shy.

"What's been going on, during my long absence?"

"Bill and Jessie were having lunch at my drugstore and when I said I was alone they said they'd come and cheer me up and bring wine and then somehow Mark and Andy showed up too, so we ate an immense amount of spaghetti and gallons of ghastly red wine and *discussed.*"

"What?"

"Oh, you know. Discussed. The way they do."

The way they did, he corrected her silently. She used to have a constant salon, it seemed; her flat here on 39th Street was convenient, she was hospitable and lively, people came, bringing contributions to the general welfare, and stayed and stayed and talked and talked. It took a while for them to drift away. She had been twenty-four when he moved in; her friends were her age. It would have been against their principles to remark on this open liaison. But James seemed terribly old to them, a man of forty then, he made them nervous, they didn't understand him, or they didn't understand his being so much older, they didn't call him "sir" because they weren't that kind, but they might have. And he really didn't know what they were talking about, he could not see what excited them so, he could not remember himself at twenty-four, or anyhow he had not been like this. He was a silent spectator; they took his silence for disapproval, whereas it was only uneasiness. Now they came if Maggie asked them, which was rarely; they always appeared, as if by magic, whenever he was away. I have taken her friends too, he thought. What haven't I taken? Four years of her life, half her flat, including her half share of the expenses, there isn't any end to what I won't take from Maggie.

"Drink up," Maggie said, anxiously. "I don't like the look in your eye."

"I was thinking."

"Yes, I know. I don't like it a bit when you think. Did you order your new suit?"

"Not exactly. No."

"Oh why? Did you change your mind? I thought it was lovely, so handsome and practical too. I can't wait to see you in it."

It was not that he couldn't think of a lie, he had become a talented liar, but he did not wish to lie to Maggie, not ever if he could help it.

"I spent the money on something else."

"Oh."

She might well say "Oh" with that note of shocked disappointment. After all, it was her money too. If he had not saved it to buy a suit, he could have spent it here, on their life; he could have spent it on her. He had thought of himself going without a suit; he had not thought of Maggie,

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and it now occurred to him that he was down-at-heel, dingy, and that his shabbiness hurt Maggie's pride.

"I hadn't thought," he said.

"What is it, Jim?"

"I spent it on a pin, a present for Annette. I can't give her anything, except something like that. It was our sixteenth wedding anniversary, you know. I guess I did it out of guilt. Not nice, is it? And I hadn't thought about you."

"It doesn't matter," she said, looking crushed. "It just puts it off. In a few months anyhow, we'll have the money again. Or this bra ad, yes, the bra ad. So it doesn't matter a bit."

"It does."

"Please," she said. "It's over. Don't let's worry about it. What a damn silly thing to worry about."

But she did not ask what the pin was like, or how it had been received. She had this in common with Annette; there were things she refused to talk about.

The dishes were stacked and dirty in the kitchenette. Clothes slopped from the chairs on to the floor. Maggie's paint box lay as fallen. The used glasses settled in wet rings on the table, the ash trays overflowed. They had abandoned everything, suddenly, as if seized by panic. His absence and the reason for it still stood between them. They had to find each other again, they could not afford or endure this strangeness. There was no other way but this, this best and unbelievable, always renewed, always miraculous, gentle, fierce and healing.

"Jim."

"My dearest?"

"How I love you. Just you. Nobody in the world but you. Good night."

He held her head against his chest, he held his arm warm around her, and she slept easily. He was too tired to sleep, and too happy now, he wanted to stay awake with his happiness. He drifted into familiar fantasy, rearranging the past. They were in Naples. It was a warm spring night and Maggie and he, standing on the balcony, could smell marvelous things, camellias, magnolias, tuberoses, he was not sure, and below them lay the shining water, and black and high and magical across the bay were the mountains. They had an ice bucket with champagne in the room and the huge Italian letto matrimoniale. In the morning they visited the town. He could not imagine Maggie in any sort of uniform, which created a difficulty because how then did she manage to be there. She was there, simply, looking like herself, like a small boy who made a good thing out of selling papers. She didn't look like that of course, and not at all like a small brown teddy bear, but she gave you a feeling of both; short beaver-fur hair, brown skin, brown bright eyes, did monkeys have happy eyes? no; little girl, very little girl, blown into her clothes somehow, always a belt cinched tight around her middle, always looking wonderful, unexpected, young.

There was Rome; Rome was his favorite place to go on leave with Maggie. Maggie loved Rome. Later they met in Paris. He had to make this up, as he had never been to Paris; his Division was the hard-luck kind, they had a long dismal war, from Africa, mountain-climbing desperately and endlessly up Italy, only brought to the center of the world as reinforcements during the Battle of the Bulge. Paris was perfect too, silver and perfect, and Maggie was the toast of the town. They met in London just once. They had a room in the Dorchester high above the park. It rained; they stayed in bed most of the time. The war was nothing, it happened in between his leaves with Maggie.

He moved Maggie, now, tenderly; rubbed his shoulder, stretched, rolled over on his side and closed his eyes. None of it true, he thought, can't get away with it, can't fool with the past. It's there, you can't change it. It's just there, all the time.

None of it true. On his infrequent leaves, he slept. He slept like the dead and the sick. And then got silently, unlaughingly, stonily drunk: and then went back to the regiment. He never had Maggie, he never had any woman. How could he, with his beautiful, beloved young wife dying at home? He had a superstitious terror that if he took a woman, even the ugliest bargain-rate whore, it would kill Annette like lightning. And all he wanted was for Annette to live, only that; let Annette live until he could come home and make her well. He worked, that was what he did in the war. It wasn't so bad; it kept him from thinking. Company commander, battalion commander, second in command of the regiment, never wounded, always there, dependable Jim, not much fun, serious guy, took the war seriously, had some trouble of his own, got the work done. No Maggie, only the joyless years.

7

Maggie worked steadily at her drawing board for two days. She worked hard, because she did everything hard, and she did not mind this job at all, she thought it was a joke, money for jam, drawing these never-never-land women in various ludicrous positions — just now with breasts stuck out, as if they were offering peanuts to elephants — and getting paid for it. She did not worry, she drew: she got paid, maybe not for all of the silly women but for enough of them. She didn't want money except to live, and had no exalted idea of how to live. This time, she wanted money badly.

Her agent had said the Nu-Way people were pleased with her work on the E. Z. Two-Twist Girdle: the Tip-Cup, said her agent, is a big chance

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for you, you might get a contract. $500 now, Maggie thought, the hell with contracts. She left the wash drawing with her agent's secretary. Then she waited at home for the agent's report. She smoked and roamed about the room and brooded on money.

Couldn't that miserable Dame aux Camélias in the country see for herself how Jim looked? Couldn't she and that household of female hogs cut down a little; what did they live on anyhow, caviar and shredded orchids with cream? Didn't she give a damn, so lost in her successful career of dying, that her legal husband, that self-sacrificing crazy-generous angel and darling, looked like a rug peddler or a bum from under the bridges? Did they ever think about that? How did Jim feel, in those baggy worn-out clothes; what did they think at the office? They probably thought he drank or gambled his money away, maybe they were having conferences about him and saying he looked too awful, it was a disgrace to the store, they'd have to get a sharper-looking fellow for the job. Oh not that, who cared about that? Him. Him. *Him.* He was beautiful and he was hers and she wanted him to look beautiful and sleek and young, the way he ought to. In dark gray flannel. She knew exactly how he would look, with his black hair and his black eyebrows and his thin stylish nose and his long bitter mouth, and then his shape, made for that suit, good shoulders and good legs and not loose and hangy around the waist, the way city men were. *They have to buy it,* Maggie thought, *I want that suit.*

They did buy it too. Her agent telephoned to congratulate her and said that Wallenstein at Nu-Way wanted to talk to her himself, he suggested a conference in his office day after tomorrow at three, Wallenstein thought she had something, very sexy her stuff was, they planned to work her in on their fall line.

Maggie ordered the suit herself, taking no chances. Jim's birthday was not until February, it would have to be a Spring Present. She felt nervous, now that she had given the order, Jim was very touchy, but he couldn't refuse, not when it mattered so much to her. Damn that woman, what did she wear, Balenciaga bedjackets probably. A man who earned thousands a year ought to be able to buy himself as many suits as would hang in a closet, and so he could if he didn't have to support those bloodsuckers in Connecticut.

Jim explained it to her, before he moved in; he wanted her to listen and she did, though she hated it. What it came to, obviously, was that with keeping them all in crepe de Chine sheets and larks' tongues and the most expensive medicine they could possibly find, and after paying taxes which needless to say they never considered, he had about $3000 left for himself. Just enough, Maggie thought, to go on eating so he can go on working, very liberal of them. "It isn't only that I can't give you anything, Maggie," he'd said, "I can't even keep you. Not even food and rent. Do you see? I'm sixteen years older than you and a pauper. Now what?" She'd told him, with dignity, that if he thought she wanted to be a kept woman, and then she couldn't go on like that, and hurled herself into his arms, crying, and saying she loved him and didn't he love her and they could get a bigger bed on the installment plan and if he didn't want to live with her she'd just as soon be dead.

"I do not care, for myself," Maggie said, looking at their room, which was not a very nice room, chewed up, not awfully fresh, mustard-colored on the whole, but theirs and they were happy in it. That woman, what was she thinking, what was she doing, what did she know, how dared she call that love? He won't take the suit, Maggie thought, he'll look black and angry and hurt and pinched around the nose, he won't take the suit he'll be so beautiful in. James, returning, found her in tears on the bed, immediately thought she was ill and felt a cold shaking emptiness in his stomach, held her in his arms, begged her to tell him what had happened, and was so wildly relieved when he heard that he said he was delighted, he would love to have the suit, she was marvelous, he was going to give her a Spring Present too, only never frighten me like that again. Never.

James's Spring Present was to be a weekend trip. Long Island somewhere, he thought. Maggie took the matter in hand. Couldn't they go to the shack Bill and Jessie rented in the Adirondacks? Jessie had flu so they weren't using it, so much nicer than a hotel.

"We could catch trout and tie a rope around each other and be mountaineers."

They went. Maggie caught a fish, not a trout whatever it was. It lay flapping on the bank by the stream and she was seized with remorse and threw it back into the water, saying she would never eat fish again. They climbed a mountain — Maggie insisted it was a mountain — and made love in a nest of rhododendron bushes at the top. That was all James remembered of the mountain.

8

Little things, James told himself, little things, not worth noticing. How could he not notice them? Hank Martin arrived from Chicago, without warning. He had been James's roommate, hundreds of years ago, at Yale. Yale was what his mother saved for, longer and harder than he ever saved for a suit or anything else. Hank called him at the office, very hearty, Hank was a successful lawyer, one of the friendly, reassuring type who could not talk to you without laying a hand on your shoulder, arm, or knee. The squeeze and pat system of communication. Hank had been a successful campus

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politician before. They were oddly assorted roommates.

"I know it's short notice, Jim, but how about having dinner tonight with Ruth and me?"

Leave Maggie? Say what, to Maggie?

"I'm terribly sorry, Hank, if only I'd known you were coming. I'm tied up. It's damn bad luck for me."

"No, for us. Well, lunch tomorrow?"

"This is awful. I've got a business thing and I can't put it off. How about next week? I seem to have a terrible week right now. Lunch conferences, you know."

"We're only here three days. I'll try to wire in advance next time. Sudden trip, I didn't know I had to come, myself."

"What a deal," James said, with too much sincerity. "Give my love to Ruth, will you?"

That would be one of the last, he thought, not that there had ever been many, and fewer still after the war. He didn't eat lunch any more, better for his figure, foolish waste of money. He could not see Hank. Not talking about Maggie was like hiding her.

Or was Maggie his excuse? How did I come to this place where I am, James wondered. I'm all right, only I want to be left alone. It had something to do with being a failure, of course. He did not mind that either, what he could not stand was acting, dressing it up, keeping the ball in the air. That hopeless talk — how're you boy; fine fine fine, how're you; dandy, never better — followed by the determined optimistic brag, the plans, the deals, the triumph, the money. No wonder none of his friends could talk to each other, having to lie all the time, lying to each other and themselves about everything being wonderful, more than they could have hoped. I am not who I wanted to be, James thought, and my work is nothing except a pay check; this is a perfectly usual condition; I have Maggie and I am not obliged to pretend out of office hours. Everyone cannot be Tolstoy or President, James told himself, success is the great American error. Maggie is all I have or need or want.

Maggie's sister, the married one from Minneapolis, came to New York with her husband for some reason or other. Maggie's family was not clear to James, she had a father and mother, they owned a drug store, they lived in a small town in Missouri, and she had a brother in San Francisco and the sister in Minneapolis. She never wrote to them or thought about them, as far as James knew. She didn't have anything against them, she just wasn't interested. She was an orphan gypsy, in fact. But there was no way to get out of seeing the sister. Maggie explained that to James apologetically; she'd meet them at their hotel and have dinner and be home early. She did not say, I'll bring them here for a drink first, so you can all meet. It did not occur to James that Maggie was ashamed of her sister in mutation mink and a fancy hat, and ashamed of her brother-in-law and his brassy sales talk. They were not James's kind, they would revolt him. She was not ashamed of herself because James had chosen her and she was his pupil. She had learned everything she knew from James; you could hardly expect to get an education at Buxton High in Missouri.

9

It had been a specially worthless day at the store. There was nothing to get angry about, there was simply nothing. The day went on and on, by three o'clock he was promising himself Maggie as if he had not seen her for months. He left his office on the dot of five and walked directly home. He made plans for her evening's pleasure. The weather was lovely, couldn't they take a boat somewhere, up the river, or to Staten Island, after all New York was surrounded by water, not that they benefited from it. Full of these modest hopes, he opened the door and saw at once that something was wrong, Maggie sat still, and unoccupied, looking out of the window. What you saw from the window was the flat brick front of a dingy hotel, across the street; there was no reason ever to look out the window.

"Maggie?"

"Darling?"

"What is it?"

"Well . . ."

But she could not, or would not, tell him. She launched into an aggrieved recital about her agent and what did he expect and those Nu-Way fiends and their ghastly trusses for the female form. He believed none of it. They took the boat to Staten Island and it might as well have been winter or they might as well have stayed at home. As they walked back to the flat from the subway, he began to think that he didn't want to know what was on her mind, he felt menaced.

In bed, in the dark, she curled against him.

"Maggie, tell me now."

"Kiss me."

"Now. Tell me."

She had been feeling odd, she consulted Jessie, Jessie arranged an appointment with her doctor four days ago, today she went back; now she knew.

His heart made heavy sick thudding sounds.

"But how? But why?" he said. After all this time.

She reminded him of the nest of rhododendron on the mountain, it was the only possible explanation.

In a faraway, brittle voice, Maggie said, "You don't want it, of course?"

Want it? He couldn't think, he had to catch hold of something first, so he could think at all. Suddenly she rolled away from him, gasping with sobs.

"Can't you say something? You can say some-

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thing. Anything. I didn't do it on purpose. What do you think? Do you think I planned it so I could trap you? I couldn't help it!"

He caught hold of that, of her, he held her so close that it hurt, saying over and over, "I love you, I love you, don't cry, something will happen, Maggie, I love you."

The darkness was a hole to crawl into. Time, he thought, give us time. He felt stupid with tiredness and on the edge of sleep. She was quiet now in his arms. He reminded himself that he must think, and could not. There was no place to begin. From the darkness, he heard his voice, but surely he was thinking, not talking?

"It could kill you," he said. She moved at his side. "Aunt Lucy thinks that's what finished Annette. It was in Georgia at boot camp. Annette had a room in a boardinghouse in town, awful, squalid, she couldn't do anything about it, she wasn't a girl who could fix anything. I knew she was delicate, my God yes, I knew about her asthma all right. I imagined asthma was like hay fever or something, a damned nuisance, I didn't know really. When she told me about the baby, it seemed the most wonderful thing that ever happened. A son, I thought, and she'll have him to look after and keep her happy while I'm away and I'll have them both to come back to. That was what I thought. Divine Providence, everything arranged in the best way you could hope for. She miscarried in the sixth month and nearly died, that's what they wrote me. Her heart, her asthma complicating it, I don't know what. They never bothered to tell me before, the whole bunch of prize fools, that she'd had rheumatic fever when she was eleven and they always knew she had a wacky heart. What do they live by anyhow; I bet her poor doting parents were the worst of the lot. Aunt Lucy treated her like glass, but they never talk about anything they don't like. If I'd known about her heart then."

In the dark, very gently, Maggie kissed his shoulder.

"And what have you been thinking all this time?" he said. "I never told you anything. I wanted to keep it away from us so we could live here alone. That's as hopeless as everything else."

"No, no," Maggie said vaguely.

"I can't tell the truth about Annette anyhow, because I don't remember. It doesn't seem true, whatever I say. But I was in love with her, I know that, even if I can't believe it now. I thought she was the most beautiful girl in the world, and much more, not like all the rest of us ordinary mortals. I couldn't get over her marrying me; who was I; how did I deserve anything so lovely? Then after we were married I moved right into a splendid role, the Tower of Strength. I admired myself very much, I thought I was a Tower of Strength to beat hell. Every day I'd hurry home from work to that apartment we had in the village and find my beautiful wife sitting in chaos, and then I'd soothe her and comfort her and take over. I was a great one for taking over. But it didn't worry me, it was going to be just a phase. Because very soon now I would be the famous rich great writer, translated into forty languages, and then I'd put my wife on a satin cushion where she could be my inspiration. Naturally great writers took a while to get recognized, look at their early lives, they all had to work at stupid little jobs, for a start. I was in the tradition, I thought it was perfect, including Annette's helplessness. It makes me sick to think about it."

"Don't, Jim," Maggie said.

"I've started, you might as well hear it all. Not that there's much, I haven't had a very varied life. There was joining-up and Georgia, and all that. Then my division went to Africa. I got Aunt Lucy's letter there, in 1942. Annette would never have another child and probably not recover from this one. On and on. I didn't believe her. I thought that she and Sarine were hysterical old women, and doctors are all the same. I thought Annette needed me, just me, once I got back I'd cure her. So I did get back, and even after Ted warned me, I couldn't help myself. I'd been gone for three and a half years. I walked into her room and saw her and picked her up and kissed her, the way a man kisses his wife. She had an attack at once. It was probably excitement but also moving her, kissing her hard. I watched it. She was strangling, she couldn't get enough air to breathe, and then there was the pain in her heart and what it did to her eyes and her face. I never saw anything worse and I knew it was true then, they were right, I couldn't cure her, nothing could. I left that night, when everything was under control again, and I went to Hartford to a cheesy hotel. I had a fine orgy of drunkenness and despair, for about two weeks, and then I went back to work, same old job, waiting for me the way they promised. That was ten years ago. Maybe you never get used to dying yourself but you certainly get used to someone else dying. I haven't any idea what Annette thinks because she hasn't talked to me. She's always the same, sweet and calm and beautiful and delighted to see me and full of little chat about the things she chats about. Of course I've got no reason to worry, I have a good secure job and when I'm too old for it, the store has its own pension scheme. How do people manage," he said. "My God, that's what I want to know. How do people manage?"

Maggie took him in her arms and held his head against her breast, making little sounds without words, smoothing his hair, his cheek, rocking him gently against her. She had never imagined that she could help him; he was all her help, her certainty, wiser than she, older, strong, he was the one who would keep her from being a silly cheap woman with nothing much to do in the world. And she thought he was used to the stale story of Annette,

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and such a good man that of course he would not abandon his invalid wife, but that was all: a duty he fulfilled and did not think about, a habit that cost him more than he could afford but he was too generous to care. Fool, she told herself, wicked fool; holding him and loving him. She knew better now. She had to save his life, she had to, and she would.

Maggie had not foreseen that he would be ashamed of every word he had said, shrugging his shoulders in his office, as if shrinking away from his disgust. Whining, he thought, so sorry for himself, poor little fellow, scrounging sympathy. He could taste it in his mouth. He could not remember when he had loathed himself more. At the end of the day he telephoned Maggie and announced in a flat voice that he had to dine with Blick, and ate at an automat and went to a movie, hoping she would be asleep by the time he got home.

Maggie settled herself, with a new patience, to say nothing and wait. After days of this, each more leaden and disappointing than the last, she believed she understood him. It was not too bad, the only thing she did not want to lose was Jim.

They stood, wedged in the kitchenette, she washing plates, he drying them, and Maggie said, with extreme casualness, "Jessie knows a sort of doctor, seems she had a little trouble herself once. I've got the money, from the Nu-Way garter belt. So we don't have to worry about it any more."

"No. No. *No.*"

"Well what?" she said, close to tears, her hands limp in the dishpan. "What then?"

"Oh Maggie. Leave these damned dishes. Come here."

He pulled her on to his lap, in their one creaking comfortable chair, and said, "Maggie, what do you want to do? You, yourself."

"I'm like you. I can't get used to it. I don't know. But if it was just me, Jim, I want to have the baby. We could get an orange crate and fix it a bed here in our room and then there'd be you and me and our little brown baby."

He laughed. Heaven, she thought, what a long time it's been. He laughed and hugged her and said, "Naturally. Of course. Of course there's nothing else at all. You and me and our little brown baby in an orange crate."

They had a Practical Talk. This was Maggie's unfavorite kind of talk but she listened and nodded her head wisely. They would be just as poor, the one thing he could not do was cut off any of the Grangeville supplies. Of course, in time he would get a raise, it was automatic, and in more time, about six or seven years, he would get Blick's job, and the Grangeville needs were stationary so they could expect to live fairly decently. Yes, yes, Maggie murmured, nodding her head. It would be cruel to break this to Annette on her birthday, so he would have to stay over an extra day, or at least the whole morning, if it was possible to talk to Annette then. On the other hand, what with time and money, it was better not to make a special trip to see her. Yes, yes, Maggie agreed. The only snag was divorce laws, he didn't know about them, and certainly couldn't afford the six weeks and the trip to Reno but probably they could get a divorce in Connecticut, on the grounds of so many years actual separation. Maggie nodded. She was to be very careful while he was gone, it was these early days that were tricky. Oh yes, Maggie said, yes indeed.

Now, on the train, he could not plan the sentences he knew he would have to say. There was no picture in his mind of him, standing, sitting, in Annette's room and saying, "After thirteen years of no marriage, I want my freedom." He found he had a cracking headache and preferred to think of Maggie's little brown baby, who was as clear to him as if already born, already burbling and waving his legs in the orange crate.

10

THERE was a small cake, with white icing and pink sugar roses and one candle, to grow on. For him there was a half bottle of champagne, a drink he detested, but it was routine for birthday parties. There was the collection of Emily Dickinson's poems, his present for Annette: no absurd extravagance, this time; he had other obligations. Annette looked at least ten years younger than her age, and especially lovely in a soft blue, ruffled, tucked, gathered robe which Aunt Lucy had made, as her birthday gift. Then there was dinner with Aunt Lucy, and a never-ending night, then the usual brisk after-breakfast talk with Ted, who had sent a lavish box of chocolates the day before. With Ted's permission ("She's really much better, give her a kick too, make her realize how well she is") he opened Annette's door, thinking that this was perhaps the last time he would see her and feeling an unsteady light-headed sense of relief.

"I've come to talk to you, Annette," he said; oh fool, he obviously wasn't coming to beat her, and he must find some reasonable voice, not this croak.

"How lovely, how wonderful. It's the best birthday present of all. I didn't *know* you could stay over. No one told me. A birthday surprise?"

"Well."

"Pull your chair out of the sun, darling. It's getting so hot. Is it terribly hot in the city?"

"Quite hot."

"My darling. I think it's wicked that they won't give you a vacation. It would be so lovely and restful if only you could come here for two weeks."

Ah. Forgot it, he thought, such an old lie that he'd forgotten it. He spent his annual two weeks with Maggie, mostly at Jones Beach.

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None of the beginnings work, he thought. And said, in a perfectly indecipherable voice, indecipherable even to himself, "Do you ever think about us, Annette?"

"James. I think of us all the time." She smiled, lighted up, shone like the sun. "I think of us as a miracle. There isn't anything miraculous about me loving you, I knew I would all my life, from the first day I met you. Do you remember, at the Partridges'? I still write, I mean I dictate a letter to Aunt Lucy every year, to Sarah Partridge because she introduced me to you, or you to me, which was it? The miracle is you, James, you're the miracle."

He said nothing, and looked at his nails which seemed very far-off and peculiar, hardly the sort of nails you would expect to see.

"We haven't had the life we meant to have," she said gently. "But think of the people, the poor people, who lose their love, and see it all as a failure, and have to go through a horrible divorce, and then try to start again, worn-out and second-hand. My health," she said, having difficulty with the word, "has been a terrible trial, but it hasn't killed anything. That's what makes it all right, you see, what makes living beautiful for me."

And how about me, he shouted in his mind, me James, the miracle man, what is supposed to make life beautiful for me? I am in fine health, rude health, I haven't got the appetites of a flower or a bird, I am not safely slowed down on a chaise longue. He hated her. He plainly hated her. The word "love" made him sick, made him retch. He must remember to tell Maggie. I am not going to say I love you, Maggie, because love is a dirty word, it's blackmail, it's the word people use when they mean absolute cannibal possessiveness. And throughout all eternity, I will eat you, you will eat me. Christ. He wanted to shake her, hit her, sitting there like a beautiful fresh clean hen on that goddamned egg, her love.

"I get lonely," he said, flat, like a weather report.

"Dearest. I know, I know. You've never said anything, I knew you always wanted to spare me. I know about loneliness. It's worst at night. I always hope you are asleep, not feeling that."

Her hand was stretched out to him; he ignored it.

"Do you think about the child, ever?" Now it was like a policeman, impersonal third-degree. I didn't give you rheumatic fever, I didn't make your misshapen heart, if you'd had the sense to mention a simple fact like that I'd have damn well seen to it you never got pregnant, you wouldn't have to lie on a chaise longue at least not all the time, you would long since have been handed over to the care of a better, gentler, richer man, and it wouldn't matter, honey, it wouldn't matter, baby, you'd be surprised, you just need a caretaker-man to love, it doesn't have to be me.

Since she did not answer, he let his nails alone, and looked at her. And was horrified to see her eyes, the unjustly punished child, but more, much more and worse: anguish. "I don't, I swear I don't," she whispered. "I did for years, I tried always to hide it. How can they live with me if I am like that, mourning for what I've lost and can never have. I never saw his grave, did he have a grave, I couldn't ask. I cannot put that on to you and to them, as well, not that too. I don't think of the child any more, I promise you I don't."

He turned his head, and looked at the garden. He would not see her, nor respond to that pain. He would not. Dead. Long dead. There is life to fight for, he thought, not always death, not always what is past, failed, gone. Now, he told himself, now is what matters. *Now.*

"I would like to have a child." What a quaint way of saying it. Will you dance the minuet with me? I would like. I must. I will. I am going to. A little brown boy with Maggie's hair and eyes, in an orange crate in our room, next to our bed.

She took in her breath, with a hard grating sound. He rose, ready to get the drops, first emergency treatment, suddenly realizing that he could talk her to death. His hands were sweating.

"Annette!"

But now she turned on him eyes that were alight with wonder, something almost insane, an insanity of hope.

"Adopt a baby?" she said. "James! Could we? Could we? Would it be fair, I could do so little for it. But Aunt Lucy and Sarine. Here? Here in the garden, playing and laughing in the garden? A very little baby? I could help to bathe it. Would you? It would be ours, it *would* be ours, we'd make it ours. I can still sew, I could sew clothes for it, and later I could teach it to read, I think I could."

"No," he said, heavily. He got up from the chair and walked through the open French windows and stood in the garden: the squirrel's tree, the roses growing along the fence, the bird's fountain. Nothing, he thought, she understands nothing; we might be shouting at each other from different planets. Help to bathe it. She isn't guilty, he thought with terrible weariness, she has committed no crime, she doesn't prefer death to life. She is blind and completely unreal from these years of nothingness, but she isn't guilty. Why can't she die? Fighting to live on a chaise longue, fighting off the terrors at night, fighting off the need of a child. Why can't she die? Die. God, *make her die.*

He had to go back. He had to finish this, although who knew how it would end. The rocketing hope was gone from her eyes, clouded over with a milky strange fixed look, ready to be fear. If he tormented her long enough, if he confused her so that she did not know what was happening to her and to her tiny world, if he made the walls shake and the garden slant and the sunlight turn gray,

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she could also take leave of her anchorage, that slight whatever-it-was that kept her bound to this time and this place. Thirteen years was a very long time to wait for death; aside from her heart, there was no telling what state her mind was in; if you hurt it enough, it might give too. All right, now, now was the time for the axe and the final blow. However it would end.

"I love," he began, and saw it happening. Saw the fear, saw her push back against the pillows, recoiling as if he had come towards her with murderous hands, saw the fear slipping too and behind it nothing, her eyes already going dull and empty.

"*I love you,*" he said. "It is all right, Annette. *I love you.*"

Then he rang for Sarine and pulled open the door, and ran from the house, like an old man, running down the road. They could look after her, it was their job now. They could hardly expect him to give her anything more.

Blick had told him not to come back to the office today. Compassionate leave. Blick was a perfectly decent fellow. They all were. Maybe they hated the job as much as he did, but put on a better show. Maybe they didn't hate the job but that was no reason to despise them. He was not exactly a man who had the right to despise anyone. He would just walk around a bit first, it might be easier later on.

He went up the stairs slowly, wishing there were more of them. Then he opened the door slowly, wishing he had forgotten his key, wishing that Maggie would be out. Maggie was there, and turned to him, her face warm with love and concern and hope, and saw what she saw. He did not have to tell her. He knelt by her chair, smelling paint, and hid his face in her lap.

Grief, he thought, that is what this is: I never knew. No one can live with it. It's beyond caring, beyond hope. A big gray emptiness. We can't, we can't.

Maggie's hand was on his shoulder. He moved, raised his head, and took her hand which was cold. She was looking out of the window. Her face showed nothing.

"Maggie," he said. "Maggie please."

She turned her head and looked at him.

"Maggie, don't. Maggie, wait. Wait. She'll die. She has to die. It can't go on. Maggie, *wait.*"

She did not answer. After a while he got up, his knees hurting and creaking, and sat in the comfortable chair. It grew dark.

In the darkness, across a great distance, he talked to her. His voice seemed to echo, as if he were calling to her on the other side of a canyon.

"Maggie, listen. Turn your face. I beg you to listen."

She stirred, moved, he saw a pale blur.

"If you think I couldn't because I love Annette, you are wrong. I wished her dead. I prayed for her to die." He did not know what he expected, perhaps that Maggie would cry out against this crime. He felt it as a crime, and now something terrible he would always keep with him, a knowledge of himself that he could not escape. Maggie was silent. Did she not believe him; was she too repelled to speak?

"I could even have done it, I think, I'm not sure but I think so, said it all, if it had killed her quickly, at once." Is it true, he asked himself, it may be true. Who am I? "But not what I saw. What it was going to be. That she'd go on lying there, forever in that room, and mad. Crazy. With those eyes."

Maggie was doing something. What? Putting her hands over her ears, not to listen, not to hear this horrible stuff? Shaking herself, to shake him off, to writhe away from this whole vile story, from all he had to say and was? He was afraid of everything now. He could hardly understand what he was saying, or his voice. "You're young. I'm not really old. We'll be free some day, maybe not too long off, but we will be. We can have the baby; we'll be free later. We can count on that, we can, Maggie."

My God, he thought, my God.

"*No,*" Maggie said, shouting the word across the now enormous room.

No. God in heaven, no. Waiting for a funeral, every day, hoping for it with all their strength so they could marry. Dancing on a coffin. I must be mad myself. And besides, it was all very well to live together, you could get away with that, fashion had gone so far, provided you were discreet, but illegitimate children; no one had them, he'd never known anyone; he'd lose his job as soon as they heard, the child would starve; there might even be laws; they'd take the child to an institution; what has happened, James thought, I don't even know what I'm thinking.

"I don't care about the rules," Maggie said harshly. "Or if it got too tough, we could go to another city and say we were married. If it was only you and me, I wouldn't care. But I'm not going to have a father for my child, on loan. Do you hear? Half there, on loan from a damned ghost who won't die!"

She must have been crying, she made ugly sounds, as if the breath in her throat was metal, and she got up and bumped against the card table and the book case and he could hear her heavy on the stairs as she went down to the street.

Later he turned on the lights and went into the kitchenette and opened a can and heated the brownish stuff in a saucepan and sat at the table before the uneaten food, not knowing what he was waiting for.

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Blick said to his secretary, "I think Mr. Whiteley's wife must be worse."

"Poor man."

Every evening he came home with fear, and found Maggie there, gentle, quiet; they seemed to him like two shadows, performing underwater rites of eating, sleeping, washing, as if they were real people. The fear was so heavy that it ended by numbing him. When he came home now he counted the stairs to their flat, thinking of nothing. The note was on the bed. He walked across the room and picked it up steadily. It was there because it had to be, he had known he would come back one of these days and find it.

"Dear Jim; I have gone to that doctor of Jessie's who fixes things. Afterwards, I am going with Jessie to the Adirondacks for a week or two. It will be nice to lie in the sun. Then I'll come back. I suppose our life will be kind of sad and dull here but maybe that's the way life is, when you get older. Take care of yourself. Maggie."

He folded the note and put it back on the bed. He took off his hat and sat in Maggie's chair, by the drawing board. Wait, wait, he said to himself. No. Wait for what? He thought of Maggie where she was now, and suddenly he was bent over, holding his head, breathing through his mouth, fighting off panic and nausea. After a while he went into the dark little bathroom and drank a glass of water and wiped his face with a towel. Then he came back and stood in the center of the room.

Sad and dull. No. No, my darling, it doesn't have to be. There is no law. It depends on the company you keep. It doesn't have to be, it won't be for you, there's plenty of time for you. Annette feeding on him, he feeding on Maggie. Well, no. He could prevent that, anyhow. You just have to be careful of the company you keep, my little one.

He looked at the room: the bed, the drawing board, the scarred old office desk where Maggie hid her disorderly tools and her underclothes, the card table where they ate, the homemade book case, the hideous lamp, the radio and record player, bought on the installment plan too. He looked at the floor where the nonexistent orange crate would not stand. He pulled two big suitcases from under the bed, and began to pack.

THAT BREAKFAST

In memory of Wallace Stevens

by MOORE MORAN

His pigeons have reached darkness
by now, and absolute shade,
the one fast color, hardened
the rich change of his blue gaze.
Indelible leaves falling
across the Sundays, firing
an ice-rimmed sky or blazing
in his page, will hold his sound:
earth only will find him cold.
How fair must have been that late
and inexorable stand,
when, closely groomed, breakfasting
expensively on warm wine,
eggs benedict, he reworked
some dark juxtaposition,
his gaze led by innocence,
his hands in the moment, all
malice suspended softly,
and heard in the seventh hour,
dilating like the sea's prose
that long formality: peace.

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A native of the Delta, born and raised in Greenville, Mississippi, DAVID L. COHN *as an ardent Southerner early came to realize that cotton has had a more dramatic and at times devastating effect on our national history than any of our other natural resources. On a recent trip to Japan he was appalled by the effect our Southern-pressured tariff was having upon one of our most needy customers, Japan. The author of many books, Mr. Cohn has recently sent to press his new volume,* The Life and Times of King Cotton, *which will be published by the Oxford University Press in the fall.*

SOUTHERN COTTON AND JAPAN

by DAVID L. COHN

1

WHEN Miss Margaret Truman was married in an Italian-made gown to Mr. Clifton Daniel, she received several letters saying, in effect, "You ought to be ashamed." A genu-wine American girl, according to the writers, would have been married in a genu-wine made-in-America dress.

If this idiotic form of insularity were confined to idiots such as Miss Truman's correspondents — representative though they are of a numerous clan — little harm would be done. But it has been given solemn sanction by at least two states. South Carolina and Alabama, large producers of cotton textiles, have decreed that stores selling Japanese textiles, or garments made from them, must post a sign reading "Japanese textiles sold here." The sign must be displayed "in a conspicuous place upon the door" in letters "not less than four inches high." Thus Captain Boycott, in Confederate uniform, protects Southern cotton mills against foreign invaders.

The boycott statutes show that the South is still torn by the politico-economic contradiction which plagued it long before The War Between the States. Its cotton farmers sought low tariffs so that they might export cotton and buy imports at competitive prices. Its cotton textile manufacturers sought high tariffs so that they might protect their home markets. When, therefore, the builders of a new cotton mill near Athens, Georgia, in 1827, plumped for high tariffs, the local newspaper editor, disturbed by the conflict of interest, wrote: —

> A sense of safety and a feeling of independence combined with an expectation of profit have urged gentlemen to an undertaking with which their convictions are at war. . . . We are authorized to state that these sentiments have, by no means, undergone a change; that their project is certainly not to give countenance to a system they have always denounced, but is to be regarded as a measure unquestionably defensive.

Today the South is the nation's principal cotton grower and cotton textiles producer. And today, so acute has become its ancient politico-economic contradiction that, resolving it in favor of the mills, two Southern states use the dangerous weapon of boycott at whatever cost to farmers. In 1955, Japan, the largest single market for American cotton in a period of declining exports and increasing surpluses, bought 647,000 bales, 26 per cent of the total exported.

If ever the farmer needed a buyer, it is now. By August 1, 1956, the end of the current cotton year, the surplus stock from 1955 and previous years will probably total a record 14.5 million bales. Most of this surplus will be carried under the government loan program. The carry-over, plus the anticipated 1956 crop, likely will make a total of some 27.5 million bales of cotton available for next year. If 5 million bales can be exported during the coming year, and 8 to 9 million bales are domestically used, there would still remain a surplus next year of nearly 14 million bales.

Exports are being increased only through radical price-cutting. Cotton that has been selling here at about 35.25 cents a pound is being exported at 25 cents a pound. Thus exporters are buying cotton about 10 cents a pound cheaper than domestic consumers. The next step in this aberrant process is now being taken by the Department of Agriculture. It is working on a program to subsidize cotton textile exports to help overcome the domestic industry's handicap in world sales. Yet while we dump, we boycott our best cotton customer at whatever damage to our farmers and to America's relations with other countries, including Japan.

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Even if the statutes should be ignored — and they are being ignored — they are harmful. The laws, as Tokyo has indicated, contravene our treaty of 1953 with Japan. It accords to Japanese goods in our market treatment no less favorable than that received by exports from any other country. The statutes therefore undermine our pledged word.

Treaties of amity and commerce, such as the one with Japan, protect American trade everywhere. If we should violate them, other nations would retaliate against us to the peril of the whole trade structure upon which much of our prosperity and the growing strength of the free world is based. There are other considerations, equally grave, that affect our relations with Japan.

The facts of her economic life reveal why Japan is alarmed by our restrictive legislation. Her essential dilemma is simple and stark: Japan has too many people, too little land, too few resources. Her territory has been reduced to the size of Montana. Her four narrow islands cannot provide the things needed for the livelihood of her present population of approximately 90 million.

This is the famous "point of explosion" that Japanese militarists threateningly forecast in the thirties. Then Japan's population was only 65 million and she ruled Manchuria, Korea, Formosa, South Sakhalin, and the island colonies. Today the Japanese, instinct with proud patriotism, independence, and the spirit of self-sacrifice, are working harder than most of the world's people. They must do so in order to live. They may be driven far from the path that they would like to take — and that we would like them to take — if we attempt to keep them from filling their rice bowls through an exchange of goods and services with us.

Overpopulated and war-impoverished, Japan is inflexibly dependent upon imported food and materials. She can get them only by exporting goods and services. But not once during the post-war decade has she been able to balance her normal trade. Thus, while Japan has recently been in an export trade boom, her imports exceeded exports for the period January–September, 1955, at an annual rate of nearly $600 million. This gap was almost entirely closed through purchases by American forces stationed in Japan and expenditures by American official personnel there. But dollar income will shrink as we reduce our forces and aid, so that Japan must close the gap through her normal trade.

This is difficult. But still more difficult is Japan's task of finding employment for an ever-rising labor force increasing by more than 700,000 annually. (By 1960 Japan's population will be approximately 93 million.) Although her population in creases by 1 per cent annually, new job-hunters increase by 2 per cent annually. And — ominously for the future — 28 million Japanese are today under fourteen years of age. Relatively soon they will be seeking homes and a livelihood.

Living, moreover, for millions of Japanese, is bleak. Most wage earners get no more than $33.50 monthly, and 6 million persons, in this most advanced of Asian countries, exist on a bare subsistence level.

2

WHERE shall jobs be found for 700,000 new workingmen annually? Great numbers of Japanese are chronically underemployed. In business, a surviving remnant of the samurai code partially accounts for the paternalism between management and labor and for the large underemployment in industry. Since management's social responsibilities to labor are generally recognized, it cannot fire excess hands. For then management would lose face with labor and with its own social group for failing to protect those to whom it was obligated. Yet, obviously, chronic underemployment is indicative of an economy that is not expanding fast enough to meet the needs of the people.

Primary industries such as fishing and farming are overcrowded. Commerce, banking, and the services offer little prospect for more jobs unless the economy should further expand. Manufacturing almost alone must absorb the new labor supply. Such a task is formidable. Even if half of the new labor force of 700,000 should be so employed, this would mean a yearly employment increase of more than 5 per cent — an increase possible only through constant expansion of Japan's exports. Yet the achievement can be indefinitely delayed only at the risk of grave internal discontent and the turning away of Japan from the free world.

Meantime, not only do we enact boycott laws, but the *Wall Street Journal* recently reported House Minority Leader Joseph W. Martin (R. Mass.) as saying the Administration is planning "definite and concrete moves" to protect the American textile industry against Japanese textile imports. The moves would appear to be a subsidy for cotton textile exports. Thus the world's richest country, the country that is forever crying out for freedom of trade, would resort to dumping. This wretched device, which we denounce, is usually employed only in desperation by hard-pressed economies. The mere official consideration of it — let alone its use — is indicative of a parochialism dangerous to us and to other countries in the free world.

In historical perspective, our behavior is the more strange. Recently we risked a world war in Korea in order, among other things, not to leave Japan exposed to Communist aggression. But we are apparently willing to risk the loss of Japan to the free world in order not to leave American textile mills and garment manufacturers — all of whom hold themselves out to be defenders of free enterprise — exposed to Japanese competition.

As we seek our national self-interest in great affairs, so do the Japanese. To them — unlike us —

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exports are a matter of life or death. With eagerness born of necessity, they seek the job that will assure them a full rice bowl, clothing, shelter; and here any contrast between the United States and Japan in terms of wealth of land and other resources is startling. Understanding this, the Soviet Union and Red China are sparing neither money nor energy in seeking Japan's favor.

It would be unfortunate for us if we should fail to realize the powerful psychological spell wrought by the massive strength of continental China, with her huge land mass and 600 million industrious people, upon all of Asia, including Japan. China, to hundreds of millions of Asians, is what U Nu, the former Prime Minister of Burma, called it: "Big China." It would be unfortunate for us, too, if we should forget that the Japanese are Asians, and that much of their culture stems from China.

Japan Quarterly notes that "relations between Japan and Communist China have made much progress, at least in terms of exchange of people and materials. . . . Japan's exports to Communist China in 1955 came to $29,500,000 and imports to $80,840,000, an increase of $10,000,000 and $40,000,000 respectively over the previous year." And in 1955, official Japanese visitors to China numbered 390 as compared with 90 in 1954.

Everywhere in Asia the Soviet Union (and Red China) is mounting a successful trade offensive. One reason for its success is Soviet emphasis on mutual expansion of trade, proceeding upon the basis of "trade, not aid." The Russians appear to be more "capitalist" than we are and avoid the stigma that so often attaches to us when we hand out aid in Asia — the stigma of the rich-man-poor-relative relationship. At the same time, many of us oppose both trade and aid. The Soviet Union, however, scores a psychological success with its trade agreements wherever they are made. The Russians emphasize equality between the parties to agreements and write into them a clause calculated to create good will among the signatories: that the agreements "should mutually increase cultural and economic relations to the end of deepening cooperation and understanding among nations."

All this is part of a wide, carefully planned trade offensive to draw uncommitted Asian nations into the S viet trade bloc. It has already made great headway in India and Burma. It is causing second thoughts in Thailand, perhaps our chief ally in Southeast Asia; in Pakistan, western anchor of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization; and in Afghanistan. It must have its effect in Japan if we proceed with no more direction than that of a blind dog in a meat house.

We can, of course, restrict Japan's access to our markets, since the freedom to behave stupidly, as well as wisely, is a privilege of sovereignty. But while denying her access to our markets, we cannot at the same time continue to deny her also access to continental China's markets.

Before the war, China took one fourth of Japan's exports and was her principal supplier of coal, iron ore, salt, soya beans, bean oil, and so forth. It is unlikely that Japan's China trade could ever assume its former scale within foreseeable time. Yet, even upon a diminished basis, it could be important to her. But Japan is a member of the free nations group that bans trade with Communist China, particularly in strategic materials, the things China especially needs. Thus Japan is debarred from exchanging steel sheets, electric generators, and ships for Chinese coal and other materials.

Not unnaturally, many Japanese clamor for a removal of trade barriers with China. But if we sharply restrict Japanese trade opportunities in our market (and Western markets generally), does anyone suppose that a Japanese politician would not make hay by urging that Japan destroy her agreement with the West debarring sales of strategic materials to China? Isn't it likely that the politician, succeeding in this, would then advocate for his country a neutralist or pro-Asian policy that might easily become an anti-American policy?

At present an overwhelming majority of the Japanese support the policy of maintaining close coöperation with the United States. Japanese sentiment is now anti-Communist and anti-Russian. But might it not change against us if the people should come to believe that, to paraphrase Clausewitz on war, American trade restrictions upon them are a continuation of the occupation by other means?

Joseph Stalin is now everywhere disparaged. Yet he gave us an invaluable warning in 1952, when he addressed the Cominform. He then said, in effect, that the destiny of mankind would turn upon the fate of Japan and Western Germany. But, he continued, as they become more competitive economically with the West, the West in its greed and stupidity will deny them the fullest trade opportunities. Then, concluded Stalin, we shall draw them into the Soviet orbit by offering them the widest trade opportunities.

It would be rash to predict the eventual realization of Stalin's prophecy. But the accuracy of his analysis has recently been confirmed by a Japanese authority. Toshikazu Kase, writing in *Foreign Affairs*, says: "The paramount aim of the Communist effort is to detach Japan from the United States, then to neutralize her and eventually win her to the Communist camp. Thus our situation is closely analogous to that of West Germany. The fate of Europe will be decided by the disposition of the German question; the destiny of Asia will depend on the orientation of Japan."

It would be strange indeed if we should lose the friendship of 90 million Japanese and gain exclusive control of the domestic market for cotton dishrags.

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A Nova Scotian and the daughter of a clergyman, CONSTANCE TOMKINSON *was in her early twenties and eager to see the world. After she studied ballet with Martha Graham in New York City, she went abroad determined to pay her way by dancing. The techniques which she learned from Miss Graham did not altogether prepare her for the requirements of the Folies Bergère, but she "trouped" all over the Continent, and from her experience has come a book of recollection,* Les Girls. *The following article is adapted from a chapter which describes Miss Tomkinson's adventures in Germany; next month the* Atlantic *will present her experiences in Italy.*

A THOUSAND AND TWO NIGHTS

by CONSTANCE TOMKINSON

1

HAVING been reassured for the twentieth time that this was the platform for the train to Munich, I sat down carefully on my luggage to wait for Basil and his Beauties. I must have been waiting an hour before Reggie Basil strode onto the platform, laden with cameras and light meters and followed by his wife, daughter, Margo, and five porters. When he reached me, he put out his hand and the procession came to a stop.

"Where are the others?" Reggie asked abruptly.

"They're not here," I said rather obviously.

"Late again!" Reggie looked exasperated. "All I ask is that once, *just once,* they should arrive at the proper time." He shrugged his shoulders. "I know it's too much to ask."

This was the first time I had heard Reggie speak of the girls in other than glowing terms. It was a relief to know that they were not always paragons. The women arranged themselves on the luggage to wait resignedly, but Reggie prowled up and down the platform. He had been in the theater for thirty years and looked every inch a "pro." Though he was an Australian by birth, any country he happened to be in was home to him. While touring the States with the Reginaldos he had married Mamie from Brooklyn, one of his skating trio, and fathered his daughter, Vivienne. When he grew too old to whirl around on wheels, he turned impresario, but he remained at heart the skater. I watched him go down the platform with a gliding motion, and when he turned he visibly restrained himself from sweeping into a skater's spin.

The first girls to arrive were Judy, Kit, and Diana, who strolled onto the platform with the studied casualness of mannequins. They were dressed like seasoned travelers in tailored suits and tweed coats with gay scarves knotted under their chins, each with a fur cape over her arm.

"For heaven's sakes!" Reggie shouted. "Where have you been? And where are the others? They'll miss the train."

Two minutes before it was due to leave, Gillian and Charmian sailed up, looking immensely chic. Charmian was in her mink coat, the pride of the company. Reggie, so overwrought that he forgot for a moment that she was his favorite, almost exploded.

"Please don't raise your voice, Reggie," drawled Charmian. "I have a hangover."

Reggie, now utterly beside himself, pleaded for news of the remaining two. "They must be somewhere. Where are they?"

"I really couldn't say," said Charmian uncooperatively. Gillian was more helpful. When she left the Casanova at 4 A.M. she had seen them swilling down champagne with a couple of unknown Americans.

Three minutes after the train was scheduled to leave, when Reggie was on the point of nervous collapse, Carol and Babs arrived in evening dress, with their American friends acting as porters. The boys hurriedly threw on the luggage. As Reggie leaped off to drag Babs on board, the train started to move.

Once Reggie regained his breath there were bitter recriminations, which left the delinquents callously unmoved. After venting his feelings he, Mamie, and the stars departed for their first-class compartment, and we settled down in our second.

The girls were heartbroken at leaving Paris — their spiritual home. Here were the things they cared for most, the gay life, smart clothes, myriads of admirers.

"No more champagne for breakfast," said Babs sadly.

"What's Germany like?" I asked.

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"Everybody's wildly wholesome," said Gillian. "It's positively barbaric!"

They were circumspect with me. I was the "new girl," not to be accepted into the charmed circle without a probationary period. They were not unkind, merely remote. After they had compared notes on the night before, they went to sleep. I sat studying them. Reggie was right. His girls were beautiful. They had been carefully chosen, each of a different type. These were not the simple young things of the Swedish troupe or the hard-working girls of the Folies. The Basil Beauties were in the social register of chorus-girl society, which has its own kind of snobbery.

2

Most of the cast of the show we were to join assembled in the Ludwig restaurant the morning after we arrived in Munich. There was excitement in the air, and after bolting our breakfasts we hurried to rehearsal. Outside the theater the bills were up advertising the show. Though I could not understand the adjectives applied to the long list of acts, I realized they were complimentary and I puffed up with pride.

Inside, the theater was teeming with activity. There was only one week in which to put on a huge show. It was prefabricated; the acts who had been engaged were to do their usual turns, but they had to be linked together to give the effect of having been produced specially for this revue.

An assorted group gathered on stage to hear a speech by our producer, Otto Bergner, who had journeyed all over Europe to collect the company. He had found the Boston Brothers, three American dancers, in Paris; Rosita and Tomás, an English strong-arm act, in Berlin; and the two Czech comedians in Hamburg. The Viennese Ballet, sixteen very young dancers (known to us as the *Wiener Schnitzels*), had been signed up in Milan and the Italian Quartette in Budapest. I never knew where they unearthed the Arab Tumblers. The whole family — Mother, Father, Ali, Hassan, Edris, Mohammed, and even eight-year-old Fatima — were in the act.

Otto Bergner, bursting with vitality, stood in the center of the stage in his green Tyrolean hat and long fur-lined overcoat. A respectful two paces to the rear drooped the stage manager, Herr Winni Funk, an apologetic little man with two protruding front teeth.

Otto opened his speech to the cast by introducing the stars of the revue. Our hero, George Romanos, born Greek, adopted French (acquired by Otto in Brussels), removed his hat with a flourish, and the leading ladies — Vivienne Basil, Margo, and Lilli, the German actress who had starred in Otto's previous production — smiled graciously.

Otto's cherubic countenance shone with enthusiasm as he described in several languages the revue that was about to be created. It was a new interpretation of the old fairy story *A Thousand and One Nights*, but Otto's concoction entitled *Ein Tausend und Zwei Nächte* was to be bigger and better than the original. He looked for confirmation to Winni Funk, who hastily warmed up a smile of enthusiasm which had somewhat congealed. "Scheherazade," he said, bowing to Vivienne, "vil not save her life by telling stories to zee Sultan." He bowed to George Romanos. "She takes him each nights to a different land, where zay have the adventures exciting, *extraordinaire*, *fantastisch*. Zay vil not trafel in zat conveyance old-fashioned — a magic carpet — she vil takes him by —" He snapped his fingers and down came a back cloth. He pointed to a huge *Lufthansa* plane painted on the canvas, and smiled like a child with pleasure at the effect on the cast of this theatrical device.

The opening scene was to be in the Sultan's palace, where Vivienne would be carried on in chains by four eunuchs (the Italian Quartette) and placed at the feet of George Romanos, who would be seated stage-center surrounded by his harem of *Wiener Schnitzels* and his entertainers (the Arab Tumblers).

Otto rushed happily around the stage, his overcoat flapping about his ankles, playing all the parts. He strode to the back cloth and opened the door of the plane (a flap in the canvas) with a flourish and said, "*Und* now zee Basil Beauties. Zay enter." He minced down the stage. "*Und* zay zing about flying round zee vorld in German."

"In German, did he say? He'll be lucky," said Kit flatly.

From then on Scheherazade and the Sultan were to flash rapidly from country to country. Rosita and Tomás were to appear in Old Madrid (Rosita and Tomás had a Spanish flavor on stage, but they had been born within the sound of Bow Bells) supported by us with our *pasadoble* number in red satin capes. We were to do our beguine with gaily colored bandanas and large gold earrings in South America. "Digga Digga Doo" in bright yellow feathers was to enliven the African bush.

Otto was not satisfied with covering the world so thoroughly. He had included an underwater scene and one in the upper air. The Basil Beauties were to appear as Birds of the Night in costumes treated with luminous paint.

"Zay float out into zee audience," he cried, running along the narrow ramp which surrounded the orchestra and flapping his arms. "In zee black night zeeze beautiful shining birds. Can you not see it? It will be *fabelhaft!*"

"Did he say daft? He's dead right," Carol muttered.

"You mean he expects us to walk out on that in the pitch black?" asked Diana. "Will someone tell him we're not a trapeze act?"

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The underwater scene was to be a daring half-nude number. Lilli was to appear as a mermaid behind a gauze curtain with the respectably covered *Wiener Schnitzels* as deep-sea fish. Otto winked appreciatively at the naughtiness of this number, but it seemed a little tame after the Folies.

3

Otto was noted for his business acumen as well as his artistic ability. Acquiring Lilli seemed to us to be a tactical error, but no doubt he could see in her potentialities which were to us obscure. The best that could be said was that her gifts had not yet reached maturity. Otto surpassed himself in ingenuity by using a leading lady who could not act, sing, or dance. There was great skill in the build-up for her every entrance, but the way in which Otto contrived to provide a dramatic exit a second before her deficiencies could show bore the mark of genius. Lilli seemed to feel no gratitude and produced histrionics off stage as well as on. One moment she would be stroking his hair and calling him her *kleines Bübchen;* the next she would be stamping her foot with rage, hissing "*Schweinhund!*" and throwing anything she could lay her hands on. Otto was not inarticulate and was quite capable of taking care of himself. For us these sparring matches provided restful interludes in the rehearsals.

The orchestra found it difficult to fade out of *Scheherazade* and into Duke Ellington's "Mood Indigo" for the Boston Brothers; no sooner were they back into Rimski-Korsakov than they had to swing into the "Marseillaise" for the French scene. The score was a terrifying assortment of music — classical, modern, and jazz — and an unbelievable cacophony of sound emerged from the pit when half the instruments stayed with Rimski and half switched.

Kapellmeister Pusca nearly lost his mind patching up the orchestration and wrestling with the orchestra. He would stand on the rostrum tearing the hair which curled over his ears and rolling his large expressive eyes in anguish.

I was another soul in anguish. I had tried hard to damp down the won't-you-play-with-me look I had worn at the Folies and assume the arrogant air of the Basil Beauties, but I was not sure of the numbers. After rehearsing on stage with the others, I had to retire to a corner with Margo and grapple with the steps I had not mastered. Every inch of the stage was in use. Stage-center would be given to the number rehearsing with the orchestra. In the four corners people were running through bits of their acts singing their own music against the orchestra — the Italian Quartette practicing their scales, Rosie warming up, and the Arab Tumblers bouncing and rolling like rubber balls wherever there was an empty space.

Otto was devoted to theatrical effects not always soothing to the nerves. I disliked the windup in the opium den. After a deafening round of shots, which nearly made me jump out of my practice shoes, the Papa Tumbler did a back somersault down a steep flight of steps and writhed in agony near the edge of my kimono in a pool of gore. The spectacle made me queasy, even though I knew his life's blood came from a pouch under his shirt. Each time Scheherazade dived off the ship's deck into the sea in search of pearls I waited for Vivienne to overshoot the net in the orchestra pit.

It was fine for the others to be fearless, but I was taking no unnecessary chances. I gave the Sultan and his scimitar a wide berth. George brandished this deadly weapon with more enthusiasm than skill, and at one rehearsal in a burst of realism thrust it through a painted tree trunk, nearly removing an ear of one of the stagehands, who was standing on the other side.

We rehearsed all day and half the night. As the week wore on, our nerves became increasingly frayed. By the time we reached the final dress rehearsal we were at each other's throats. That rehearsal continued all night, through the following day, and on to a half-hour before the curtain was to rise, when the customers were beginning to crowd into the foyer. During that time most of us did not leave the theater. Bread, cheese, and beer were sent in to sustain us. Waiting for our cues, we took cat naps in the boxes or slept wrapped in our coats on the side of the stage.

Otto, drinking endless cups of coffee, staggered up and down the aisles lamenting. "*Mein* vunderfool idea is now *kaputt!*"

"The idea was no bloody good in the first place," Reggie said with venom. "I'm ashamed to have my girls seen in such a shocking spectacle." Reggie had long since removed his kid gloves in dealing with Otto. "Never in all my experience in show business —"

"I do not expect you should appreciate it," Otto interrupted coldly. "You have no soul."

Relations between Lilli and Otto were now completely severed. He directed rehearsals with a scratch the full length of his face, and she had a purple patch under her eye which even heavy make-up could not conceal. She no longer called him *Bübchen*. She refused to speak to him; communications had to pass through an intermediary, Herr Funk.

As the minutes ticked by, tension mounted and temperament broke out in unexpected quarters. Reggie, slightly demented, exploded once too often. "Tommie! What the devil are you doing?"

I amazed Reggie, the cast, and myself by shouting into the darkened theater, "Who the hell do you think you're bellowing at?"

I held up the rehearsal for three quarters of a minute while I incoherently attempted to tell Reg-

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gie what I thought of him. I was stopped only by Otto's falling on his knees and pleading with tears in his eyes for an armistice. With arms outstretched, he cried dramatically, "Please. Please. In *eine Stunde*, one hour only, goes up the curtain."

When the curtain did go up, *Ein Tausend und Zwei Nächte* went without a hitch. What appeared in rehearsal to be a hotchpotch of acts emerged as a smooth entity. Even the score seemed the creation of one brain, and the orchestra followed Pusca through the musical labyrinth with hardly a false turning. We were dead on our feet when we took our calls, but the cheers of the audience revived us. *Ein Tausend und Zwei Nächte* was another triumph for Otto. He and Reggie embraced as the curtain fell, and told each other they had always known it would be a success.

Otto thought it would be intriguing for the English girls to sing their opening number in German. It might have been had the girls been prepared to coöperate. I sang out in a loud clear voice, "*Wir fliegen um die Welt*, something, something, *blauen und Himmel*." The girls accompanied me with a mumbled, "Scump, scump, ski, scump, ski, scump." I had no idea what I was singing, but it was a spirited rendering. Otto was inspired to write in a speaking part for me.

I was to appear in the Egyptian scene playing the part of an English tourist, the Germans' conception of which was not flattering. I was ecstatic over being an actress, if only for a few minutes each night. I had not been chosen because of my outstanding histrionic ability. But that did not matter; I had a part. I was intended to be a comic character with only a few lines which I kept repeating: "*Links ist Wüste. Rechts ist Wüste. Alles ist Wüste, Wüste, Wüste.*" I translated it as "Sand to the left of us. Sand to the right of us. All is sand, sand, sand." This obscure echo of the "Charge of the Light Brigade" did not seem rich in comic content, but Otto assured me it would be hilarious.

I could not reinforce the lines with facial expressions as I was muffled up in a gray wig, a topee which sank over my ears, and an enveloping trench coat which covered my costume for the next number. Clutching my lorgnette, I did what I could to give reality and power to my characterization.

In my dramatic school, which hoped to turn out actresses of great emotional depth, I had been a disappointment. They used to say sadly, "Constance is doomed to be a comedienne." Apparently they were right. I brought the house down in Munich every night. "Talent will tell," I told myself. I had a rude awakening. It was not my powerful technique that was effective, but the lorgnette. When I tilted my topee back and peered through the lorgnette, the audience was convulsed with laughter. The applause was gratifying but the experience disillusioning.

In the theater the Basil Beauties shared one large dressing room, centrally heated and spotlessly clean. We were not cramped together with costumes tickling the backs of our necks as at the Folies. There was plenty of room to spread out. We could even do our washing in the intervals and hang out our "smalls" — the abbreviated panties which were our professional underwear.

There was a continual buzz of chatter in our dressing room. In matters of clothes, Charmian took the chair. She was the Voice of *Vogue*. In reminiscing, each had a particular field. Gillian and Carol, ex-Cochran Young Ladies, could retail anecdotes of "Cocky" and his shows. Judy and Babs produced backstage stories of West End shows, and Diana and Kit, who were "old girls," told fabulous tales of the past history of the Basil Beauties.

In Paris we had disappeared into the city after the show. Here we lived in each other's pockets and knew the details of everyone's private life. Intrigue flourished; romance flowered. We set the Hotel Ludwig by its ears.

4

The social life of the Basil Beauties took place outside the theater and in more select spots than the Ludwig. The girls had contacts in every city. No sooner had we arrived in Munich than a man they had met in Budapest turned up, and was promptly sent off to find seven friends. They proved to be business associates of various nationalities, Italian, Austrian, Yugoslavian, and German, who spent their time mysteriously crossing and recrossing the German border. The head office appeared to be the downstairs restaurant of the Regina Palast, and they conducted business from midnight to 2 A.M. No office equipment was necessary; they were careful to keep no records.

During supper one or two would wander to another table, hold a serious conversation with some stranger, and return to confer in a low voice with a confederate. We made a convenient cover for their activities, but we were less simple than they imagined. It took us only one evening to realize that they were members of an international ring involved in smuggling or illegal currency transactions, and we debated whether or not to continue eating at their expense. Once the show opened we could pick and choose, but until then we were unlikely to meet many people. We decided to prolong the association until something better turned up.

"Nothing can happen if we stick together," Gillian said. She was undoubtedly right, but Kit and I were rash enough to disregard this rule.

A new member of the gang, recently arrived from Prague, offered to take me on to a night club. When we pulled up in front of a large gray-stucco building, it was two in the morning. He rang for a porter, who was surprisingly dressed in pajamas. After a short discussion, my companion slipped him

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a note and we started up the stairs. He opened a door and we entered a dingy bedroom. When I turned on him furiously, his face went hard. I decided that this was no time to argue, and made for the door. He lunged and grabbed me, but I kicked myself free and ran down the stairs and into the deserted street. I did not stop or look back until I reached the hotel, breathless, my coat torn, and without my handbag.

Kit, in a similar situation, showed more enterprise. She dealt her attacker a surprise blow over the head with a lamp and knocked him out. She arrived at the hotel annoyed but unruffled.

Tom, of the partnership of Rosita and Tomás, was furious at these outrages to British womanhood. A character straight out of Kipling, he was an ex-Sergeant Major of the British Army in India, who treated the girls like *mem-sahibs* and the Germans like troublesome natives. My escort from Prague turned up a week later at the Silbursaal (the restaurant attached to the Deutsches Theater) and was rash enough to invite me to go out with him again. I signaled to Tom, who was having a drink at the bar, and he cheerfully hurried that six-foot Lothario out as if he were a rag doll. In the distance I heard a heavy thud. Tom returned nonchalantly dusting off his hands.

"Tom," I asked anxiously, "what have you done?"

"Tossed him over the balcony."

"Is his neck broken?"

"No fear! He landed on his backside."

"He'll call the police."

"Not him. He's not anxious to get mixed up with the coppers. It's the last we'll see of that gent."

5

For the next couple of weeks Tom inspected a wide assortment of cavaliers. It was not until my meeting with Karl that he relaxed his vigilance. This was the end of a chain of events which started with a small white card handed to me one night by the dresser with a certain amount of awe. It read: "Requesting Madam should pose for the undersigned artist. I await below stairs for reply. I beg to be, Wolfgang von C." The signature was the cause of the awe.

I put on a dressing gown and went down to the stage door to tell the Von I could not pose for him. I found a correctly dressed gentleman with a rather prim young woman, whom he introduced as his fiancée. When I told him I did not pose for artists, his face lengthened.

"Is it that you have fear? My fiancée will come to the sittings."

"Oh, no. I'm not afraid."

"It is money? *Also*, I would be proud to pay whatsoever you are usually getting."

"I'm not usually getting anything."

He pleaded his case. "You are not to comprehend how difficult it is to find models here. In all Bavaria," he said earnestly, "is not one jolly, upstanding model."

I was so moved that I agreed to pose.

Next morning at ten o'clock he and his fiancée appeared at the hotel with a car to take me to the atelier of a friend in Schwabing. The fellow artist greeted us warmly and led us into a smart studio apartment. He combined painting with hunting, and overlooking his canvases were the trophies. They were a sad sight, but even more depressing were his canvases. He did a brisk trade in almost identical pictures of snow-capped mountains pink with the setting sun. In another period he would have been grinding out pictures of *The Stag at Bay*, if he could have resisted shooting the stag before painting him.

Before I could take my hat off they dashed to their palettes. I was wearing my Parisian black velvet beret, and the huntsman saw me as a medieval page; Wolfgang's approach was more realistic. I found posing tiring and lonely. No one spoke and the artists seemed miles away. I began to feel as if someone had shot and stuffed me, like the unhappy deer surveying me with a glassy eye from the opposite wall.

In the rests, I examined their work. The huntsman was delighted with his romantic vision. He had contrived to give me the rosy look of a snow-capped peak at dawn. Wolfgang was in despair. "You are here just now only pretty girl," he said. "It is the something behind the face I am not reaching."

I was about to leave when a tall young sculptor burst into the room. The news of a jolly, upstanding model, bust thirty-four, waist twenty-one, hips thirty-five, had just reached him.

"Madam," he bowed. "Here is Karl Mandl. I am wishing to sculpt you. Are you willing?"

I was, even though he looked too attractive to have any talent.

"You will come now?" he asked eagerly.

"No," I said firmly, "I have to eat." He would not let me out of his sight and took me to the Bratwurstglockl, an old restaurant near the Frauenkirche, where we had *Bratwurst* and *Sauerkraut* on pewter dishes. Karl gazed raptly at me, but his eyes were slightly out of focus. He was analyzing my bone structure and hardly spoke a word.

He took me to his atelier on the top floor of a group of studios next door to one of the best hotels in Munich, the Kaiserhof, which was owned by his father. It looked as an artist's studio should, large with very little furniture. The sloping glass roof had a north light, and the room was heated by an antiquated iron stove. The atelier was *gemütlich* and smelled of clay.

My life in Munich became very busy. My nights were spent in the Deutsches Theater, my mornings

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with Karl, and two hours every afternoon in Schwabing among the boars and chamois. In between I sandwiched a full program of sightseeing.

I gave the galleries particular attention, as I was having an advanced course in painting and sculpture from Karl. I accepted his judgment without argument. Raphael was the greatest painter, Michelangelo the greatest sculptor, Leonardo the genius of all time. Karl sent me back and back again to the Alte Pinakothek to study the masters. He taught me to see them through the eyes of the artist, but every now and then I could not help feeling concerned about the model. My reaction to a Rembrandt was "However did she hold that position? Must have been agony!" Admiring a Rubens, I wondered how much he paid his models, who had obviously been eating well. I was in the right century for my build. If a beanpole like myself had appeared at Rubens's studio asking for work, he would have laughed in my face.

Every day I became more and more attached to Raphael, Leonardo, and Karl. Karl was an elusive personality, and once he got behind a hunk of clay, I lost all contact with him. When I first came to pose he would be waiting impatiently in his sculptor's smock and would greet me with an abrupt "*Gut* morning, madam." But when his passion for the clay figure became so great that it spilled over and included me, I was greeted with "Darling madam," a warm smile, and an invitation to lunch.

We always had goulash for lunch. It was the only dish Karl could cook. It would be simmering on the stove when I arrived. As I held my pose all through the morning, appetizing smells filled the atelier. From time to time Karl interrupted his work to stir it absent-mindedly with any tool he happened to be holding. Before we ate, he would go to the window and pull up a bottle of Liebfraumilch which was cooling outside at the end of a string.

On the days when I was not performing, Karl took me and his dachshund, Albrecht, in his small Opel up into the mountains to visit enchanting villages nestled in white drifts — squat houses of dark brown wood, covered with fluffy eiderdowns of snow, clustered around little churches with onion-shaped steeples. We ate in small inns and talked to the proprietors, whom Karl knew. I preferred the country people to the solid citizens of Munich — the men in gray and green suits with lined brown faces and the plump smiling women in embroidered blouses and gay aprons.

In one tiny *Wirtshaus* we were asked to join in celebrating a wedding. It was a full-blooded, bawdy affair, held in a long room with cows in their stalls at one end looking tolerantly over half doors contemplating the revelry and placidly chewing their cud.

Looking at the bride, I whispered to Karl, "This wedding is not before it was needed."

"*Natürlich!*" Karl said composedly. "The peasants are not to marry until with child, and other times not until after with child."

They interrupted their drinking of vast quantities of *Rotwein* to sing and dance the *Schuhplättler*. The bride's vigorous participation in the festivities made me hope that there was a midwife near.

In the atelier we never mentioned politics, but safely out in the country Karl told me that old employees of the Kaiserhof had been bribed to spy on his father, who was not a member of the Party and suspected of being anti-Nazi. At first it was hard to believe that such sinister things were possible in fairylike Bavaria. Once my eyes were sharpened, I registered things that at first had gone unobserved: laughter in the streets or in a *Bierkeller* suddenly being checked when the shadow of a uniformed, truncheon-swinging thug passed by; the notice in small lettering outside restaurants and hotels: *Juden unerwünscht.*

A distant cousin of Karl's arrived on a motorbike from Vienna and stayed to share our goulash. Full of bounce and energy, he seemed to have nothing in common with Karl except the same great-grandmother. Karl was half Austrian and loved the country; his cousin, wholly Austrian, admired Germany. His eyes were alight with a mission, and his voice had a crusading quality. He was a member of the underground Nazi organization in Austria, and told us he was convinced that soon his country would be where she belonged — part of Greater Germany. Everyone was, naturally, pleased about this, he said, though there might be a little trouble. Karl asked why, since everyone was so pleased. The cousin explained that even in Austria there were unenlightened people. From this point the conversation became too heated for me to understand.

After lunch Karl drove me to Schwabing, and in the car he spoke to me for the first time of the danger of war.

"My cousin, he is *Dummkopf*, but he is right. Austria will be sucked in. I have had two days past a letter from a Jewish friend who was fellow student with me at the University of Innsbruck. He is already so sure he is leaving Austria. There is no doubt. War will come."

"But nobody wants a war, Karl," I said tritely.

"That is so. But it comes. *Vielleicht* this year. *Vielleicht* next. We have little time, *Liebling*, little time. The sand is running out."

I knew he was right, but I was too young and lighthearted to sustain a feeling of gloom.

6

One night the manager of the theater came to Reggie in high excitement. He had been approached by an important Party member asking that the Basil Beauties appear at a Nazi ball to be given at

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the Regina Palast for Goering and other high-ranking Nazis.

"How much are they prepared to pay?" asked Reggie calmly.

"*Ach!* That I am not to know." The manager brushed aside such mercenary thought. "It is great honor, Herr Basil."

"The honor is theirs," said Reggie coldly. "Two numbers only, and find out their top figure."

The manager had not anticipated having to negotiate for what he regarded as a Command Performance, but he returned to say they would pay anything Herr Basil cared to ask.

We were taken by car from the theater in costume. The scene as we made our entrance was magnificent — the beautifully proportioned ballroom with its mirrored walls and crystal chandeliers, the women's evening dresses, the spectacular uniforms, shining medals, and glittering jewels. The guests looked like the descendants of the court of Kaiser Wilhelm.

We were greeted with polite applause and after our second number we were asked to stay for the cold buffet. Dressed in our "Cocktails for Two" costumes (slinky white décolleté evening dresses), we gracefully wormed our way towards the cold chicken and champagne. When we came closer to the faces above the uniforms and the *Frauen* behind the jewels, our audience was no longer elegant. These were not aristocrats, but *hoi polloi* with a thin veneer of polish. Most of the women looked like frumpish dairymaids, their faces unsullied by make-up. The features of the men varied. Some were hard and chiseled, others so pink and round they looked like pigs wearing glasses. They stood around us openly staring, the men with appraising eyes, the women coldly disapproving.

Carrying my plate heaped high with nourishment, I left the buffet to search for some of the Nazi hierarchy. The only one I found was Goering, whom it would have been impossible to miss. The *Luftmarschall* and his wife, a handsome Brünnhilde, were surrounded by a respectful group. In a fancy uniform covered with row upon row of medals, he looked even bigger than his pictures. His voice boomed like a foghorn. When he laughed, the glasses tinkled and the cutlery rattled. I took a good look at him. He took a good look at me. I marveled that anyone could be so big. No doubt he was marveling that anyone who ate so much could be so small.

The atmosphere of Nazi fervor and arrogance made us feel that billed as English Girls we could not let the Empire down. Outnumbered by a potential enemy, it seemed important to create the right effect: a proper mixture of aloofness and civility. We would accept another chicken leg, but we did not intend to enjoy it. By the time we were ready to leave, patriotic zeal had got the better of us. We sailed across the empty dance floor, heads held high, with Kit's instructions ringing in our ears: "Cut them dead, the bastards!"

On New Year's Eve the show closed to make way for the *Fasching*. The Deutsches Theater was a center for this winter carnival, and various balls were to be held there. When *Ein Tausend und Zwei Nächte* left Munich to do an extended tour it was to shrink in size. Takings from smaller German theaters could not pay for such a large cast. The Boston Brothers were returning to Paris to join the new Folies Bergère show. We were leaving in a few days for Italy. Karl and I were seeing in the New Year quietly in the atelier. In the candlelight Karl's statue (now completed) looming up on the stand appeared almost alive. On the stroke of twelve we wished each other "*Glückliches Neujahr.*" As we raised our glasses in a toast to 1938, Karl looked sardonic, but my eyes turned brightly towards unexplored countries, fresh experiences, new people; Karl's thoughts were directed grimly towards a future which, though we did not know it, held the *Anschluss* and Chamberlain's umbrella.

When we left Munich Karl appeared at the station with bottles of Liebfraumilch and a hamper provisioned from the Kaiserhof house ball. We wandered away from the crowd to say good-by. Thrilled as I was at the prospect of seeing Italy, I was unhappy over leaving Karl. He comforted me with promises of visiting me in Italy.

"But Karl, you can't get any money out of Germany."

"Not to worry, *Liebchen*. It will be ultimately simple. I go and stay in the best hotel where you are playing. The manager he is sure to be friends with my father." He took my arm and led me down the platform. "I have for you a parting present. It belonged to my Viennese grandmother." He took out of his pocket a small box, and opening it he showed me an emerald ring in an old-fashioned setting.

"Oh, Karl! You can't give that away. It's an heirloom."

"I want you should have it." He put it on my finger and led me back to the train.

Reggie, running around like a cat on hot bricks, hustled me on board. As our friends waved us off, shouting "*Auf Wiedersehen!*" I gazed at Karl standing soberly apart, his hands in his pockets.

I was near tears through Germany and most of Austria. I did not recover my spirits till I heard the cries of the Italian customs men heralding our arrival in a very different land. They were not interested in our luggage. They were interested in us, and did not pretend to hide it. They clapped their hands, threw kisses, and cried joyously, "*Bella! Bella! Biondina!*" This was the background music that was to follow us throughout our stay in Italy — a mounting "*Bella! Bella! Bellissima!*"

(*To be concluded*)

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The Atlantic *receives on an average as many as 1500 poems a month. They come as frequently from men as from women, and are evidence of an interest in poetry which never slackens. As an incentive for those writers yet unestablished, we shall from time to time devote a number of pages to the work of young poets.*

THE YOUNG POETS

THE MATE

by JAMES STOKELY

I WAS only sixteen
And sat trying not to cry in the woods.
I had had no luck
And the October sun was nearly gone.
Uncle Rance, over to my right,
Already had a dozen partridges,
And Lute McSween, a quarter of a mile to the left,
A brace of ducks.
I stood up, wiped my eyes,
And tiptoed into a little clearing
With only the sound of hidden insects
To accompany my ritual stalk and breath.
Suddenly my heart leaped into my hand
As I saw a movement not fifty feet away,
The sunlight filtering through the leaves
To envelop the gorgeous creature
In a golden-brown haze,
Strange, proud scion of sky and earth,
Its neck firm and erect,
Its tuft of wing flecked with a lost-world tint
Of rainbow trout in a pool of ferns.
There was no sound
But the beating of two wild hearts.
With the ancient thirst ripe within me
My finger squeezed the lock of my 20-gauge
And the long-tailed ring-necked pheasant
Surprised in its solitary foraging
Collapsed like a rag doll.
The prize was mine!
Why did I not move?
I saw something greenish-blue and red
Come running from the brush
In a frenzy of clucking
Speaking to the lump of bone, flesh, and feathers,
Seeking to lead it to safety.
Rance called from the farther hill
But I did not answer.
I looked at my gun.
The woods and the bird and I
Were equally still.

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VISION AT FRANCONIA

by RALPH SCHNEEBAUM

WINTER, and through the snow
The silent girl brings gifts of glass
To that one soul she loves; all of her
Is frozen round her eyes, and whether
He is dying, or alone, lost in some chasm
Where the mountain fell, we shall never know:
She looms, passes, and is gone.
All that is left to hurt the sense
Are footprints that evaporate like ghosts.
I have heard the skiers say,
"She is a poor man's daughter,
She is a nurse, she is a mad girl
Spinning in the snow, she is a shade
That vanished here in a torrent long ago."
Some chuckle, others do not know.
I do not know.
I have dreamed it was for some mortal love
She bore these gifts, eyes burning
In the clench of cold; then I became
A ghost, and hoped it was to me she brought
Her flame; my voice has echoed back
Within the many seasons, calling her
By many names; I shall never know,
But remember only how those bones of glass
Carried the translucent image of her flesh
Along the endless mists, and ways of white.

DEEP SOUTH KENSINGTON

by P. TREMAYNE

UNDER the dusty, the lace-dimmed windows,
green as seaweed, the plane-tree leaves
languidly flicker, and green, thin grasses
toughen and starve; and the lilac grieves.

Only the tattered and tinker-mouthed gutter-cats,
hunting and whoring their lean lives through,
ragged as kites, go slinking and sleeking,
swiftly, smuttily, two by two.

Only these, of a world of splendors,
lift and feather the grimy gloom.

And the withering daughter of deaneries watches,
eagerly, greedily, wistfully watches,
for the dingy flame of their street-hawk lives
by the mouth of her brick-lined tomb.

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TWO SONNETS

by P. TREMAYNE

LOVE is the maker of mankind, I say:
and when, for glut of joy, he made us two
(for surely, till he made us each anew,
we had not lived or breathed: we were dead clay),
he tricked us out as gods, and to his way
bent perfectly, as Love alone could do:
you made divine in me, as I in you,
each planned and perfect for the other's play.

And by this holy change that Love can make,
each star-like blade of grass, each blossoming star,
is lovely in your eyes, for fair love's sake,
that else were foolish things to you, and far.
I am your world's warm light. But you to me
are world itself: all else is fantasy.

✓ ✓ ✓

THIS is the sun you knew and loved of old:
why do the woods lie silent? Why in vain
do streams run softly as the summer rain
and young leaves gild them with the summer's gold?
Why must the dawn companionless unfold
on milky heights, where you and I have lain
the starred night through, when sea and sky and plain
were all a toy within our hands to hold?

Yes, in your time, I know that you will come.
— And yet, the winds at summer's heels blow chill:
let not your coming be too long delayed,
lest, when you turn, you find the forest dumb,
the revel past, and winter in the glade,
and none but I, who love you, waiting still.

THE PHOENIX

by RUTH WHITMAN

A FLAMING phoenix came to rest
Beside my tiny nursling's nest,
Womb-warm,
Womb-blessed —

He snapped his wings of fire and cried
The world is full of claws outside,
And tall,
And wide —

The sky is turning golden red
And I have come with flames outspread
And hallelujah in my head
To toss you from your easy bed,
To toss you from your bed.

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ELEUTHERIA

by JAMES WRIGHT

RUBBING her mouth along my mouth, she lost
Illusions of the sky, the dreams it offered:
The pale cloud walking home to winter, dust
Blown to a shell of sails so far above
That autumn landscape where we lay and suffered
The fruits of summer in the fields of love.

We lay and heard the apples fall for hours,
The stripping twilight plundered trees of boughs,
The land dissolved beneath the rabbit's heels,
And far away I heard a window close,
A haying wagon heave and catch its wheels,
Some water slide and stumble and be still.
The dark began to climb the empty hill.

If dark Eleutheria turned and lay
Forever beside me, who would care for years?
The throat, the supple belly, the warm thigh
Burgeoned against the earth; I lay afraid,
For who could bear such beauty under the sky?
I would have held her loveliness in air,
Away from things that lured me to decay:
The ground's deliberate riches, fallen pears,
Bewildered apples blown to mounds of shade.

Lovers' location is the first to fade.
They wander back in winter, but there is
No comfortable grass to couch a dress.
Musicians of the yellow weeds are dead.
And she, remembering something, turns to hear
Either a milkweed float or a thistle fall.
Bodiless shadow thrown along a wall,
She glides lightly; the pale year follows her.

The moments ride away, the locust flute
Is silvered thin and lost, over and over.
She will return some evening to discover
The tree uplifted to the very root,
The leaves shouldered away, with lichen grown
Among the interlacings of the stone,
October blowing dust, and summer gone
Into a dark barn, like a hiding lover.

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At the time of her death in 1953, it was said of Dame Laurentia McLachlan, the ABBESS OF STANBROOK, *that "she gave herself to everyone who needed her help; she was a person without frontiers." In her hitherto unpublished correspondence with* GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, *a bitter and candid controversy arose between the Abbess and the Dramatist following the publication of his book,* The Adventures of a Black Girl in Her Search for God. *Their difference and their reconciliation are eloquently revealed in the letters which follow. This correspondence, the first portion of which appeared in the* Atlantic *for July, is edited by the nuns of Stanbrook and printed by kind permission of the present Abbess, the Public Trustee, and the Society of Authors; it will form part of a book,* In a Great Tradition, *to be published later.*

THE NUN AND THE DRAMATIST

George Bernard Shaw to the Abbess of Stanbrook

TRAVELING in South Africa during the winter of 1931–1932, George Bernard Shaw and his wife were driving at high speed along a road at Knysna, Cape Province. G.B.S., being unfamiliar with the mechanism of the car, put his foot on the accelerator instead of the brake, turned to the left instead of the right, and after hurtling into the veldt finally succeeded in bringing the car to a standstill, but not before Mrs. Shaw had been seriously injured. During the month of her slow recovery from the dangerous illness which followed, Shaw wrote *The Adventures of a Black Girl in Her Search for God.*

This book has sometimes been regarded as a piece of clever buffoonery, a *jeu d'esprit* to while away hours of tedium. But was it? The moment was hardly one to indulge in tomfoolery. In consequence of an accident of which he was the cause, Bernard Shaw's wife, to whom he was completely devoted, had been brought to death's door. A man's instinct in such a plight is not to jest but to pray. If one may conjecture from the outcome, it was precisely prayer to which he had recourse. Shaw being what he was, however, his fierce intellect asserted itself as the days passed, and he felt impelled to subject his Deity to analysis. The result is a fantasy somewhat after the manner of Swift, in which the central figure of the girl roving from place to place and encountering all kinds of things and people en route forms the main thread of the plot. It is not improbable that *The Black Girl* — suggested, one supposes, by his surroundings — is an allegory of his own soul. The following letter is in answer to one of expostulation from Dame Laurentia, who upon hearing of the theme had asked Shaw to indicate the lines he was pursuing: —

London, April 14, 1932

Your letter has given me a terrible fright. The story is absolutely blasphemous, as it goes beyond all the churches and all the gods. I forgot all about you, or I should never have dared. It is about a negro girl converted by a missionary, who takes her conversion very seriously and demands where she is to find God. "Seek and ye shall find Him" is the only direction she gets; so off she goes through the forest on her search, with her knobkerrie in her hand. Her search is only too successful. She finds the god of Abraham, and the god of Job; and I regret to say she disposes of both with her knobkerrie. She meets Ecclesiastes (Koheleth) the Preacher, who thinks that death reduces life to futility and warns her not to be righteous overmuch. She meets Micah, roaring like a dragon and denouncing the god of Abraham as a bloodthirsty impostor with his horrible sacrifices. She meets Pavlov, who assures her that there is no god, and that life is only a series of reflexes. She meets St. Peter carrying a cathedral on his shoulders. On her rushing to beg him to take care, as the weight will break his back, he assures her that it is only a paper cathedral and goes off gaily with it; but presently several others come along with paper churches, mostly much smaller and uglier, who warn her against St. Peter until they begin throwing stones at one another and she has to run away to escape the fusillade. . . .

When the author reaches the New Testament and goes on with iconoclastic hammer to smash the Cross to pieces, reverence forbids quotation, for the profanation of divine names and ideas becomes revolting and unbearable. Yet the exposition of his

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New Testament exegesis in the same letter to Dame Laurentia ends on a curious note: —

The truth is, dear Sister Laurentia, I have finished with all these deities, who seem to me more or less grotesque signboards announcing that the Holy Ghost is lodged within, though It is there only as It is everywhere. [At this point he has carefully altered the small "i" of the original "it" in both places to a capital.] . . . I do not cry "He saved others: himself he cannot save," which is a fair taunt to a magician; I should say rather to the jeering crowd "He tried to save you, and you slew him; so now you can follow your pet Barabbas to the devil: only, as I am determined that you shall have no excuse in the hour of your ruin, I shall also point out the way to you, though you shall not catch me in your legal and ecclesiastical nets if I can help it." And so on and so forth.

Perhaps I should not disturb the peace of Stanbrook with my turbulent spirit; but as I want you to go on praying for me I must in common honesty let you know what you are praying for. I have a vision of a novice innocently praying for that good man Bernard Shaw, and a scandalized Deity exclaiming "What! that old reprobate who lives at Whitehall Court, for whom purgatory is too good. Don't dare mention him in my presence."

The fact is, I have such an unruly imagination that I had better change the subject. I did not feel that your election could be more than a nominal change; for you could boss the establishment if you were only the scullery maid; and now that you are Abbess I feel comforted because you wont have to wash dishes as well as boss; and I wish you a wilful dominating interfering managing sort of Prioress so that you may henceforth have as little to do as possible except keep people's souls clean, as you help to keep that of your erring and worldly

BROTHER BERNARD

P.S. Shall I send you the story or not? It is very irreverent and iconoclastic but I don't think *you* will think it fundamentally irreligious.

She demanded to see the book.

Two things emerge from a study of this curious fantasy and the correspondence between its author and Dame Laurentia to which it gave rise; possibly they are simply two facets of the same thing. Beneath the surface flummery and flippancy one has to recognize the story's underlying seriousness, its acknowledgment of the reality and the accessibility of God. "Mere agnosticism," Shaw declares in the Epilogue, "leads nowhere." To regard G.B.S. as an atheist in the style of popular newspaper reports is, needless to say, sheer nonsense. He could not or would not, however, seek God in anything physical or symbolical. Even Christ Himself comes between God and Shaw, not indeed as He ought, in the sense of a bridge between God and man — the Way, the Truth, and the Life — but as an obstacle like some barbed-wire entanglement to be ruthlessly and impatiently removed at all costs. In his own chimerical deliverance of mankind from "supernatural superstition" therefore, Bernard Shaw sweeps away that full insight of mind and heart in the holy Scriptures where man reads the symbols of his own inner life presented by virtue of the mysterious analogy of matter and spirit. The result is a book scintillating with wit and fancy, and utterly devoid of wisdom and true imagination. The Irishman's opinion that God is nothing more solid and satisfactory than an eternal but as yet unfulfilled purpose — "He's not properly made and finished yet" — is hardly even a serious conjecture. It follows, therefore, that the outcome of all Shaw's repudiations and destructions is a lifeless abstraction, a God hopelessly negative and remote with no apprehensible qualities whatever.

The second thing that emerges is that Bernard Shaw — like Milton and Bunyan in the same Puritan tradition — stoutly maintained that *The Black Girl* had been written as the result of inspiration, and he never, apparently, ceased to regard it otherwise than as directly inspired by the Almighty. "I was inspired to write this tale when I was held up in Knysna for five weeks in the African summer and English winter of 1932. . . . And now the story being written, I proceed to speculate on what it means." So runs the Epilogue, bearing out the author's assertion, written on the flyleaf of the forty-two-page first proof of the book sent to Dame Laurentia in April, 1932: —

An Inspiration
Which came in response to the prayers of the nuns
of Stanbrook Abbey
and
in particular
to the prayers of his dear Sister Laurentia
for
Bernard Shaw

In all the ensuing correspondence, G.B.S. never deviated a hair's breadth from his original position. He stubbornly persisted in his claim. It is characteristic for many who sternly reject any notion of the divine inspiration of the Scriptures to regard their own private visions and assumptions as being unassailable and infallible, and there is an exquisite irony in the fear Bernard Shaw later expresses of upsetting Dame Laurentia's faith, while heartily assuring her of the impregnability of his own. Yet all this notwithstanding, a careful study of their dispute over the book may raise in the reader's mind the pertinent question: Did Dame Laurentia really get to grips with the main problem? She censured and upbraided him, as indeed she had just cause to do, but did she ever fully grasp his point of view?

By nature neither of a speculative nor of a meta-

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physical turn of mind, she saw in the product of Shaw's inspiration only a grotesque parody of the Christian truths she held most sacred. What may, however, have lain at the base of the misunderstanding is precisely the ambiguity of the word "inspiration." In the first letter he ever wrote to her on the subject of St. Joan, Bernard Shaw had informed her that from the age of twenty-four he had proceeded to "purely mystical assumptions." Rightly or wrongly, all mystics insist on the reality of their spiritual experiences; Shaw was therefore following in the tradition when he doggedly reiterated his conviction that he wrote *The Black Girl* as the result of direct inspiration. In face of so profoundly earnest a man, one would hesitate to deny that during those hours of intense anxiety and prayer he may have experienced some genuine *tactus Dei*, the divine touch between the soul and God so well-known to the mystics.

Where then, and why, did Bernard Shaw fail? He failed because he attempted to analyze, record, and draw conclusions from an experience which, if real, necessarily surpassed the limits of human understanding. According to theologians, such contacts with the supernatural usually leave some permanent effect in the soul far below the plane of consciousness. Words in such circumstances, even at best, can only be a kind of algebraic symbol, and the trouble usually arises as it did in the case of *The Black Girl,* when the memory and inventive faculty of the human mind attempt an interpretation of the divine action. Those who have read them know how bewilderingly concrete, disconcerting, and contradictory the revelations of saints can prove. The advice of that sanest and most profound of all spiritual theologians, St. John of the Cross, is *No admitir* — reject them all, pay no attention to what are purely secondary matters which may easily lead to error and illusion.

No one was more keenly alive to the danger than Bernard Shaw himself: "I cannot too often repeat," he asserts in the Epilogue to *The Black Girl*, "that I am as liable as anyone else to err in my interpretation, and that pioneer writers, like other pioneers, often mistake their destination as Columbus did. That is how they sometimes run away in pious horror from the conclusions to which their revelations manifestly lead. I hold, as firmly as St. Thomas Aquinas, that all truths, ancient or modern, are divinely inspired; but I know by observation and introspection that the instrument on which the inspiring force plays may be a very faulty one, and may even end like Bunyan in the Holy War, by making the most ridiculous nonsense of his message."

The effect of the book on Dame Laurentia is difficult to describe. To the end of her life she could hardly bring herself to mention it. The open rejection of our Lord's divinity and the mockery of the Crucifix by one whom she had come to regard as a dear friend filled her with grief and indignation; she felt utterly crushed and humiliated. It was all too clear to her that while his public insults to all that Christians hold most sacred would of necessity make many enemies, the book might easily gain a mastery over young and impressionable minds attracted by its levity and unable to pierce below the surface to the sound underlying ideas. In December, 1932, Shaw sent her the book in its final form, with an inscription which goes to prove that her letters during the course of the year had been such as to indicate that if it were published, he would no longer be *persona grata* at Stanbrook. The inscription runs: —

Dear Sister Laurentia

This black girl has broken out in spite of everything. I was afraid to present myself at Stanbrook in September.

Forgive me.

G. Bernard Shaw

Dame Laurentia at once wrote to reprove G.B.S. in no measured terms for his blasphemous book. He was on a cruise round the world and her letter reached him in Siam. While still on the voyage he wrote a long and detailed reply in shorthand in his letter book. The sequel is best told by himself: —

June 29, 1933 4, Whitehall Court, London, S.W.1.

I have a wretched tale to tell, and can only hope that you will laugh at it.

I was ridiculously surprised at your reception of *The Black Girl* story, which I innocently took to be a valuable contribution to the purification of religion from horrible old Jewish superstitions; and even my callousness was pierced by finding that it had shocked and distressed you. On the ship going round the world I wrote you a long letter about it, but could not feel sure that it might not wound you again, and so tore it up.

Then I wrote you another, with the same result after a few days reflection. But at the third attempt I succeeded, or thought I did. It was a long letter: and as I had no typewriter to make it legible for you I wrote it in shorthand for the ship's stenographer to transcribe. Alas, you never received it; for the next thing that happened was a ludicrous catastrophe.

On that ship were hundreds of foolish Canadians and American worshippers of my publicity. Publicity worship sets great store by relics. The notebook in which I had drafted your letter (and others) vanished from my deck chair; and the offer of a guinea to any steward who could find it for me had no result. Your letter is in the collection of some devoutly Shavian thief. Your only remedy is anathema and major excommunication like that which brought the Jackdaw of Rheims to its senses; and for this you are too kind-hearted. Our consolation must be that the thief probably cannot read

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shorthand; and if he (or she) calls in an expert it cannot be published without infringing my copyright, of which offence certain former legal proceedings of mine have established a wholesome dread in America. I will not try to reproduce the letter: the moment has passed for that. Besides, I am afraid of upsetting your faith, which is still entangled in those old stories which unluckily got scribbled up on the Rock of Ages before you landed there. So I must go delicately with you, though you need have no such tenderness with me; for you can knock all the story books in the world into a cocked hat without shaking an iota of *my* faith.

Now that I think of it, it was a venial sin to write me such a cruel letter, and I think you ought to impose on yourself the penance of reading *The Black Girl* once a month for a year. I have a sneaking hope that it might not seem so very wicked the tenth or eleventh time as you thought it at first. You must forgive its superficial levity. Why should the devil have all the fun as well as all the good tunes?

It was typical of Shaw the intellectual aristocrat to overrate the intelligence of the average man. He expected his readers, many of whom were young and vulnerable, to recognize his determination to see truth face to face even though it should slay him; whereas all that most of them were likely to see was the frivolity and irresponsibility in which that determination was clothed. Nevertheless, he must have realized that he was at grips with something greater than mere intellectual power when in July, 1933, he received this letter in reply: —

Thank you for your letter which explains your silence. The fate of your long letter is very sad, but if I may judge by the line you take in your last I fear it would not have given me much satisfaction.

The fact is our viewpoints are so divergent that the only comfort you could give me would be to withdraw *The Black Girl* from circulation and make a public act of reparation for the dishonour done in it to Almighty God. In spite of the book I still have such faith in your greatness of mind that I think you capable of such a noble act and I ask you to do what I should not dream of proposing to a smaller mind — suppress the book and retract its blasphemies. It must have done mischief in many minds and such an act would remedy the evil. I am thinking chiefly though of you and the harm you have done to your own soul by dishonouring your Maker. I have made myself responsible in some sense for that soul of yours and I hate to see you treating it so lightly. You do not realize how deeply you have outraged the feelings of those who like myself believe in God and in our Lord's divinity. If you had written offensively of my father and mother you could not expect to be forgiven or received with any favour until you had made amends. Let me implore you to do this one thing and withdraw the book, even if you can't bring yourself to imitate St. Augustine and the many great minds that have given their retractations to the world. You know how I value your friendship and how truly I have believed in you. Is this precious thing to be sacrificed by an episode that is unworthy of you? You must realize that there are things too sacred to be played with.

Do not be angry with me for writing like this — let me still be able

to sign myself your

SISTER LAURENTIA

From Malvern, conscious of his banishment, he sent an immediate reply together with a miniature one-act play purporting to be a celestial version of the quarrel. His obvious desire to conciliate gives no place, for all that, to apology or atonement. Gone is the familiar signature, yet there is a touching note of pleading and, as ever, the request for prayer which is the hallmark of a truly humble man.

July 24, 1933

SISTER LAURENTIA

You are the most unreasonable woman I ever knew. You want me to go out and collect 100,000 sold copies of *The Black Girl*, which have all been read and the mischief, if any, done; and then you want me to announce publicly that my idea of God Almighty is the anti-vegetarian deity who, after trying to exterminate the human race by drowning it, was coaxed out of finishing the job by a gorgeous smell of roast meat. Laurentia: has it never occurred to you that I might possibly have a more exalted notion of divinity, and that I dont as a matter of fact believe that Noah's deity ever existed or ever could exist? How could it possibly comfort you if I declared that I believed in him? It would simply horrify you. I know much better than you what you really believe. You think you believe the eighth chapter of Genesis; and I know you dont; if you did I would never speak to you again. You think you believe that Micah, when he wrote the eighth verse of his sixth chapter, was a liar and a blasphemer; but I know that you agree heartily with Micah, and that if you caught one of your nuns offering rams and calves and her first-born (if she had one) as a sacrifice to Jehovah you would have her out of the convent and into the nearest lunatic asylum before she could say Hail, Mary. You think you are a better Catholic than I; but my view of the Bible is the view of the Fathers of the Church; and yours is that of a Belfast Protestant to whom the Bible is a fetish and religion entirely irrational. You think you believe that God did not know what he was about when he made me and inspired me to write *The Black Girl*. For what happened was that when my wife was ill in Africa God came to me and said "These women in Worcester

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plague me night and day with their prayers for you. What are you good for, anyhow?" So I said I could write a bit but was good for nothing else. God said then "Take your pen and write what I shall put into your silly head." When I had done so, I told you about it, thinking that you would be pleased, as it was the answer to your prayers. But you were not pleased at all, and peremptorily forbade me to publish it. So I went to God and said "The Abbess is displeased." And God said "I am God; and I will not be trampled on by any Abbess that ever walked. Go and do as I have ordered you." . . . "Well" I said "I suppose I must publish the book if you are determined that I shall; but it will get me into trouble with the Abbess; for she is an obstinate unreasonable woman who will never let me take her out in my car; and there is no use your going to have a talk with her; for you might as well talk to the wall unless you let her have everything all her own way just as they taught it to her when she was a child." So I leave you to settle it with God and his Son as best you can; but you must go on praying for me, however surprising the results may be.

Your incorrigible

G. BERNARD SHAW

P.S. Cockerell's friend Sir Emery Walker made a good end on Saturday — was apparently mending comfortably when he just gave a couple of gulps and died. . . . Walker was a most amiable man; but he had lived his life; and it was time for him to die.

And for me also; so do not be unkind to me.

We are here in Malvern as usual for the Festival, though I have no play in the bill this year. There is a miracle play, *The Conversion of St. Paul* to which you should come with all your nuns.

The above letter, like the book itself, shows the fastidious Manichee to whom animal flesh was abhorrent, so revolted by the sacrifices of the Old Testament as to be rendered completely blind to the idea of Divine education which underlies the whole history of the people of God. It seems hardly necessary to remark that Shaw was quite right to contrast the deities of Noah, Job, and Micah: he was quite wrong to look upon them as three different gods. He did not see the God of infinite mercy who, taking an incredibly stupid, obstinate, and savage people just as they were — He might have taken the intelligent and highly civilized Greeks or Chinese, but for our everlasting comfort did not — entered into fellowship and loving intercourse with them at different stages according to their several capacities, and patiently prepared them by slow degrees for the full spiritual revelation of the New Testament. Argument however, as Dame Laurentia was well aware, would have been useless. She therefore ignored the missive in complete silence.

The correspondence between the two over *The Adventures of a Black Girl* had occupied nearly two years, and although G.B.S. paid his annual visit to Malvern, in his own words he never dared to show his face at Stanbrook. The deadlock might have continued indefinitely had not the Muse of Comedy intervened.

On September 6, 1934, Dame Laurentia kept her Golden Jubilee. To mark the event, Pope Pius XI sent her the Papal blessing, bestowing upon her at the same time the rare distinction of the *Bene Merenti* medal in recognition of her work for the Church. The decoration was presented after Pontifical High Mass by Archbishop Williams, a friend for whom she had the deepest veneration. In the course of a private conversation with the Archbishop on the same day, she told him of the breach in her friendship with Bernard Shaw, and asked his advice. Several influential friends had urged her to reconsider her attitude, and there were weighty reasons in favor of reconciliation.

Acting upon the Archbishop's counsel, she dispatched without further token the charming jubilee card designed by two members of the community and printed from a wood block. It consisted of a buff-colored folder bearing on the outer cover the text from 2 Corinthians often applied to St. Laurence and so suited to his Stanbrook namesake — *Hilarem datorem diligit Deus:* God loveth a cheerful giver. The inner page was simply inscribed: —

In memory of Sept. 6
1884–1934
Dame Laurentia McLachlan
Abbess of Stanbrook

When after some delay the card reached Bernard Shaw, he immediately read it as an announcement of her death, and promptly wrote a letter of condolence to the community.

London, October 3, 1934

DEAR SISTERS

Through some mislaying of my letters I have only just received the news of the death of Dame Laurentia McLachlan. I was in Malvern from the end of July until the 16th September and I never passed through Stanbrook without a really heartfelt pang because I might not call and see her as of old. But I had no knowledge of the state of her health and no suspicion that I should never see her again in this world.

There was a time when I was in such grace with her that she asked you all to pray for me; and I valued your prayers quite sincerely. But we never know exactly how our prayers will be answered; and their effect on me was that when my wife was lying dangerously ill in Africa through an accident I wrote a little book which, to my grief, shocked Dame Laurentia so deeply that I did not dare to show my face at the Abbey until I was forgiven. She has, I am sure, forgiven me now; but I wish she could tell me so. In the outside world from which you have

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escaped it is necessary to shock people violently to make them think seriously about religion; and my ways were too rough. But that was how I was inspired.

I have no right to your prayers; but if I should perhaps be remembered occasionally by those of you who remember my old visits I should be none the worse for them, and very grateful.

Faithfully,

G. Bernard Shaw

By return of post, he received a short note from his departed friend granting him permission to call upon her once more. Having committed what he described to Sydney Cockerell as "a super howler," he had to extricate himself with grace, which he did in the following letter: —

October 7, 1934

Laurentia! Alive!!

Well!!!!!

Is this a way to trifle with a man's most sacred feelings?

I cannot express myself. I renounce all the beliefs I have left. I thought you were in heaven, happy and blessed. And you were only laughing at me!

It is your revenge for that Black Girl.

Oh Laurentia Laurentia, Laurentia, how *could* you.

I weep tears of blood.

Poor Brother Bernard

For two years, and those the years following upon her election as Abbess, Dame Laurentia's letters had been stern and had made no secret of her deep displeasure. She had given indubitable proof — and was to give it again — that it was friendship, not adulation, she had to offer. It is a tribute to Bernard Shaw's regard for her, as well as to his essential greatness and humility, that when the storm had subsided, their friendship was resumed with all the old esteem.

Within a few weeks of the reconciliation he was taking immediate steps to protect the inviolability of her enclosure and shelter her name from publicity. Toward the end of 1934, a certain lecturer circulated a rumor that as a result of a protest from the Abbess of Stanbrook, Bernard Shaw had decided to cut out parts of the Epilogue to *St. Joan* in a revised edition. Dame Laurentia was of the opinion that the Epilogue contained the very pith of the play and had agreed with the author when, in defiance of those who persisted that it spoiled the drama, he had stated his resolute determination not to alter a word of it. The stupid untruth, however, was reported first in an English weekly newspaper, repeated a few days later in a Worcester paper, and then spread abroad. Dame Laurentia at once feared that Bernard Shaw would break out into a denial which would call attention to her in a still more public manner, and wrote to him at once to beg him to respect her wish to avoid press notices.

It has been constantly objected against G.B.S. that he was an inveterate self-advertiser and never so happy as when in the limelight. Of the playwright so often in the public eye that may or may not have been true: of the friend with quick and lasting loyalties it was utterly false.

January 25, 1935

Dear Sister Laurentia

Sacrilege! I am horrified. I know of course, that any public contradiction would just increase the publicity a hundredfold; and it is the publicity that is such an abominable desecration of your seclusion. But . . . I must stop him if I can. I have failed to find either his address or that of the . . . Society, I am therefore writing to the Mother Superior . . . asking her to give me Mr. —'s address. If I can get it I will write a private letter to him and will, I hope, prevent his repeating the story in the course of his lectures. I will keep you *au courant*. . . .

From that moment newspaper reports automatically ceased and he saw to it that their names were never again associated in public.

In her letter acquainting him with the current rumors, Dame Laurentia had made inquiries about his latest book. He forthwith sent her a proof of *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles*, inscribed "To Sister Laurentia from her erring Brother Bernard. Jan. 25, 1935," with the remark: "Since you ask about my latest play I risk the last remnant of your regard for me by sending you a copy. If only you can get over the first shock of its profanity you may find some tiny spark of divinity in it. You may ask why I write such things. I dont know: I have to. The devil has me by one hand and the Blessed Virgin by the other."

It was barely three months since their mutual peace treaty, yet she straightway rose again to the attack with an undiminished energy which gave proof that she was not prepared to yield a single inch of the ground on which her feet were so firmly planted. It is generally admitted that Bernard Shaw had completed his finest and really enduring work prior to 1930; few of his friends can have told him so in language so forthright as the following:

Feb. 7, 1935

I have been waiting till I could write at leisure about your letter and the "Simpleton." You are quite right in believing that I should discover divinity under the profanity, and with very much I am in full sympathy, and heartily amused. Is it necessary though to be so offensively profane when satirising vice and the British Empire? Need you use words of Scripture? It seems to me you could be quite as convincing without wounding the rea-

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sonable susceptibilities of those who believe in God with their whole hearts as I suspect you yourself do. I see the play is unpublished and I hope it will remain so, for I cannot believe you would do right in releasing it as it is. Whatever happens you absolutely must omit the allusion to the Immaculate Mother on p. 12. You know, as well as I do, that we do not worship her as God.

It is annoying that when you could do and have done so much that is splendid you should devote yourself now to such mischievous things. I *do* ask you why you do such things and you have given me the answer you *have* to. Don't you think the devil has had a good innings and that the Blessed Virgin might be given a turn? I simply hate to think after all the fine stuff you have written that these later things should appear. However you may parody the Day of Judgement you know the particular one for each of us can't be very far off and, my dear Brother Bernard, you will not be able to plead ignorance as the excuse of the evil that your books may do. You surely don't want to supply the devil with ammunition. But this you do by producing what might be harmless to strong minds but is almost certainly dangerous for weak ones. It makes me think of the danger of stupid people reading St. Thomas Aquinas. They carry away with them all sorts of heresies propounded by him in his objections and forget his clear statements of dogma. Well, what about saying a Hail Mary (do you know it?) and asking Our Lady to take you by *both* hands? You would never regret it, I assure you, and she would hand you over to her Son who has the answer to all riddles, and who asks us to be like little children with regard to God. You know you have my daily prayers and I am sure you are aware that the end of such prayers is that you should be gathered into "the unity of all living souls in the Catholic Kingdom of God and His Church."

His reply was hardly a defense so much as a remarkable self-revelation. With the skill born of lifelong controversy, he carried the war straight into the opposing camp and with characteristic audacity accused the Abbess of Stanbrook of being both unspiritual and anti-Catholic. He next proceeded to argue the claims of our Lady of Everywhere versus our Lady of Somewhere in a thesis by no means so extravagant as may appear at first sight. For there are deep affinities underlying all the great religious systems of mankind, and while in false systems there is a corrupt mixture of truth and error, there is also a foreshadowing of the historical revelation of Christianity. Bernard Shaw was consequently right in recognizing in the Oriental shrines the Woman who stands at the very heart of the world. But one cannot help a suspicion that he was tinged with the ancient heresy that would have made her not merely Mother of God (which he does not seem to admit) but actually divine — one more Person to the Godhead. Or does he look upon her as just another way of regarding God as Mother and not Father?

The letter leaves one last query in the reader's mind. Was Shaw's worship of our Lady possibly the natural revenge of all the human feelings he so ruthlessly tried to eliminate from his consideration of God? Whatever the key to the riddle, at least his avowal undeniably breathes a pure and sublime veneration for her who is "Lo here! lo there! — ah me, lo everywhere!"

Union-Castle Line
M.V. *Llangibby Castle*
On the Equator. 82° in the shade. On the East coast of Africa.
April 12, 1935.

CARA SORELLA LAURENTIA

You are a puzzle to me with your unexpected rages. I ask myself, since I know that one becomes eminent in the Church through capacity for business more easily than by capacity for religion, "Can Laurentia be a completely irreligious (or areligious) managing woman who becomes boss in a convent exactly as she would become boss in a castle or in a laundry?"

McLachlan? That suggests a clan of Covenanters to whom the worship of the B.V.M. is a damnable idolatry to be wiped out with claymore and faggot. Has Laurentia got that in her blood? If not, why in the name of all the saints does she fly out at me when I devoutly insist that the Godhead must contain the Mother as well as the Father?

Or is it merely personal? So many women hate their mothers (serve them right, mostly!) and see red when the cult of maternity arises.

You want me, as if it were a sort of penance, to say a lot of Hail Maries. But I am always saying Hail, Mary! on my travels. Of course I don't say it in that artificial form which means nothing. I say it in my own natural and sincere way when She turns up in the temples and tombs of Egypt and among the gods of Hindustan — Hallo, Mary! For you really cannot get away from Her. She has many names in the guide books, and many disguises. But She never takes me in. She favors Brother Bernardo with special revelations and smiles at his delighted "Hallo, Mary!" When I write a play like The Simpleton and have to deal with divinity in it She jogs my elbow at the right moment and whispers "Now Brother *B.* don't forget *me.*" And I don't.

But then you come along in a fury and cry "How dare you? Cut all this stuff out, and say fifty Hail Maries."

Which am I to obey? Our Lady of Stanbrook or Our Lady of Everywhere?

When you are old, as I am, these things will clear up and become real to you. I wonder whether, if Raphael had lived to be old like Michael Angelo, he would have given us something less absurd than the highly respectable Italian farmers' daughters he

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imposed so smugly on the world as visions of the B.V.M. Never have I stood before one of his Madonnas and exclaimed "Hallo, Mary." Raphael made the adoration of the Mother impossible; but his view was so frankly and nicely human and fleshly and kindly that in the Dresden Madonna he produced for all time the ideal wet nurse, healthy, comely, and completely brainless.

On the other hand there is the giantess-goddess of Cimabue with her magnetic stare, a much deeper conception, but with just a little too much of the image and too little reality to be as approachable as the Egyptian goddesses of the great period.

In short, the Christian Maries are all failures. This suggests that the Jains were right in excluding God from their ritual as beyond human power to conceive or portray. At least that is their theory; but in practice they have in their shrines images of extraordinary beauty and purity of design who throw you into an ecstasy of prayer and a trance of peace when they look at you, as no Christian iconography can.

I said to the pundit who showed me round "Those images are surely gods, are they not?" "Not at all" he said, "they are statues of certain very wise men of the Jains." This was obvious nonsense; so I pointed out that a man kneeling in the shrine (having first washed himself from head to foot) was clearly praying to a god. "Pooh!" said the pundit with enormous contempt, "he is only a heathen idolator."

It is in these temples that you escape from the frightful parochiality of our little sects of Protestants and Catholics, and recognize the idea of God everywhere, and understand how the people who struggled hardest to establish the unity of God made the greatest number of fantastically different images of it, producing on us the effect of a crude polytheism.

Then comes the effort to humanize these images. The archaic Minerva becomes the very handsome and natural Venus of Milo. The Cimabue colossus becomes the wet nurse. Bellini's favorite model becomes as well known to us in her blue hood as any popular actress. Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Correggio (once, in the dome in Parma) lift these leading ladies, these stars of the studio, for a moment out of the hopelessly common; but on the whole, wisdom is with the Jains.

I have been getting into trouble by backing up a proposal to give Christ's Cathedral in Dublin to the Catholics, leaving St. Patrick's to the Protestants. The two cathedrals are in a poor neighborhood within a stone's throw of one another. St. Patrick's was restored by Guinness the brewer, Christ's by Roe the distiller. The drunkenness of the poor Catholics paid for both: why should they not have at least one?

But my own individual opinion is that cathedrals should be for all men, and not for this or that sect.

By this time we have passed the equator, and it is time for me to stop blaspheming.

Bless you, dear Laurentia.

G. Bernard Shaw

Their second duel left not the slightest trace of resentment on either side. Within a few months Dame Laurentia, who had been very ill that year, was welcoming G.B.S. at Stanbrook and giving proof once more of how much she valued "the friendship of this great and dear man" as she put it. The letter he wrote just after his visit in 1935 suggests in its air of gay insouciance something of their mutual sympathy and complete understanding.

Malvern, August 30, 1935

Dearest Sister Laurentia

You cannot imagine how delighted I was to find you shining all your radiance before the cloud of illness came upon you. If ever I write an opera libretto, it will be rather like *Die Zauberflöte;* but I shall call it *The Merry Abbess.*

As I drove back here it was a magically lovely evening, or seemed so to me. I felt ever so much the better for your blessing. There are some people who, like Judas Iscariot, have to be damned as a matter of heavenly business; . . . but if I try to sneak into paradise behind you they will be too glad to see you to notice me. . . .

I promised to send that handsome young Dom Basil a book, and have actually bought it for him; but for the moment I have mislaid the address he gave me. It will turn up presently.

Always your

Brother Bernard

He continued to send autographed copies of books, and from this time onwards his always vivacious letters are pervaded with an attractive note of gentle serenity. In 1944 he dispatched his latest production, *Everybody's Political What's What?* with this letter written on the title-page: —

Ayot Saint Laurence, September 4, 1944

I hope this will not arrive late for your Diamond Jubilee tomorrow. It is too late for mine by twenty years; I was eightyeight last month but one. The saint who called me to the religious life when I was eighteen was Shelley.

But you have lived the religious life: I have only talked and written about it.

You ask me how I am. I must reply, the better for your prayers; for, deaf, and doddering and dotty as I inevitably am at my age, I am astonishingly well, much weller than I was a year ago.

Look at my portrait: it was taken this year. You would still know me if you met me. I wish you could. I count my days at Stanbrook among my happiest.

G. Bernard Shaw

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Author of numerous books and articles, SIDNEY W. DEAN *was managing editor of the* Boston Herald; *then he went to New York, where he edited technical and trade publications for many years. His two books of travel,* We Fell in Love with Quebec *and* All the Way by Water, *are based on ten summers of small-boat cruising with his wife along the St. Lawrence River. He was a noteworthy trout fisherman, a redoubtable yachtsman, and a truly great amateur cook.* Square Meals, *his cookbook which contains everything that he found necessary to his prowess in seven decades of tireless kitcheneering, is now being prepared for posthumous publication.*

THIS HOMOGENIZED WORLD

by SIDNEY W. DEAN

FRIENDS of ours, a married pair with daughters of eight and four, accepted an invitation to two months' occupancy of a grandiose country mansion that would otherwise have to be shut up. They found its mammoth refrigerator stocked with a good many containers of cream. The young mother, besides being one to take her maternal responsibilities hard, had had the education of a food chemist, and she said to herself: "Why not let the children watch all this lovely unusable cream being turned into three pounds or so of the best sweet dairy butter, and so pick up some cardinal facts of life in a form that they will never forget?" She explained what was afoot, got the two into a pleasant glow about the impending miracle, and emptied all the containers into one of those little trick churns that are made for just such uses. And then she cranked.

She and the eight-year-old cranked, turn and turn about, for quite a while. The four-year-old developed affairs elsewhere and slid away. Presently her sister lost ambition and drifted off. The two revisited the kitchen at intervals to check up on results, but the intervals lengthened, and so did the faces. The butter would not begin to come — not even for the standard expedient of setting the churn in a pan of warmish water.

The mother found herself getting slightly grim, churning fast and faster and in the end sprouting a blister on her right hand. Maybe it was the blister that finally goaded her into an overlooked thought process. Anyway she fished one of the containers out of the waste and had a look at what was printed on it.

It was homogenized cream.

Homogenization is one of those sharp ideas that cut both ways. It is the sort of idea that the American purveyor, having once glimpsed its possibilities, is never able to get enough of. Having discovered homogenization as a way of making minimum-standard milk seem better than it is, he started applying the process to other commodities with the same hope. Time was when the owner of a good Guernsey or two gloried in cream that could be skimmed off the setting pans in leathery sheets that would not pour and had to be scraped off the skimmer with a knife; at the right temperature it would be butter in a fraction of a minute. Homogenized, it will pour, all right; it will be butter never; and there is certainly nothing about it to glory in. Superiority is traded for convenience; and then we plume ourselves on the convenience as the very definition of superiority.

Lard, I notice, has almost ceased to represent itself as pure leaf; we are growing a generation of cooks that will have to appeal to dictionaries to find out what "leaf lard" ever meant. Most of the commonly available lard now vaunts itself as homogenized; and even as the homogenized cream will not make butter, so the homogenized lard will not make piecrust. That is, it will not make anything definable as piecrust by the canons of accomplished cooks who have inherited their definitions from the horse-and-buggy era that gave me mine. This stricture the modern packer would demolish by retorting that no one expects to make piecrust with lard any more. He is 80 per cent right — and he is stating one of the reasons why a truly Grade A pie is now almost a museum piece. His homogenization of lard is the most efficient way in the world to make his retort 100 per cent right except for the farms that still try out their own.

It has also become fairly hard to run down a pound of peanut butter not homogenized. When some of us first bought peanut butter, perhaps as

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young parents intent on doing the whole duty of man by school luncheons, we waited for it to be ground out of dark, medium, or light peanuts freshly roasted, with salt to taste. The homogenized article of this decade is much smoother. It spreads ideally at any reasonable temperature. It never separates or has to be laboriously remixed. Nobody has to do any waiting for it. It has, in short, every merit that can be put into words, except one: edibility.

That point of excellence it would be captious, frivolous, almost un-American to insist on, with huge corporations spending huge sums to explain to us with patient and benevolent iteration how much better they have made the homogenized product than anything known before. All such homogenized staples are undoubtedly with us to stay. For a while they will be put to the expensive effort of outshouting us few eccentrics who find them degraded almost beyond use; but presently they will not even have to shout, for they will have outstayed the last of the carpers. This is the regulation process whereby the worse proves that it is the better and, indeed, the best. Let it but hold out for a season, and it will be the best to be had. Survival is, after all, the unanswerable argument, and a commodity need not even argue when it has outlived the last of us that can bear witness to our own experience of something better.

Homogenizing things is, of course, a narrowed application of an idea that is one of the prime operative principles of our day: the idea of standardization. And "standardization" is one of the subtlest, trickiest weasel words ever coined. It enters a tacit claim to have glorified whatever product it is applied to; it asserts that something has been graded upward toward an ideal of supernal austerity. What it means in practice is that excellences a little difficult to attain are tossed overboard for the sake of practical advantages easy to attain on a quantity-production scale. Whatever is standardized is compromised, and a compromise is always downward in at least some particulars. What it means in connection with the products that we eat and the ingredients that we cook with is the surrender of an inconvenient superiority in return for a convenient uniformity at a lower level.

Consider flour. When I was a boy, what was in the flour barrel was of hard winter wheat, and it was such as nobody could duplicate nowadays short of growing the wheat and milling the flour himself. Cake and pastry flour was a radically different affair, made out of the soft spring wheat; you can get an approximation of it today in toy-sized packages under revolting brand names at premium prices, with some of the better constituents replaced by chemical substitutes. Today the dominant tendency is toward the so-called family or all-purpose flour, purveyed with claims to being as good for bread and rolls as for pies and cakes. Now, a flour that is pretty good for everything is self-evidently some distance from the best possible for anything. The cook knows, with today's flour, just about what she is getting and just about what it will do, and for that security she pays with sacrifice of the higher niceties; whereas the housewife of aforetime was chronically moaning that the current barrel was not so good as the previous one, or congratulating herself on having struck an unusually fine supply. It is certain, though unprovable, that the average of the little domestic bread still made is higher than the average of a lifetime ago, thanks to this comparative uniformity, but that the best of former times was at a height well above anything attainable with the flour now to be had. In the interest of better cooking for everybody, we preclude the very best for anybody.

A good many of these modern improvements by compromise have to be philosophically swallowed as foreordained answers to the rapid increase of population, the swarming to cities, the disappearance of kitchens and of storage room, cooking with metered fuels, and other downward-standardizing factors. But is there any reason why we should tolerate improvements that improve nonessentials and destroy essentials? Is it a virtue to applaud size, transportability, and keeping qualities got at the expense of characteristic flavor in a strawberry or a blueberry? Does not jelly made by an addition of pectin that turns it into India rubber, or of sugar that makes it revoltingly sweet, richly earn our contempt and the remark that the fruit should have been used for decent jam in the first place? The general replacement of white sweet corn by yellow is indefensible except as a growers' fad; and when we accept, for white corn meal from millstones, yellow meal ground (and virtually precooked) by high-speed steel machinery, we are accepting sheer gratuitous degradation.

A limit of perversion very hard to exceed — but nevertheless exceeded in the smoke-curing of ham and bacon by chemical injection — is attained in the tricks of plant genetics played on the latter-day tomato in the interest of size, appearance, comparative seedlessness, and the other talking points dearest to quantity distributors. The tomato — so runs the seedsman's boast — has been made completely nonacid; that is, largely devoid of tomato taste and of all taste. This signal triumph of plant breeding is comparable to improving the hardness out of a diamond or the humor out of a joke.

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THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf

THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD WEEKS

THE River Test as it flows through the village of Stockbridge is the most famous and exacting trout stream in the British Isles, and it was there that I went for my initiation this spring. If ever there was a river made to order for anglers, this is it. It is a chalk stream and spring-fed, which means that there is a cold flow of water even on the hottest summer days. The banks had been freshly cut on the day of my arrival in early May, which meant that the fish — the brown trout and the rainbows — had an alarming view of anyone who stood erect at the water's edge. The stream itself is gin clear, and the current moves at a perfect pace for a dry fly.

I was lucky to be there, for the Beats (approximately four hundred yards of the main river and its attending sluiceways) in the vicinity of Stockbridge are booked solid from the end of April to the first of July, so I was told by Miss Kay Potts when I telephoned to ask permission.

"Well, Miss Potts," I said, "I shall be praying that one of your members may come down with an unexpected attack of measles while I am still in London. If this happens, will you please be sure to telephone me? I shall be praying hard."

That was on Tuesday, and on Thursday morning there she was. "Your prayers have been answered," she said. "One of our partners has just telephoned to say that he must go off to the hospital for a check-up, and he has released four and a half days for the week of May 7."

Since those were days when I was supposed to be seeing authors and publishers in London, my conscience would not let me play hooky for them all, but I did reserve Beat No. 5 for the evening fishing Monday and Beat No. 8 for the whole of Tuesday.

A cultivated English chalk stream has nothing quite like it in America. The Test, which is seldom wider than forty yards, is here controlled by a system of weirs so that the depth of the stream is fairly constant; and breaking off from the main current are shallow, narrow canals forming small marshy islands before they rejoin. This means that there will be good pools at either end of the island and that the brown trout, who seldom move from their favorite lairs, will be dimpling the water at regular intervals when the time comes for them to feed on the new hatch of flies. They are late risers and are seldom hungry before 11 A.M. The evening hatch of flies will be the big one, and the finest fishing, when the water is really roiled, comes after sunset.

The evening before my initiation had been blustering and cold with no hatch whatever, but that blessed Tuesday was full of sun; the wind had shifted to the southwest with just enough of a ripple to help the upstream casts of the amateur. My wife and I took a packed lunch and left it and our extra sweaters in the shade of a big willow. I had Beat No. 8, which is a perfect beauty, with a big island with good pools at either end, and the fast water going under the bridge to Longstock and emptying into a wide, spacious pool with a narrow aisle runoff to the south of the bridge. This I decided to reserve until after sunset. Meantime I fished the island and by 11:30 it was a problem which rings to follow. For the fish were rising in number. They were bottom-feeding, showing their fins and tails, and they paid no attention whatever to Mr. Lunn's Particular. So I shifted to the Blue Upright and had three good strikes in the next fifteen minutes, each one of which I failed to hook.

I was striking too fast, and when Mr. Mott, the head keeper and a great gentleman, came by, he said, "Why they really seem to have discovered the Blue Upright. Now let me show you."

And show me he did. He pulled up his boots and he got me down on my knees, and since my Wellingtons were short and the banks very wet, I was soon well soaked. (I was to pay for this with three days of stiff rheumatism, but no matter.) He showed me where to place the fly, and he also showed me how to hold my breath until I'd said to myself, "God save — the *Queen!*" and then hit. Together we netted two good fish before lunch, the larger being two pounds two ounces, and the other one pound twelve ounces, and I took another brace of about the same size in the gloaming.

One good fish was feeding beside the gunwale of a boat moored to the bank. It was an impossible cast to bring the fly over him with the wind blowing into the boat, but when I suggested casting it down-

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stream, "Oh, I wouldn't do that," said Mr. Mott. "You see, sir, the Test is for upstream dry-fly fishing only."

Of the fish I lost, I remember best a great green and silver cruiser who came out from under a bank and showed me his whole perpendicular beauty as he rose straight up to turn and close on the fly. I shall sleep with that picture for some months to come.

No fishing day is complete without at least one good bumble; I made several, and the best as dark was coming on. I had been fishing the lovely capacious pool under the bridge, fishing the shallows into which the trout had moved after sunset. One strong fish had been hooked and netted, and he was such a beauty that after applying the priest to him I left him lying there in my net on the grass while I drifted back to look at the water. A small disturbance was going on in the shallow canal to my left. I had been drying my fly with false casts, and now without much thinking about it I let it fall in the little runoff. There was an explosion and I realized that I was into a bigger fish with my net hopelessly beyond reach. The fish and I played each other up and down the bank; he showed no signs of exhaustion, and this might have gone on until dawn if the English angler and his wife who had the Beat below me had not suddenly made their appearance crossing the weir. "Would you, like a good guy, loan me your net?" I called.

He came running, and after a certain amount of sputter the trout came ashore. "But you really should carry your net with you," admonished the Brigadier, after he had weighed my prize. "Otherwise you may find it rather awkward." Yes.

In the gorge

A Single Pebble by **John Hersey** (Knopf, $3.00) is a rewarding novel; it is clearly thought and beautifully projected on the screen of the imagination with a word choice which reminds me of Willa Cather. It makes good the promise he gave us in his war novels. And symbolically it induces what is rather rare in books these days: a feeling of humility toward the East.

It is the story of the Yangtze River in China and of a long boat trip made in the upper gorges of the Yangtze by an American engineer, a youthful dam surveyor who has been sent out in the 1920s to explore the possibilities of a vast power project. He makes the trip to Ichang, the gate of the gorges, on a British gunboat, for a thousand miles the river wide and sluggish, the landscape flat. Then because of the bandits and revolutionaries he transships to a Chinese junk for the final, hazardous two hundred miles, and his initiation begins. The junk is one hundred and two feet over-all, with a nineteen-foot beam, built of tough cypress, with a cargo of cotton and a crew of forty-odd trackers to tow it through the gorges.

The engineer (who is the narrator) is young and cocky and very full of all he knows. He looks down on the Old Big, the owner of the junk, who is too niggardly to employ a pilot. He has compassion — with a little sex — for Su-ling, whom he first mistakes for the daughter of the owner and who with her magical soft voice gradually reveals to him the timeless poetry of the river; and he is mystified and rather antagonized by Old Pebble, the head tracker, a strong, passionate man of the river, who guides their destinies and with his singing sets the rhythm and lifts the morale. "The trackers, doing the work of animals," writes Mr. Hersey, "sustained their hard hours by listening to antique melodies and fantasies which the head tracker constantly sang as he, too, tugged at the top end of the towline. They marked time for his songs with a repeated unison cry at the moment when all of them together planted each footstep: 'Ayah! . . . Ayah! . . .' This rhythmic work-cry had an indescribably poignant sound. The head tracker's formal title as a crewman was Noise Suppressor. With a thread of sweet song he was supposed to suppress the groan-shout that marked each painful step. He sang songs of an incongruous beauty, that were like dreams — of palaces and of roasted doves' wings and of the daughter of the mist laying her cheek and her love on a prince's pillow; while they, hauling, protested: 'Ayah! . . . Ayah! . . .'"

Old Pebble is young enough to attract Su-ling; he is given to sudden rages when things go wrong, and he resents the condescension of the American. His temper is something to see.

The engineer is any one of us entering an ancient, alien country in the conceit of our supremacy and knowledge; we take it for granted that the old lore will be superstitious and ignorant, and only when we become dependent on the natives and see, as Mr. Hersey makes us see, the fearful power of that rising water in the gorges, only then do we begin to understand and respect the tenacity and the loyalty which fear change and hate the magic of our money. The author never labors the point, for the narrative runs as swift and compelling as the stream in the gorge. But he makes it clear that in learning humility the engineer has come of age.

The days of the frigate

In ***The Age of Fighting Sail*** (Doubleday, $5.00) **C. S. Forester,** father of Captain Hornblower and great narrator of the sea, has told the story of the naval War of 1812, and a thrilling and audacious story it is — an odds-against-odds struggle, a David and Goliath in which the American David had as his captains such conspicuously able seamen as Decatur and Hull, Bainbridge and Rodgers, Lawrence and Porter, and Isaac Chauncey.

The story begins on the usual note of American unpreparedness. Although the Madison Administration was clearly headed for war, Congress refused

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Noblesse Oblige

NANCY MITFORD

EDITOR

The social pastime that has kept England agog for months has now leapt the Atlantic and is demoralizing Americans everywhere: How to tell the Upper Classes from the Non-Upper Classes by ear —and at sight.

Participants in this clam-bake (very "non-U") include Evelyn Waugh, Christopher Sykes, John Betjeman and Miss Mitford; the opening pitch (how "non-U" can U get?) comes from the hand of Russell Lynes, author of SNOBS; and there are 11 cartoon comments by Osbert Lancaster. $3.00

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Theodore Roosevelt

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PAUL R. CUTRIGHT

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to vote funds for any ships of the line; frigates would be enough for us, and not too many of them. Fortunately, as Mr. Forester points out, the building of the American ships — the *Constitution*, the *President*, and the *United States* — was entrusted to Joshua Humphreys, who combined originality with professional ability and who constructed within the limitations a frigate more powerful than any yet thought of.

It was also fortunate that the war broke out at the hour of England's pride — the hour when pride was growing into vanity and when the Admiralty seemed possessed by a "semi-religious confidence in the national destiny." The Cabinet, watching Bonaparte on his way to Moscow and Wellington in his crucial campaign in the Peninsula, gave little thought to the American Navy's dash and enterprise and none whatever to the possibility of the swift conversion of our merchant fleet to privateering. Wellington with more prescience saw what was coming, and when American privateers working off the Portsmouth coast captured British cavalry and ammunition, he wrote in protest: "If they only take the ship with our shoes, we must halt for six weeks."

In the meantime, the frigates, superbly handled, built up a series of five unbroken victories, the first rude defeats suffered by British captains after twenty years of continuous winning. It came as a shock to London, and the author lets us in most amusingly on the bickering and anger of the countermeasures.

Few writers at any time have told of sea action so well, and the blood is stirred by Mr. Forester's account of the early fights: of Hull's masterly handling of the *Constitution* when, broadside to broadside, he subdued the *Guerrière* in fifteen minutes; of how the *United States* under cool Decatur dismasted the *Macedonian*, took her surrender, rerigged the captive, and sailed her into Newport with the Stars and Stripes flying over the British ensign; of the *Hornet's* destruction of the *Peacock* ("eggshells armed with hammers"), the British brig a shambles, the American sloop hardly scarred; and of the *Wasp's* destruction of the *Frolic* at the range of half a pistol shot. In words like these Mr. Forester tells of the fighting: "They were rolling until their gun muzzles were sometimes under water and the spray flung up between the ships drenched them both, and amid the spray and smoke and confusion the gunners, bending with their rammers as they loaded, felt the outboard end of their rammers strike the side of the other ship across the gap as the ships rolled toward each other."

There is only one difference from the Biblical analogy — the British Goliath did not lie down forever, as the merciless blockade and the heavy losses suffered later by the *Chesapeake* and the *President* were to show.

BOOKS
The Editors Like

Fiction

THE VICARIOUS YEARS ***by John van Druten.*** (Scribner's, $3.00.) An easy, elegant surface doesn't obscure some shrewd and even malicious truths about literary life and temperament in this autobiographical (or is it?) novel about a beginning writer.

THE STORIES OF LIAM O'FLAHERTY. (Devin-Adair, $5.00.) These sad, lyrical, powerful stories reflect the predicament of men in any society, the simplicity of the rural Irish setting to which they are largely confined only increasing the effect of the complicated overtones.

LANDSCAPE WITH DEAD DONS ***by Robert Robinson.*** (Rinehart, $3.00.) Satirical wit, the oddities of academic Oxford, and an outrageous burlesque climax more than make up for a couple of gaps in the plot of this eccentric mystery.

REMEMBER THE HOUSE ***by Santha Rama Rau.*** (Harper, $3.00.) The troubles of a Hindu girl in choosing among traditional values and new opportunities in modern India; not nearly as solemn as the summarized theme suggests, thanks to warm and spirited writing.

THE RIPENING SEED ***by Colette.*** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.00.) Two very young lovers and their disconcerted fumbling between childhood and maturity, described with Colette's usual delicate insight and including large chunks of the French countryside which she pictures so beautifully when she chooses.

FANTASY AND FUGUE ***by Roy Fuller.*** (Macmillan, $2.75.) A neurotic who suspects himself of murder tells of his confused attempts to clear up the situation without knowing what it really is. Off-beat suspense, and good.

Wild Country

JOURNEY FROM THE ARCTIC ***by D. C. Brown.*** (Knopf, $4.50.) The author made a purposeless winter trip, on horseback, across northern Scandinavia. Nothing much happened, but his unaccountable project proves oddly fascinating.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WILD ***by Dr. William J. Long.*** (Doubleday, $4.00.) Observations of wild animals, conversational, unpretentious, direct, and delightful to anyone with a taste for watching, and trying to outwit, wild creatures.

HUNZA ***by John Clark.*** (Funk & Wagnalls, $5.00.) The geologist author tried to introduce medicine, new crops, woodworking, and wheels into a remote kingdom behind Pakistan. The collision between the twentieth century and the late Stone Age raises quite a dust, intellectual and political.

EXPLORING AMERICAN CAVES ***by Franklin Folsom.*** (Crown, $5.00.) Everything an amateur could want to know about caves and how to get acquainted with them is neatly covered here, with pictures, but it's no reading for claustrophobes.

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Reader's Choice

BY

PHOEBE ADAMS

THANKS to the high level of scientific detachment and technical precision that prevails today in poetic criticism, it is quite possible to read a fifty-page essay in which Mr. X, critic, tells everything about the works of Mr. Y, poet, except whether he likes them. The emphasis is all on the poet's methods; what they achieve is regarded as very nearly irrelevant. In ***The Crowning Privilege*** (Doubleday, $5.00), **Robert Graves,** himself a poet of stature, has abandoned this system, and his shameless reversion to the antique fashion of judging a poet by the pleasure to be had from reading his work comes with all the shock of novelty.

Mr. Graves is a scandalous reactionary, disrespectful, cantankerous, witty, wily, and fascinating. "It was naughty of Johnson," he observes, while discussing *Lycidas* with aversion, "to pretend that 'the diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, the numbers unpleasing': the sound of the poem is magnificent; only the sense is deficient." The complaint would be fair enough if Mr. Graves had not previously demolished Wordsworth by studiously quoting from his worst poems without mentioning a line of his best. This is naughty of Mr. Graves, but what fun it is to watch him lay about among the poets without fear, favor, or consistency.

The first half of *The Crowning Privilege* is occupied by six lectures which Mr. Graves delivered at Trinity College, Cambridge. They cover the nature of the poet's gift, the proper attitude toward it, the history of poetry, the origin of English metres, what a poet is entitled to expect of his audience, and the current state of the art. Readers who recall that strange and wonderful book, *The White Goddess*, will not be surprised by Mr. Graves's opinions; others had better brace themselves for a voice from another world.

Mr. Graves believes in the goddess, the Muse, the angel-devil-mistress for whom all true poets sing, as literally as ever Homer did; he regards poetic ability as a divine gift which only a churl would try to convert into money; he defines the poet's duty as a continual polishing of the technique of his art in order to set down as clearly as possible what the goddess chooses to confide to him. At first glance, this mystical position seems to give every poet a free hand, since who is to deny that the Muse told him exactly what he says she did? In practice, Mr. Graves has no hesitation in belaboring his colleagues for garbling the message or, worse yet, pretending to acquaintance with a Muse that knows them not.

Once his stand is made clear, Mr. Graves's judgments are logical, if sometimes unexpected. "A poet's public consists of those who happen to be close enough to him, in education and environment and imaginative vision, to be able to catch both the overtones and the undertones of his poetic statements. And unless he despises his fellow men, he will not deny them the pleasure of reading what he has written while inspired by the Muse. . . ." It follows that Mr. Graves has small patience with such whimsical obscurities as Ezra Pound's fragments of Chinese or the unique spiritualist cosmography of William Butler Yeats. *A Vision,* Yeats's final explanation of the universal myth revealed to him through his wife's automatic writing, has been reissued, and the crossword-puzzle refinements of this private symbolic system, necessarily devoid of any emotional connotations for the reader, form a striking contrast to Mr. Graves's insistence on lucidity and direct emotional effect.

Agree with him or not, Mr. Graves is always interesting. He covers a number of things besides poetry in the second half of the book, rambling through history, anthropology, and comparative religion; reconstructing the original meaning of nonsense rhymes; and discoursing on the asphodel, a sadly neglected plant until it caught his eye. Immensely learned, subscribing to no school of poetry or criticism, Mr. Graves is a lone wolf; but many readers will be comforted by his stand. He once asked a student what poems she enjoyed most, and "she answered with dignity: 'Poems are not meant to be enjoyed; they are meant to be analysed.' I hope you do not think that I subscribe to this heresy."

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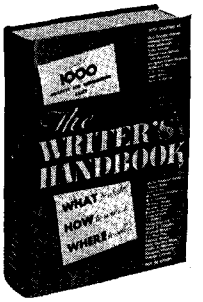

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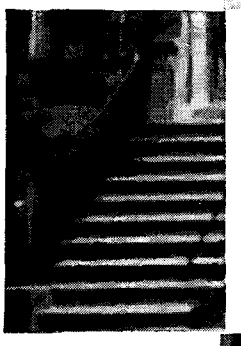

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enjoyed by an audience so large, heterogeneous, and uncritical that the entertainments acquire a general influence out of all proportion to their merit. The main targets of his study, ***The Public Arts*** (Simon and Schuster, $3.95), are, naturally, radio and television, which he believes have such power today over the public that "they impose on us the positive obligation to control and direct them," and his conclusion is that something must be done soon if we are not to become a nation of panhandlers with no ambition beyond appearing on "The $64,000 Question" and winning a chromium station wagon for ignorance.

The book begins with some chapters on the movies, but they seem to have been included because Mr. Seldes loves movies and loves to write about them. His memories of Garbo and Chaplin make the heart yearn for the days of silent films, but when he moves on to talking pictures, he is just as happy with cowboys and John Huston. Mr. Seldes is a movie buff. He'd like to see more good pictures, but no picture, however bad, can weaken his love for the medium.

His affection for radio and television is more restrained. After discussing his favorite performers and castigating (mildly, for he is a kindly man) his major dislikes, Mr. Seldes settles down to consider what should be done to improve and expand both types of entertainment. He argues that broadcasting stations, licensed to operate over the air, which is certainly public property, are obligated to serve the public in a way that the press, operating with privately owned machinery and selling its product cash down, has never been. This is a good point, and Mr. Seldes's ideas of what public service involves are sound.

He wants better programs, of course, but also more varied programs, more educational programs, more experimentation, and more channels in use. It sounds fine. Unhappily, Mr. Seldes knows only too well the reasons why these wants are not supplied, and they all boil down to money. He would never put the matter so crudely, but his voluminous details about internetwork raids and lobbying with the FCC speak for themselves. Everybody concerned with broadcasting is out, first, to make money for himself and, second, to prevent his rivals from making any at all. The object is not to provide what the public wants or needs, but to persuade the public to accept what the broadcaster is in a position to provide cheaply or safely or both.

The dismal situation is presented clearly. As to what should be done about it, Mr. Seldes is disappointingly vague. He suggests a "pooling of interests" and mentions "the rich foundations" and "the managers of all our cultural institutions," evidently having in mind a campaign of moral pressure. It would be pleasant to believe in the success of such a campaign, but it's difficult. Big business has never been susceptible to moral pressure without legal pressure behind it. And the public arts are very big business indeed.

Sights and symbols

Beasts and Men (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $3.50) is a collection of stories translated from the French, for which **Pierre Gascar,** the author, received both the Prix Goncourt and the Prix de Critiques. The enthusiasm of the French critics is perfectly understandable. Mr. Gascar writes brilliantly, balancing details which suggest, in their precision and plausibility, literal reporting, with images and metaphors that have the unexpected, shocking rightness of poetry. He has in addition hit upon a virtually new way of telling a story.

The beasts and men of Mr. Gascar's stories move in their separate, circumscribed ways (all the humans and most of the animals are under some species of involuntary restraint) and the collision of these mutually uncomprehending worlds throws sparks that illuminate, obliquely, the themes of fear, violence, and death. In "The Horses" a nervous corporal, simultaneously frightened and bored almost to insanity, drives the animals in his care to the anarchic defiance of authority of which he is not capable, and which the horses cannot appreciate. The Russian prisoners in "The Animals" are reduced to the level of the menagerie quartered near them, competing with the sad bear and the mangy tiger for food. "The Dogs" is a subtle study of the effects of danger and violence, both real and imaginary, through the actions of soldiers engaged in training dogs for war service.

In these three stories it is the action of the beasts that reveals the minds of the men. "Gaston," a longer story, is more orthodox. It begins as an exciting, sourly funny account of an inefficient municipality trying to cope

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with an invasion of rats and giving way to panicky anthropomorphism when the rats prove irrepressible. This bizarre tale presently reveals itself as a spine-chilling political allegory, powerful and perfectly direct.

The last item in the collection is a novelette, "The Season of the Dead," and it has nothing to do with animals at all. Some French prisoners of war at a German camp in the Ukraine are permitted to make and maintain a cemetery for the camp dead. With nothing else to amuse it, the cemetery crew develops a mild cult of death, decorating the graves elaborately and coming to view the whole operation as a pleasant formality, a distraction from the miseries of confinement. When the Germans round up the local Jews for execution and the crowded freight cars clank by the camp and later come back empty, death becomes a real and terrible enemy.

As Mr. Gascar develops his sidelights and subplots, new meanings keep appearing like facets of an irregular crystal, and the reader must decide for himself which, if any, is to be taken as final. One thing is decidedly clear, however, in all these fine, grim stories. The force behind them is not murky neurotic sensibility, but indomitable clearheadedness.

Hammock reading

Patrick Dennis, author of that amusing nonsense, *Auntie Mame,* has now produced a piece of hammock reading called ***Guestward Ho!*** (Vanguard, $3.50) on behalf of Barbara Hooton. Mrs. Hooton, the reluctant proprietress of a dude ranch, told Mr. Dennis all about her troubles. He has worked like a horse to make the story funny. Because of Mr. Dennis's liveliness, parts of *Guestward Ho!* are funny. The calamitous procession of servants, all with light fingers and heavy thirsts, has been well worn, but he gets surprising mileage out of it. The gilded Jaguar in the swimming pool is a beguiling touch, and he manages a savagely comic sketch of a group of professional refugees. These episodes are hardly enough for a book, though. *Guestward Ho!* is about 75 per cent padding.

Some time ago **Nancy Mitford,** wit, novelist, biographer of Madame Pompadour, and daughter of an earl, published a piece on the English aristocracy in which she alternately kissed and cuffed the peerage. The English still love their lords, or at least love discussing them, and Miss

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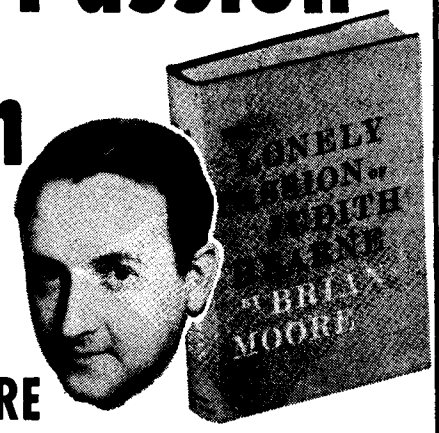

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Mitford stirred up a neat little civil war. ***Noblesse Oblige*** (Harper, $3.00) is a partial report on the hostilities to date, containing Miss Mitford's opening barrage plus various replies, footnotes, and the illustrations of Osbert Lancaster.

What set off the Donnybrook was not Miss Mitford's disrespectful analysis of English character, her unloving sketch of the Fortinbras family, or even her claim that the English aristocracy is not half as poor as it pretends. It was simply U, which Miss Mitford didn't even invent. She borrowed this useful term from a language scholar, Alan Ross, who in publishing his findings on certain British speech habits used U for upper class and non-U for anything else. Professor Ross's paper follows Miss Mitford's essay, enlarging on what she has already mentioned in passing.

Dinner: U-speakers eat *luncheon* in the middle of the day and *dinner* in the evening. Non-U speakers (also U-children and U-dogs) have their *dinner* in the middle of the day.

Greens is non-U for U vegetables.

Home: non-U — "they have a lovely *home*"; U — "they've a very nice *house.*"

Mental: non-U for U *mad.*

Wealthy: non-U for U *rich.*

There are many more of these delicate distinctions which, while of small practical value here in the colonies, make diverting reading.

Miss Mitford's countrymen, enormously excited by these revelations, have rushed in with amplification, explanation, and outrage. Evelyn Waugh, sounding a bit testy, carries the examination of U-behavior far beyond Miss Mitford's generalities, creating a whole cast of U-eccentrics operating by inherited or adopted rules peculiar to themselves but unknown to their peers, because "You might find almost anyone in a ducal castle — convalescents, penurious cousins, advisory experts, sycophants, gigolos and plain blackmailers. The one thing you could be sure of not finding was a concourse of other dukes."

While Mr. Waugh undermines the universal U-concept, "Strix" and Christopher Sykes add examples in related fields. Mr. Sykes on the use of the U-umbrella is sheer joy. Unfortunately, the joke is carried on a trifle too long, and there is an undercurrent of bad temper in all these pieces, bar Professor Ross's, which was written before the storm broke. *Noblesse Oblige* is never half as amusing as the issue *Punch* devoted to the question under the title of, inevitably, *Snoblesse Oblige.*

Tiffany Thayer's five-foot shelf

In ***Mona Lisa*** (Dial, $12.50), **Tiffany Thayer** has written what he claims is the longest novel ever concocted by anybody, the three boxed volumes currently available being merely the first installment of what will probably go down in history as Tiffany Thayer's five-foot shelf.

Back in the thirties Mr. Thayer wrote a number of successful books which were, in their treatment of sex, close kin to the stage performances of Mae West. Miss West is tougher, though, for Mr. Thayer retains that first fine careless rapture and goes at the subject in the spirit of a small boy smoking stolen cigarettes behind the woodshed.

Some fifteen years ago, Mr. Thayer decided to write a novel about Mona Lisa, and discovered history. He also discovered that romantic historical novels rarely tell the truth. So he began what must have been, for all his flippant references to it, a monumental and completely serious piece of research. Unfortunately, the research got the better of him. He forgot that while it's the historian's business to know his field thoroughly, it's the historical novelist's duty to know it adequately and then leave out 80 per cent of his knowledge. Mr. Thayer, possessed by the demon of unaccustomed scholarship, has put in everything, and at the end of volume three his alleged heroine has not yet been born.

A great deal else has happened, though. A cast of thousands wars and wenches around fifteenth-century Naples while the young Prince of Taranto tries to wrest control of the kingdom from his nymphomaniac aunt. Battles and beds crop up on every page, politics and banditry (the terms are synonymous) riot uncontrolled, and it would take the patience of a saint to read through this disorganized and incomprehensible uproar.

Mr. Thayer is capable of fine work with a simple brawl involving no more than two or three hundred people, and he has moments of wild burlesque that prove he has studied Rabelais to some purpose. These occasional merits are no compensation for the monotonous persistence of confusion, triviality, and an affectedly naughty style.

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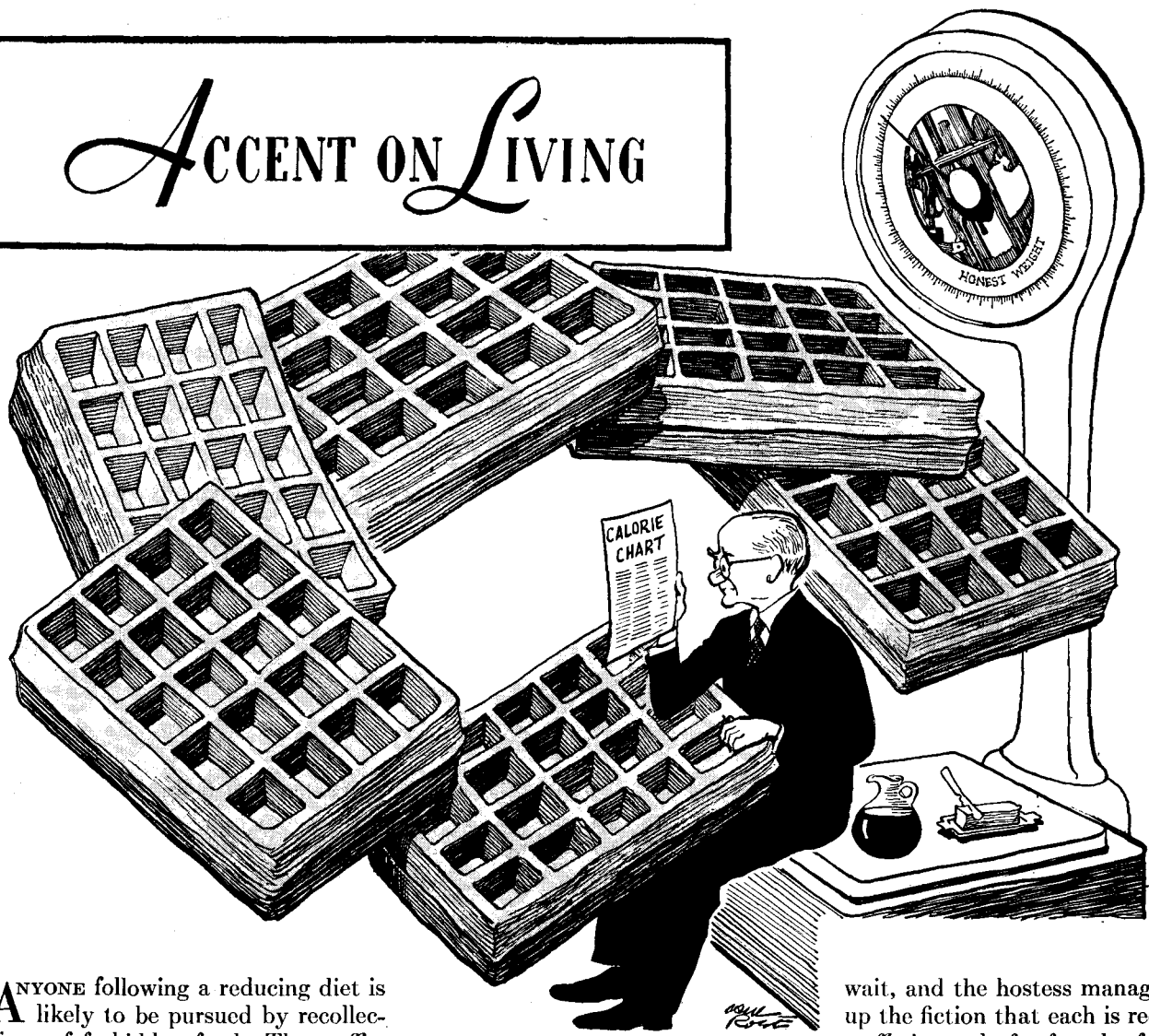
ACCENT ON LIVING



ANYONE following a reducing diet is likely to be pursued by recollections of forbidden food. The waffle, for instance, has no great status on the ordinary menu; a household may go for months nowadays without anything like a waffle, no matter how convenient the ready-made mix. I hate to admit it, but I believe the waffle mix produces just as good waffles as the big sifting and folding and whites-and-yolks jobs in the cookbooks. Even so, a man goes along without finding the occasion for waffles, or thinking about it, until, successfully engaged with a diet that all but omits the starches, he is suddenly reminded of waffles. He may put aside the memory for a few days, but then waffles confront him on every hand. If he happens to be reading a cookbook — there is no literature so attractive to a man on a diet as a cookbook — he finds himself in the waffles section and trying to decide whether the buttermilk recipe is better than others; restaurant menus seem to develop an abrupt interest in waffles; the four-color pages in his magazines abound in convincing photographs of waffles. All these phenomena can be made to disappear, and the dieter can rid himself of any future addiction, simply by mixing an excessive quantity of batter and eating as many waffles as he can face. It is quite impossible that they will be as good as he had expected. By the time he has eaten two or three too many, he will be wondering what on earth ever seduced him away from the celery hearts, cottage cheese, etc., etc.

The truth is, of course, that waffles, like homemade doughnuts or griddle cakes or popovers, are only for the immoderate. They are not intended to be eaten sparingly, a fact which seemed lost on most of the hostesses who have ever offered me waffles. The usual technique, at the light potluck supper for which the waffle has seemed appropriate, is to use only one waffle iron and to divide its output into four sections. Each guest is served one section after a considerable wait, and the hostess manages to set up the fiction that each is receiving *a waffle* instead of a fourth of a waffle. Since one of these quarter sections is hardly more than two bites, a man really hungering for waffles is hardly reassured when he hears her asking, "Won't you have another *waffle?* Surely anyone can eat two waffles!" This is the old divide-by-four situation; the guest must realize, also, that six or eight other people must receive their fraction of the waffle before he can decently step up for his second.

My own defense against the quarter waffle was to lie back, completely out of the running, with a view to waiting until everyone else was satisfied, and then settling down to a sheaf of full-size waffles at the finish. I was more or less successful, urging others to go right ahead ("I'll try one later") and being quite the selfless passer of other people's plates. This hypocrisy enabled me on several occasions to do away with fairly large quantities of waffles, uninterruptedly, while the rest of the company went on to salad and coffee. One waffle after another, hot and complete in all four of its

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fourths, duly fell to my extended plate. But like all resistance to established custom, mine was doomed to eventual failure.

The fiasco came one Sunday evening when, despite my experience in getting what I wanted, I allowed my attention to wander from the business in hand. There were a dozen or so other guests, and a high percentage of them were proving to be repeaters, grateful for an extra quarter waffle, and a few of them looking like lasting the route and achieving whole waffles all to themselves. I was especially hungry and a long delay for my clean-up scheme seemed inevitable, so after declining a few preliminary quarters I took a chair on the fringe of things and drifted into conversation.

The next thing I knew, my hostess was handing me a plate of lettuce salad. "Oh, didn't you get any waffles?" she cried, when I modestly suggested that now was the time for me, ever the courteous, the deferential guest, to have my crack at the main dish. "They're all gone!"

It was true. The pitcher of batter had vanished. So had the niggardly little waffle iron. Think nothing of it, I assured the hostess — a mere scratch. The salad — bah! — was all that I ever needed of a Sunday evening.

It was just about ten years ago that we published in these pages an article "Young Hunger," by M. F. K. Fisher, an account of the ravening appetites of young people and their capacity, without effect on jowls or waistline, for limitless quantities of food. The author's purpose was to remind older and sedentary people that the sparse diet of their later years, however elegant, is near starvation for the adolescent who can do away with a chocolate cake and a quart or so of rich milk at 5 P.M. and sit down with gusto for dinner an hour later.

The adolescent trencherman is much like the moth, which consumes blankets, bathing suits, furs and upholstery, overcoats and rugs, and still remains a moth, scarcely able to tip the balance of a jeweler's scales. So it is with the young, who count their waffles by the dozen, spaghetti by the pound, on whom sweets have no more effect than starches, who can butter anything that suits their fancy and remain as gaunt as a greyhound. How pleasurable to have the metabolism of the moth!

CHARLES W. MORTON

WALK ALONE!

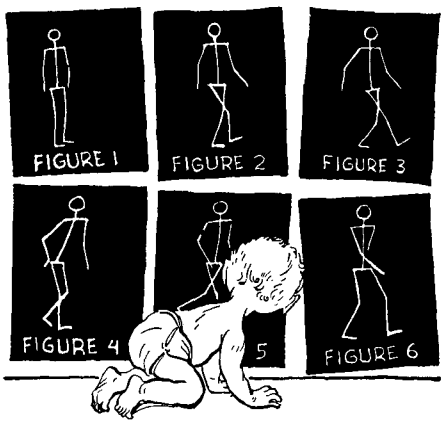
by H. F. ELLIS

H. F. ELLIS *is a Londoner whose light prose has frequently appeared in the* Atlantic. *He is the author, also, of an extraordinarily funny book,* The Vexations of A. J. Wentworth.

NOBODY need doubt that walking is in danger of becoming a lost art. Even the English, whose propensity for walks has long been regarded as only just this side of insanity, nowadays get most of their serious walking over by the age of two, and thereafter, feeling that they have the trick of it, go to endless trouble to engineer other means of transport. It is no uncommon thing for a family to spend a solid hour discussing how they are all going to get to some place which, if they had trusted to their two feet, they would have reached in half that time.

The reason walking has got itself such a bad reputation is that at a very early age it is presented as something that *ought* to be done. "Time for your walk, young man." In the old days the familiar cry rang like the trump of doom through a thousand nurseries, interrupting whatever pleasurable occupation a child was engaged upon. The walk was a daily intrusion on the child's liberty, second only to bedtime as a source of scandalized irritation.

Later on, the walk became a standing reproach to the budding adolescent life: "Why don't you get out for a walk instead of staying indoors?". . . "Know what you'd better do, my boy? You'd better go and walk off that ill temper of yours." . . . Or, most forbidding of all, "Come for a walk. It will do you good." *It will do you good!* No five words in the English language



have such power to stir up a spirit of mulish, heels-in-the-ground resistance. All this is rather a pity. Because, rightly handled, walking can be not merely a tolerable but a downright pleasant occupation.

Walking should be voluntary, uncomplicated, and preferably spur-of-the-moment. This is one of many arguments in favor of walking alone. The potential walk-taker who suggests that somebody accompany him is inviting endless delays. There are preparations to be made, household problems to attend to before leaving. Interminable arguments arise about the wisdom of taking raincoats. Somebody suggests a picnic, and ominous bread-cutting noises come from the kitchen. Plans for the project rise to fever pitch as more and more people become involved, and no one is happier than the man who first suggested it when a cold rain-laden wind springs up and they can all go comfortably to the movies instead.

This is not to say that one should always, in all circumstances, walk alone. But walking with others does have drawbacks. No two people ever want to walk at precisely the same pace. When the track divides there must be consultation, and no certainty at the end of it that each would not rather have taken the other fork. Where one walker desires to lean over a gate and look at cows, the other is for pressing on; or worse, both may be for leaning and looking but neither care to be the first to mention it.

The man who walks by himself is a free agent. He turns left or right, halts or continues, entirely as the whim of the moment dictates. If he feels inclined to sit for an hour on a fallen tree trunk and contemplate nature, or nothing, he is at liberty

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to do so. The essence of enjoyable walking is that it should be unregimented. There must be nothing rushed about it. And it is worth remembering that in walking, he travels the slowest who travels alone.

Freedom from talk is one of the supreme boons of walking alone. Solitude and silence are rare enough to be surprisingly enjoyable once in a while. Also, the absence of talk makes it much easier to *observe*, which is another of the pleasures of walking. Animals and birds will often tolerate the unobtrusive approach of a solitary walker, but nothing empties a wood of its wild life more surely than the trampling, vociferous onset of one of those organized walks or Mass Rambles beloved by the gregarious.

There should be nothing swashbuckling or aggressive about walking. This automatically rules out speeds in excess of three to three-and-a-half miles an hour. One has only to watch professional walkers speeding round a track at eight miles an hour, elbows working and hips and heads waggling in unison, to see that man was never intended to walk fast.

As for paraphernalia, the less of it the better. A modest walking stick, made of ash and crooked at the handle, I am prepared to allow; it is useful for slashing at brambles and hooking down unreachable clusters of blackberries. Binoculars are an asset, and afford frequent excuses for stopping. But let us have no pockets bulging with sandwiches, maps, and compass, no haversack laden with vacuum flasks and spare socks.

Unburdened, unhurried, prepared to stop and look at things whenever he feels inclined, the walker is all set to exercise his art. The question remains, Where should he exercise it?

The poets used to sing with striking unanimity of the joys of the Open Road, but they were writing before the days of motorcars. I think if one were writing now he would change his tune. I think he would not at all like what he would meet on the road — having to leap for safety at 30-second intervals, to emerge from his quickthorn refuge covered with a thick layer of fine white dust — and my guess is he would get the hell out of it after five minutes and take to the fields.

Fields, woods, and mountainsides, along the banks of rivers or on cliff tops by the sea — these are the places for walking, if you can get to them; variety is the essential thing to be considered. It doesn't matter whether a man is in Alaska or Ceylon, he needs change of scenery on his walk. Ideally, he should be continually coming round corners, seeing new vistas through gaps in hedges, wondering what it will be like over the brow of the hill. That way, he isn't conscious of distance or fatigue; he just potters on to see what happens next.

But put him on a flat plain, where he can see all too clearly what is ahead for the next three miles, and a great sense of weariness comes over him. Better, far better, to walk in a city than in a monotonous countryside. Here, silence and solitude being unobtainable, the arguments against having a companion lose some of their force. No city worth the name lacks variety for those who are bold enough to plunge down alleyways and into courtyards. How astonishing to turn a corner in Boston and come upon the Italian Quarter, with its narrow wrought-iron balconies; to step from roaring Piccadilly into the little village of Shepherd Market; to move from ancient to medieval, to modern, and back again, within 400 yards in incredible Rome.

It is a mistake, I think, to plan a walk in too much detail; there must be liberty at any time to turn aside, to improvise, to take misleading short cuts. But only the feckless will fail, if walking in the country, to ensure that they are within easy reach of an inn by lunchtime. After so long an enjoyment of silence and solitude, you will be ready for conversation, so it is not a bad plan to arrange for someone to meet you at the inn for lunch. With a car.

Another of the pleasures of walking. . . . But I must not keep you any longer. You will be wanting to be up and away, stick in hand, striding out in the fine fresh air.

It will do you good.

ON TOBEY'S ROAD

by WILLIAM D. MUNDELL

As NO one lived on Tobey's road
And no one living could say where
His house had stood, we were surprised
To chance upon it standing now
Hidden deeply in the wood. — A tree
At every corner still; we marveled how
The stones held upright for each sill.
The windows wore a branchy look
Seen through the shadows of the trees,
And limbs closed in above the door.
Nearing, we parted these to find
The wide and welcome entrance there.
The house seemed shingled all in leaves
Green grown and mossy at the eaves,
And we were mindful that the rain
Ran down the rafters everywhere,
For leaf-stain browned the leaf-strewn floor.
It was old Tobey's house we found,
Still standing on the wooded knoll;
Yet looking back, when we had left,
— It seemed a century had turned round —
The house had vanished from the wood
And trees grew from the cellar hole.

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GOOD-BY — *NOW!*

by EDMUND WARE SMITH

EDMUND WARE SMITH *divides his time between Maine and Michigan, and in the latter neighborhood is managing editor of the* Ford Times.

TO ME, no words contain a higher quotient of potential anticlimax than "We'll all come down and see you off." There is an unvarying and practically inevitable sequel to these words, as follows: —

"Please don't bother."

"Oh! But we really *want* to!"

"You mustn't."

"We're going to!"

You're in for it — especially if the train or plane you are about to take happens to be an hour late. The conversation you will endure during that hour will be eloquent of nothing, an agony of embarrassment to one and all.

I submit that the ceremony of farewell should conclude at the front door of the home you are departing. It should be a clean, swift, precise thing, like the blow of an ax. But as generally practiced today, parting seems to be such sweet sorrow that it frequently doesn't take place at all, the good-by merging mysteriously into a perpetuation of the hello, or visit, so that the two blend in a bewilderment of afterthoughts, repetitions, and sentences which begin nowhere and end with colons.

Purely in the interest of human betterment, and in view of the fact that saying good-by is an important part of our daily intercourse, I should like to suggest a few simple rules.

Since the sole object of saying good-by is to release people from each other graciously and speedily, any prolonging or dragging out of the good-by is obstruction. To avoid this, it is proposed that the dialogue of leave-taking be limited to two "Good-by, darlings" on the part of the departing, and a like number from the lips of the host or hostess. That says it twice, which is ample underscoring.

Between males, a single handshake and one parting jest are sufficient. Between male and female, one to three kisses ought to get the point across. Children should be prohibited, by law if necessary, from more than an extremely brief moment of clinging, tugging, and back-climbing.

But, unfortunately, the parting of Romeo and Juliet, which took an unmercifully long time, seems to have established today's pattern. Indeed, the average good-by, except between commuter and spouse on the ranch-type threshold of a morning, takes from ten minutes to an hour and a half, with plenty of documented cases where bon voyages have extended from the East River piers all the way to Cherbourg or Southampton.

Once, at the rail of the S.S. *Manhattan*, I heard a departing lady shout to another lady who was standing on the pier: "You leffa *gas* on!"

I was able to identify the recipient of this intelligence by the look of horror on her face as, with a last shriek of farewell, she shot off through the crowd presumably to turn off the gas in some stove neglected in the bon voyage caper. I have often wondered what was on that stove or in its oven.

The "one for the road" school of good-by sayers has developed abundantly and perilously, the one for the road leading to the BLA, or Bloody Last Absolutely, the BLA in turn calling up the ABLA, or Absolutely Bloody Last Absolutely, and so on even unto a round of Smiling, the Boy Fell Deads.

Less hazardous to life and limb, but far more inimical to human sanity, is the prevailing good-by ceremony of the family group at the family car. The following instance of leave-taking, while composite, is by no means exceptional. From a simple and innocent start, it progresses with an alarming mushroom effect and eventual fall-out, in a sequence roughly as follows: —

"Good-by, all."

"Good-by, darlings."

This is repeated verbatim; and it is right here that the driver of the car should let in his clutch, the ordeal terminate, the host and hostess retreat to the benign privacy of their house. But no!

"Write to us, darlings — won't you?"

"First chance. And by the way, did I show you my letter from Sibyl?"

"No!"

"But you *must* see it. It's right here — in the little suitcase. George! Get the little suitcase out of the trunk."

George turns off the ignition, unlocks the trunk, and gets the little suitcase which, when unpacked, discloses no letter from Sibyl. So the big suitcase and two medium-sized ones are unpacked and ransacked, until the lawn is a-glitter with garments and undergarments, all exposed to the setting sun; but no letter from Sibyl, which is finally remembered to be in a desk drawer at home in Scarsdale.

About now, a child protests that it is hungry, and this child is fed; and so, subsequently, are its brothers, sisters, and parents; and at nightfall the sheets are replaced upon the guests' beds, and the blankets as well, for it is decided that the group might just as well spend another night. Thus deviously, and without mercy, the entire good-by has turned wrongside out and become a hello, with compound fractures.

Untotaled layers of pride, convention, and oversensitivity combine in producing this disastrous type of farewell. It occurs everywhere, every day.

Your guest says, "I'd better go."

Instead of saying, "Okay — go ahead," you say, "What's your hurry? Stick around awhile."

And your guest, settling back into his chair before it has had a chance to cool, says, "Don't mind if I do."

Do you actually want this guest to stick around? Does *he* want to stick

around? Nine times out of ten, the answer to both questions is no, and you are both living a conventional lie and will be obliged to perpetrate it at least once again before you both achieve what you truly want — which

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is to separate from each other gracefully.

In the above example, there has been what amounts to mutual discourtesy disguised as mutual courtesy. I find it difficult to condone. I would almost prefer to settle for "See ya, pal — it's been real," or the even more reprehensible "G'by now."

But not all is lost, for in the field of tighter, terser good-by saying, I am pleased to report a ray of hope — three rays, to be accurate. One is the American cowboy, who, while perhaps on the wane, is still fighting the good fight. He says, "So long," and is on his horse and gone before his right toe has caught the off stirrup.

Number Two ray is a man I haven't met, but should like to. I heard about him while doing research for this essay, and my informant is reliable, so I know my good good-by sayer is real, and alive. I hope he lives forever. He doesn't even say good-by. He just goes.

My favorite good-by sayer, however, is Number Three. She sets the pace and standard for mankind, and has started a small but determined human movement in her home town. She is a great-grandmother of eighty-four, with immense experience in good-by saying, its timing and evaluation. When she decides to take leave from a domicile she does so, resembling an entire backfield in motion as she strikes out from whatever threshold she may be standing on, calling merrily as her strides lengthen toward the conveyance of her choice, "Let's get the hell out of here."

PLEASE DON'T MENTION ANOTHER TENSION

by C. S. JENNISON

We don't give Modern Medicine the credit it deserves
For ridding us of all our ills and substituting Nerves.

I had some honest ailments once, some stomach, back and dental ones,
But now I'm told my only pains are masquerading mental ones.
My friendly sacroiliac, my folksy sinus earaches,
Though painful still, are nothing more than stifled guilt-and-fear aches.

Encouraged by an era of uncertainty and sin,
Neuroses — like the Communists — are boring from within.

Gone are the good old migraines that I got from being bilious.
Today's physicians doctor them by looking supercilious,
And I am urged to ponder on the awful state that man is in,
Uncomforted by calomel, unaided by my Anacin.

Too bad I can't turn back the clock and don a cloak and wimple
And live in some nice century when everything was simple.

For instance, take the pioneers. It's plain their mental purity
Was due to living in a world where men had some security.
They knew just what the future held, the boys who built the nation:
Whoever wasn't shot or scalped would die of slow starvation.

Faced with a flock of Indians out whooping on the slope,
You seldom heard the pioneers insist they couldn't cope.

They whittled off infected arms, unplagued by Terramycin,
Enjoying pleasant, peaceful years that people's nerves were nice in.
But me! I picked a troubled age, an age of change and shakedown,
And when I get a little time I plan to have a breakdown.

by JOHN M. CONLY

Bartók: *Cantata Profana;* Slovak Folk Songs; Songs from Twenty-Seven Choruses (in the Cantata, Walter Süsskind conducting soloists, New Symphony Orchestra and Chorus; in the Songs, Margaret Hillis conducting the Concert Choir; Bartók BR-312: 12″). Nice contrast: the cantata, based on a fairy tale of nine sons who ran away from their parents into the forest and were changed to deer, is savage, dramatic music; genuinely top-notch Bartók. The folk songs' great asset is lyrical charm, conveyed in crystal purity by Miss Hillis's New York singers, whom Peter Bartók recorded a little better than he did the London performers. Altogether, delightful.

Delius: *Sea Drift; Paris* (Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Bruce Boyce, baritone, BBC Chorus, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Columbia ML-5079: 12″). Whitman's *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*, the mid-portion of which forms the text of *Sea Drift*, always has been able to melt me; so if Delius's setting of it were not fitting it should affront me, and it doesn't. The febrile beat of Whitman's threnody is slowed, but the end effect is preserved, partly through the efforts of the invaluable Sir Thomas. The performance of the austere night-piece, *Paris*, is equally well wrought, and the sound given both is vivid and strong.

Mozart: Divertimento No. 15 in B-flat; Symphony No. 39 (Arturo Toscanini conducting NBC Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-2001: 12″). The symphony, driven at a hectic pace and ill recorded, seems to me more a curiosity than a bargain, but the divertimento is one of the great Toscanini records. It lacks one movement and was initially recorded in 1947, but Toscanini is said to have made it to show other conductors how Mozart should be conducted. I (no conductor) enjoy the lesson enormously, especially since the sound has been handsomely renovated.

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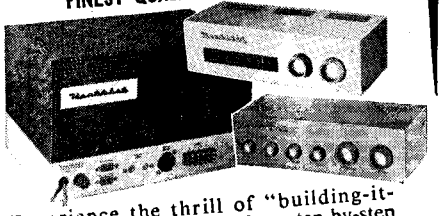

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Mozart: Symphonies No. 33 and No. 40 (Karl Münchinger conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; London LL-1285: 12″). No. 40 is the important member of this pair, and Münchinger's version probably is the most nearly satisfactory now on disks — strong, tasteful interpretation; beautiful, clean sound. Still, a moment's listening to Columbia's old, muffled Beecham performance inspires caution — Sir Thomas is still in action. Cheerful No. 33 in Münchinger's playing and London's splendid sound is without real competition.

Schubert: *Schwanengesang* (Hans Hotter, baritone; Gerald Moore, piano; Angel 35219: 12″). As everyone points out, *Swan Song* is not a true cycle, but fragments of two arbitrarily wed by a publisher. No matter, it contains some of Schubert's most marvelous songs (*Der Doppelgänger* and *Aufenthalt*, for instance), and I cannot imagine how they might better be set forth than through the faultless joint artistry of Hotter and Moore. Angel's fidelity is properly angelic.

Schubert: Sonatas in B-flat Major (op. Posth.) and A Major (Paul Badura-Skoda, piano; Westminster WN-18154: 12″). It is possible that the posthumously published B-flat Sonata is the greatest piece of music Schubert ever wrote; certainly it stands high among his works. At least five good recorded performances have preceded Badura-Skoda's, but his strikes me as slightly the best, an impression abetted by Westminster's glowing sound. The early, lilting A Major receives treatment equally kind.

Sousa: Marches (Maj. F. H. Harris conducting Band of the Grenadier Guards; London LL-1229: 12″). The Grenadier Guards march in a cadence slightly slow to American ears, much to the benefit of Sousa's obligatos and other subtleties, which here really are heard. Ten of the best-known marches are played, in big, ringing, spacious sound, exactly right. One of the two best band records I've ever heard.

The Art of Aksel Schiøtz (Aksel Schiøtz, tenor; orchestra conducted by Mogens Wöldike and Egisto Tango; RCA Victor LM-1968: 12″). Certainly one of the most musicianly tenors of any age, Aksel Schiøtz still is singing, but with a voice impaired by a recent throat ailment. Here he is shown at his astonishing best, in nine arias reprinted from 78s. They are from operas and oratorios of Mozart, Haydn, Handel, and Bach, and one Buxtehude cantata. Old admirers of Schiøtz will take their cue from my telling them that among the treasures are *Aperite mihi portas justitiae*, *Every Valley*, *Il mio tesoro*, and *Ich will bei meinem Jesu wachen*. And there'll be some new admirers when the record gets around The sound varies from good to fair. Note to singer-listeners: Schiøtz really is singing full-voice here, despite the almost incredible effect of ease.

How to Pick a Wedlock (Kaye Ballard, Stanley Prager, John Haymer, actor-narrators; incidental music; Vanguard VRS-9005: 12″). This is adapted from the recent book by Ira Wallach, author of *Hopalong-Freud* and other humorous volumes. These failed to convulse me, but the record never does, though I've listened through it four times (guests, you know). It is a hilarious spoof of the "scientific" approach to the problems of love, marriage, and the family, complete with sound effects and formulae (in one formula, "P" equals philately, if that gives you any idea). In most part the humor is subtle and very urbane, and will seem funniest to people who are pretty well in touch with what is going on in their world.

T. S. Eliot (T. S. Eliot, reading selections from his own poetry; Caedmon TC-1045: 12″). Mr. Eliot's almost but not quite toneless voice is eminently appropriate to most of what he reads on this disk, which includes *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*, *Portrait of a Lady*, and excerpts from *Coriolan*, *Murder in the Cathedral*, and *Family Reunion*. Apparently he has tried to avoid sameness by choosing excerpts which span his creative life thus far, and there is adequate variety.

Kipling: Three *Just-So Stories*; Excerpts from *The Jungle Book* (Boris Karloff, reader; Caedmon TC-1038: 12″). If you have children, use it as an excuse to buy this record, which you will enjoy immensely. Seldom does anyone do anything so well as Karloff reads "How the Whale Got His Throat," "How the Camel Got His Hump," "How the Rhinoceros Got His Skin," and portions of "Mowgli's Brothers." Kipling wrote on two levels, to entertain parents who were entertaining their children — and you may have forgotten how well he succeeded. I had.

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Pleasures and Places

MEXICO

ONLY in the past ten years have Americans in any numbers come to see Mexico. And as tourists we have moved in ruts from Mexico City to Taxco, to Cuernavaca, to Acapulco. Movement, it is true, has heretofore not been easy: the roads were often inadequate or nonexistent; the railroads were obsolete or nonexistent. But now things have changed, almost overnight.

Over terrain that was sometimes impossible the roads have been driven through. The railroads have been improving — without losing that quality of leisureliness and a gay good time that has always been their forte. An efficient network of airports and airlines has grown up. The new Mexico is open, accessible everywhere.

This country is not a resort, a vacationland, though it has been so contrived in a few places. It is a subcontinent, a complex civilization, volcanic in its mixture of cultures. It is very old and very new. On the one hand are the ruins of a great aboriginal civilization; and on the other, contemporary architecture of a quantity and boldness unequaled in our country. It contains almost limitless wilderness, a hunter's paradise. On its surface are clusters of stately, serene colonial towns, gems of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In its depths are hundreds of Indian villages where witchcraft is practiced, where no Spanish is spoken, where men hunt with the bow and arrow and make with their hands six thousand kinds of craftwork.

Monterrey — with its industry, its modern church, its Institute of Technology — reaches as far into the future as any American city. Veracruz leads the old, easy life of a seaport — good food, sidewalk cafés, marvelous fishing, music, beaches, an exuberant people — as gay and lively as any European equivalent. In friendly Oaxaca vigorous Zapotec and Mixtec Indians file in from the mountains to trade in this important market; outside the town are ruins to be compared with those of Egypt. Every year new excavations reveal more surprising riches of pre-Columbian Mexico: see Palenque, Tula, Kabah, Tulum, Uxmal, as well as the better-known Maya ruins of Yucatán. At the center of Mexico, Mexico City thrusts itself skyward; down below are the remains of an Indian culture.

The seasons

From mountain plateau to tropical coastline, the traveler can change his climate in an hour or two: it is altitude, rather than latitude or season, that makes the great difference. In December and January at altitudes above 5000 feet it can be very chilly indoors, but outside the sun is warm. The high season for travel (December to March) is high mainly because a lot of Americans are on the run from snow and cold. It is also the dry season, and for most tastes it is too dry except along the coasts —

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dry almost to desiccation in many places. The rainy season, beginning in June, brings a parched land to life. The best of the year (and the

least crowded) is late summer and fall. The heat is broken (its peak comes in May or June), the rains are more pleasure than nuisance.

It is a good time, too, for fiestas and, from October, for bullfights. For coastal places like San Blas, Puerto Vallarta, and La Paz one should wait until September or October; but even here the evenings are delightful through most of the year, and the incomparable deep-sea fishing of Old World La Paz is at its best from July through October. Off either coast the fisherman will at no time be disappointed: marlin and sailfish are everywhere. In the almost virgin waters of the Gulf of California — at La Paz and Guaymas — there are 865 species of fish.

Hotels

Only in the capital during the winter months is there any difficulty in obtaining accommodations, and even there only for the devotee of plush and glitter. The sad trend of new Mexican hotels is toward more "style," more concrete, and fewer flowers. The true sense of this country's calm and grace is to be had in her smaller colonial-type hotels and inns. Here are ease and simplicity and remarkable cleanliness. The cost, about $4 a night for a double room with bath, is far less than in the "stylish" hotels. An example is the old hotel, a stagecoach inn of colonial times, behind the Governor's Palace in Guadalajara.

In Mexican hotels there is no servility. There is service, in the old sense: with dignity, with no palm outstretched at every opening and closing of a door.

This is a country of the greatest diversity, whether of climate, culture, hotels, or landscape. Yucatán and Chiapas are a hundred years remote from Mexico City, more like separate countries than states. There are many Mexicos and many varieties of Mexicans, including millions of Indians who are not, in a real sense, Mexicans at all; and the people of Yucatán will tell you they are Yucatecans, not Mexicans.

Three valuable and diverting travel books about Mexico, all written fifty or more years ago, are Charles Flandrau's *Viva Mexico!*, Mme. Calderón de la Barca's *Life in Mexico* (both of these were recently reprinted in Mexico), and Terry's *Guide*, newly revised, hard to come by, and worth any amount of trouble to find. Flandrau, a young man out of Harvard who lived in Mexico and loved it, wrote a classic in 1906: a book of wit, perception, and feeling, which is more up-to-date and more useful than last month's guidebook. An excellent more recent guide, which is especially competent in architecture and the fine arts, is MacKinley Helm's *Journeying Through Mexico.*

Health

When tourist ailments are mentioned, official Mexico tends to look hurt and change the subject. But the doctors of this country have faced the problem and have found highly satisfactory answers. Diagnosis is quick and sure; specific antibiotics provide swift cures. Ciba of Mexico manufactures a specific called Entero Vioformo that is very effective against milder forms of intestinal trouble. But purified water is available almost everywhere, and with the simplest precautions one need suffer no affliction at all.

In larger towns even the smaller restaurants are as wholesome as those of London or Paris or New York, whatever the wits may say. In out-of-the-way places, check with the local *farmacia* about eating places and water supply.

Travelers off the beaten path can have peace of mind by taking typhoid shots as well as the required vaccination. Some Mexican doctors suggest that all milk, whether marked pasteurized or not, be boiled if children are to drink it.

The opening up

Not so long ago Mexico was very far away, especially for the man limited to two or three weeks of travel. Today the frequent and multi-linked services of American Airlines bring it within eight or ten hours of almost every major city of the United States. The fare from New York is $99 Tourist, $145 First Class. The latter, a far better organized and more leisurely service, is well worth the difference on this run. Those who enjoy a foreign aura will like the Air France nonstop flight from New York to Mexico City. This one-plane-a-day service from Paris carries the French ambiance and cuisine; but with only thirty-two seats a day open in New York, reservations are not easy to come by. Pan American flies from Houston, New Orleans, and Miami, connecting with Eastern Air Lines from New York. Of special interest are Pan American's direct flights from New Orleans (2½ hours) and from Miami (4 hours) to Mérida, the charming old capital of Yucatán.

An interesting alternative to the sudden change of world by air might be to fly by American Airlines to San Antonio (to save time from, say, Boston or Detroit) and then to board the good daily pullman service of the Aztec Eagle, the Mexican National Railway's best train (using Swiss equipment), run in conjunction with the Missouri Pacific. The through pullman cars from New York direct to Mexico City are no longer running, so that a change must be made in this case whether one travels by air or by rail to San Antonio. Cost of this 30-hour run is about $50 with a lower berth. Also, competent and well-equipped Mexican bus companies like Transportes del Norte cover the distance from Laredo along the panoramic Gulf Route to Mexico City in about 28 hours, at a fare of about $8.

Once over the border, the road or rail traveler has this advantage: he is *gradually* absorbed into the mood

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and rhythms of this very different country, savoring it in all its incredible range, slowly taking hold of it before he is dazed by the immensity and brilliance of the capital. This strangely mixed, hurrying city has its fascinations, but it is a kind of whirlpool, a danger to the time-pressed traveler who may find himself caught in its comfort and glitter and lose himself in the illusion that it is the center, the major theme, and that all else is incidental. From this point it is too easy to fall into the safe and sterilized rut of the Mexico City (and environs) and Acapulco itinerary. In fact, the capital and its excursion-satellites are only incidental; the more essential living elements of Mexico are well beyond reach of this area: Mazatlán, Tepic, Guadalajara, Colima, Morelia, Querétaro, San Luis Potosí, Puebla, Veracruz, Oaxaca, Tehuantepec, Las Casas,

Campeche, Mérida — these are the key points on which a Mexican itinerary should be built.

Another possible variation is the approach by water. The twelve-passenger cargo ships of the Ward Line sail weekly from New York to Veracruz, a nine-day voyage at $160. There are Ward Line cruises connecting the same ports via Havana; and one can go from New York to Acapulco via Havana, Cristobal, and Balboa by United States Lines. There are other connections between New Orleans and Veracruz, and between New Orleans and Progreso (Yucatán). A west coast line has sailings twice a month from San Diego to Acapulco via Mazatlán.

The highway revolution

As recently as three or four years ago, a large part of Mexico was inaccessible to the motorist unless he was a man with rope, shovel, stamina, and a jeep. Between 1925 and 1950, 15,000 miles of new road were built; but from 1950 to 1955 that figure was quadrupled. Where there was one trunk road from the border to the capital (and below Oaxaca almost nothing), there are now three. The Central Route is the easiest drive, the coast routes the most scenic. South of the Monterrey-Torreón-Durango line the roads are being improved, linked, pushed out into new territory; and all this in a country crisscrossed with almost impenetrable mountains. The vigor and skill of this effort obliterate once and for all the legend of Mexican incompetence.

Some of these roads are altogether new, like the 200-mile push over the "impossible" Sierra Madre Occidental from Durango to Mazatlán on the west coast, the only such east-west crossing in the 1000 miles between Guadalajara and the border. The road is safe, but it is easier on the nerves to cross it in one of the station-wagon buses (*turismo*) of the Transportes del Norte. Others, like the almost completed West Coast Route, are continuations and completions of older roads. Still others — the road across the little-known Isthmus of Tehuantepec, for example — are important improvements on what were difficult and undependable dirt roads. And then there is the completion of the Pan American Highway south of Oaxaca and deep into the green mountains of Chiapas to the Guatemalan border. Here, out of Tuxtla, are good roads to completely unexploited country, and then on to Las Casas in a green valley at 7400 feet, a lovely colonial town where the Indians in ancient dress come in large numbers to trade. Nearby are Indian villages, accessible by car: Chamula, Zinancantán, Tenejapa.

Another new road branches west from the Pan American Highway at Antiguo Morelos to open up, over a network of side roads, the dense cluster of colonial towns from San Luis Potosí to Querétaro. There is also an uncompleted but passable road from Guadalajara over the mountains to the isolated coastal gem of Puerto Vallarta. The improved roads of Yucatán now make it possible (with advice and aid from the curators at the Mérida and Kabah museums) to penetrate beyond the well-known sites at Chichen Itza to the impressive ruins at Labná and Zayil. The improved circuit route from Mexico City through Puebla and Orizaba

(side roads from these two towns should be well explored) to Veracruz, and back by way of Jalapa and Pachuca, makes accessible an area rich in landscape, hunting, and fishing, and there is between Veracruz and Tampico a little-known coast with fine beaches and small semi-tropical havens like Nautla and Tecolutla. Near Papantla, a good example of the tropical Indian town, are the ruins of El Tajín, among the best in Mexico. Chartered planes or boats out of Mérida also make possible excursions to the more remote and mysterious sites.

The highway down from the border into Baja California — until recently one of the least-known regions on earth — is making good progress; below San Felipe and Arroyo Seco the rough dirt road requires will, venturesomeness, and a four-wheel drive, high-clearance vehicle; but the lover of untouched nature might find it worth the trouble. Near the end of the road is La Paz, a town of good accommodations and superb fishing (there are boats to hire, at about $60 a day), still far outside the tourist world.

Thus, in three or four years a new travel area as large as France and Germany together has been opened to ordinary motor travel, and Mexican travel is at the beginning of the end of an era. The motorist who would see it in its still relatively pure state should see it now. An effective way to explore the west coast today would be to hire a cruiser or some kind of sailing boat at Acapulco or Mazatlán.

Information

The plain facts — in detail — about travel conditions in Mexico are best obtained in Mexico, *not* in the United States. However, many Mexicans derive some mysterious pleasure from giving advice on subjects about which they know noth-

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ing; some overriding sense of courtesy and/or local pride will not allow them to say "I don't know." Reliable sources of information: —

Pemex Travel Service, a free, nonprofit service organization of the national oil industry which will aid the motorist with any problem relating to his car, documents, and other matters. The address of its main office is Juarez 89, Mexico City, and it has border representatives in El Paso, Texas, and Nogales, Arizona, to help the motorist off to a good start on the three main highways south.

The National Tourist Office (also at Juarez 89, with agents in many towns and at airports), whose employees know their country and are usually flexible enough to recognize that one American's tastes are not exactly like the next one's.

In quotidian matters this is not a smooth-running country — certainly not for the visitor who wants to make every day count; a travel agent, therefore, is worth his fee. They are generally reliable in the capital, but it is better to make use of those in each locality who know local conditions intimately. They are remarkably courteous and generous with their time (a very good example is Travel, S.A., in Guadalajara).

In Mexico the U.S. consulates have a reputation for usefulness; there are sixteen of them from the border to Yucatán. Organizations like the International Hunting and Fishing Club (at Calle Revillagigedo 24, Mexico City), certain specialized travel agencies (like Bura de Mexico), and local organizations of sportsmen will help with information on sporting equipment, guides, and the like. The Mexican Exploring Club makes frequent climbs of the higher mountains and welcomes guests. Local Chambers of Commerce are another good source of general information.

Good road maps are available from Pemex, Shell Oil, and AAA (whose guide includes a useful graphic translation of road signs). All main highways are well engineered, but without frills like white center lines or elaborate guardrails. Extensive motoring is a pleasure primarily for the experienced driver who can cope with fog at 10,000 feet, innumerable tight mountain curves, roads no wider than the ridge they follow, cattle that appear suddenly around curves even on the biggest highways, the thousands of old and impotent cars on every road, and the traffic of Mexico City that makes even Paris seem orderly by comparison.

Mexican aviation

North of the border, one rarely hears of the airlines of Mexico. But they are old, reliable companies (one of them is affiliated with Pan American) with very good safety records. They go everywhere. One has only to fly the regular routes of the two major companies, Aeronaves de Mexico and Mexicana de Aviacion (CMA), to be lifted effortlessly to the most remote corners of Mexico. There is no space problem: even in the high season (except on the shuttle run to Acapulco) seats are usually to be had on a day's notice. Costs are low: the excursion rate from

Mexico City to Guadalajara (425 miles), for example, is $19 round trip.

The service by English-speaking personnel is excellent, on the ground and in the air. The saving in time is great: Oaxaca is 10 hours by bus, 17 hours by train from Mexico City, and 1½ hours by plane. Regular flights go to most of the vital travel centers. The airline offices will also help to make arrangements for off-trail chartered flights on nonscheduled lines, but these are often exorbitantly expensive.

Travel on horseback

The traveler who would move quickly from place to place must be ready to exploit all forms of locomotion, up to and including the horse. In the unchanged world south of Oaxaca, for example, there are few good roads (though the important new highway from Minatitlán through Campeche into Yucatán is well under way). Here one might go over the mountains on horseback from Oaxaca and down to the straw huts and friendly people of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Or, more simply, take a horse from Perote into the beautiful Sierra de Puebla, up to the old colonial town of Teziutlán and the many haciendas in that region. Or from Oaxaca to Yalalag, an authentic Zapotec village in the Sierra — two days by horse. Or from Tepic into the western Sierra. The angler might explore the country between Apasapam (reached by train from Jalapa) and Jacomulco.

In many places the horse can be replaced by a stranger animal: the second-class bus. These crude machines beat their way through the back country where no other vehicle would survive. Try the rough and unforgettably pictorial ride from Tepic to Puerto Vallarta.

In some parts the best alternative to the horse is the Mexican National Railway. Rarely concerned with schedules, always in holiday spirit, these trains ramble through village and town, stopping to allow local people to offer up their particular cuisine and handicrafts. The ride from Colima, a sixteenth-century town, to the old and crusty port of Manzanillo — a day-long journey — is among the most exciting experiences of Mexico. The Ferrocarril del Sureste penetrates the wildernesses of Chiapas, Campeche, and Yucatán — most of it untouched travel country — and a branch goes to Palenque, perhaps the most impressive of the great Mayan ruins. This is a difficult trip; it can also be made by a plane-car combination. Any opportunity to see the Lacandon Indians of Chiapas should be taken.

The first-class bus lines — with reserved seats — compare with the best in the U.S., and the cost is very low. Their limitations are that they do not sell tickets with stopovers (once off, it may be hard to find a seat on another bus between terminals); that rest stops are infrequent; and that inadequate facilities at stopover points make box lunches a necessity. The guide to airline and bus transport published monthly in the capital is very useful, listing the schedules and terminal addresses of all lines, second-class as well as first. Self-drive rented cars are available only in Mexico City, Tijuana, and Acapulco; but taxis can be hired for about 80 cents an hour.

MITCHELL GOODMAN

This is the first of two articles on Mexico by Mr. Goodman. The second will appear in the September Atlantic.

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The terrible vengeance of Joseph P. Fyffe

ON A WARM August evening in 1870, a footsore stranger in naval officer's uniform walked into East Haddam, Conn.

His name was Joseph P. Fyffe, and he was revenging himself on the Navy for refusing to advance him travel money to proceed to his new station, San Francisco.

He was trudging cross-country *on foot.* And conscientiously wiring in daily progress reports well-calculated to give his superiors apoplexy. His sixth, from Albany, N.Y., read in part:

> *"Entered Albany barefooted X Comfortable X Earning my keep as bartender X Local rum far superior that served in Navy X Am sending sample"*

At this, the Navy struck its colors, reversed its time-honored tradition, and began prepaying travel allowances.

Strangely enough, Joe Fyffe actually wound up as a rear admiral. That, of course, was years later; and he has long since passed to his reward. But his vigorous and outspoken independence is still alive and kicking in today's Americans. That's why our country is a strong, vital nation and why our country's Savings Bonds are one of the finest investments in the world.

165 million Americans stand behind U.S. Savings Bonds. *There is no better guarantee.* So buy Bonds regularly—and keep the ones you buy.

★ ★ ★

It's actually easy to save—when you buy Series E Savings Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan. Once you've signed up at your pay office, your saving is done *for you.* The Bonds you receive pay good interest—3% a year, compounded half-yearly when held to maturity. And the longer you hold them, the better your return. Even after maturity, they go on earning 10 years more. So hold on to your Bonds! Join Payroll Savings today—or buy Bonds where you bank.

Safe as America – U.S. Savings Bonds

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